

English Proverbs,

WITH

Moral Reflexions;

[In Imitation of Sir Roger L' Eſtrange's *Æſop*.]

FAMILIARLY

Accommodated to the **Humour**
and **Manners** of the *preſent Age*.

The *Second Edition*. To which is added,
The UNION-PROVERB, occaſion'd by the
late *French Expedition to Scotland*; and ſe-
veral other PROVERBS never before printed.

By OSWALD DYKES, Gent. formerly of
Queen's-College, Oxon. and *Amannensis* to Sir
Roger L' Eſtrange.

Invenies alium, ſi te hic faſtidit. — Virgil.

If *one* will not, *another* will; or, why
was the *Market* made?

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English Proverbs

WITH

Illustrations

by the Rev. J. H. Sturges

in a MILLER

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER:

BEING

An ESSAY upon the *Nature and Use of Proverbs.*

I*F the writing of BOOKS was of no more Benefit and Service to the Publick, than it is of Reputation or Advantage to the AUTHOR, I believe there would hardly be so many good Volumes put forth, purely to oblige People. There's very little Encouragement, now-a-days, for Learning*
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ing in ENGLAND, more than the Satisfaction of communicating a Man's own private Knowledge, or Sense of Things, in Print, that others may be the better for't. One sows, and another reaps the Profit of his Labour. Now, this is the only Way of speaking to a whole KINGDOM at once, and of publishing one's Thoughts to all Mankind, either with Authority, Privilege, or Perswasion : But as for the Success of the Work at last, it depends entirely upon the READER's Judgment and Approbation ; for every Man will be his own Carver at such a TREAT as this is, and taste for himself upon so general an Entertainment.

*However, let the Fortune of the Performance be what it will, I have dress'd up these dry **Proverbs** with as much Variety, and as little Cost as I could, to please both the Palate and the Pocket, without being too
Jawcy,*

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Jawcy, nice, or impertinent on the one Hand, and too dull, heavy, or insipid on the other : Having a Regard still to the gratifying of my Guests above all Things, for fear of falling under the Reflexion of vending more Sawce than Pig ; more Bone, than Meat or Marrow ; more Liver than Lights, and more Dirt or Trash, in the End, than good wholesome Diet. In short, the Proof of the Pudding will be in the Eating on't ; and Applause, if there be any due, must come after Dinner : If none, let 'em keep their Thanks to feed their Chickens ; for some churlish CRITICKS are never to be oblig'd by the greatest Complaisance or Fair-Dealing in the World.

*This Collection of **Proverbs** then is exquisitely new and unborrow'd, upon the whole Order and Method of the Undertaking ; and I have also adjusted them, in the Choice, as ex-*

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actly as I could to the present Times ; with MORAL REFLEXIONS over and above , as suitable and agreeable to the Humour of the Age, as it was possible to answer all Gusts, in a Country, where one Man's Meat is another Man's Poison, and Minds differ as much as Faces or Features in a medly-mix'd English Constitution. I have likewise pursu'd the Design, with all Frankness of Observation, Justness of Remark, and Clearness of Stile. The Language is plain and perspicuous ; and, I hope, will be obvious also to the meanest Capacity. Give me leave to add farther, that I have couch'd under every Proverbial Head, some Story or other, either ancient or modern, with such private Passages or publick Hints, as might make it worth the Reading : And I have frequently introduc'd phanciful Allusions, poetical Fictions, and Fables all MORALIZ'D, to render my
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REFLEXIONS useful and instructive, as well as plausible and diverting upon the Perusal. However, at least, I thought I could not set forth the Manners of the Age better, than by giving the truest Characters of Things and Persons, in the daily Practices of Vanity and Vice, of Licentiousness, Immorality, and Prophaneness; which generally spring from the Source of our own extravagant Crotchets, or our own selfish Humours, as well as the common FASHION of the World: And this is the sole Reason, why I have so often us'd the Terms of OWN and SELF throughout the whole Work.

In fine, this is the Sum and Substance of what I propose in descanting upon the following **Proverbs**: Save only that I am to tell the Reader ingenuously one Thing more by the By; that, having consulted few Books, and had few Books to consult, I thought fit to adhere chiefly to the Learned

ERASMUS,

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ERASMUS, in his ADAGES, as the best Guide I could follow through the various Mazes of Opinion and Interpretation upon this Subject. As for the Application of any Part, or the Menage of the Whole, I must answer for't. If there be any Misconstructions and exceptionable Remarks, I ought, in common Justice, to suffer for my own Faults; and I acquit that famous Author of all Censure, Reflexion, or Calumny. The Mistake is my OWN; and the Pardon, YOURS, if you please.

To press on therefore in his Steps towards an ESSAY, upon the Nature, Use, and Excellency of this Sort of LEARNING, in the Praise of **Proverbs**; I may presume, with very good Authority, to assert, that a **Proverb** is a vulgar Saying accommodated to THINGS and TIMES; which imports more, or signifies something else than the Words express;

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press ; according to the Definition of it by DONATUS and DIOMEDES, as ERASMUS quotes them to this Purpose. The GREEKS also have defin'd it several Ways, but all to the same End and Purport ; that it is an Expression directing the CONDUCT of human Life, couch'd under a DARK COVER, and containing in it self great Profit and Advantage of INSTRUCTION : Or, that it is a SHORT SPEECH overshadowing a manifest Thing, or a naked Truth in Terms of Obscurity. But with Submission to the Judgment of both, the LATIN and the GREEK Grammarians, I am clearly of my AUTHOR'S Opinion, that a **Proverb** is a celebrated SAYING, famous for its remarkable Elegancy, Wit, and Novelty. Now, this is the most exact and complete LOGICAL Definition, I have met with, of a **Proverb** : For the NEWNESS, or Novelty, mention'd here, is
not

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*not inconsistent with the Nature of it, though it be never so Old; but at first gave it Life, Birth, and Growth, and transmitted it at last to all Posterity. A **Proverb** is renew'd daily in every Body's Mouth; grows fresh and fresh still under the Decays of Time; and flourishes, when all other Things fade into Insignificancy or Oblivion. It becomes young again in its old Days, recovers Strength by Age, and gets Vigour by ANTIQUITY; and it never dotes or dies, when mortal Men, perhaps, have outliv'd themselves.*

*As for the above-cited Definitions, they seem rather to be imperfect Descriptions of the Use and End of a **Proverb**; giving us to understand only, that it may conduce to the leading of a good Life: But this is not essential, in the least, to the Constitution of it; for 'tis a meer Accident, out of its Power to regulate
our*

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our MANNERS, and must wait for the favourable Concurrence of our WILLS; which have the sole Liberty of practising, or not, according to its Dictates, at our own Choice and Discretion. Besides, when a **Proverb** is defin'd to be a LACONICK Sentence, or a Dark Speech, this gives us only a faint glimmering IDEA of the Manner of wording it, or the Mode of Expression; but none at all of its ESSENCE: For the wrapping of it up in Obscurity, under a VEIL, alters the Property, and confounds it with a METAPHOR, an ALLEGORY, or an ÆNIGMA. In a Word, there are many **Proverbs** a-foot, which neither are obscure, nor appertain to any Way of living in the World; and therefore this Notion does not answer the Nature of an universal Truth: Neither do I take MORAL SENTENCES, after all, to be within the VERGE of my Design, or to have the Privilege

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and Quality of Proverbs. So that I conclude, upon the Main, ERASMUS's Definition is the best accommodated to my present Purpose, as well as the most perfect, adequate, and accomplish'd in it self, according to the exactest Rules of Reason or PHILOSOPHY.

A Proverb then is a common Saying, or a famous Expression, remarkable for some peculiar Queintness and Elegancy. This I take to be the most proper Character of a true currant ADAGE, to distinguish it from false Counterfeits; which were never coin'd by good Authority, and cannot stand the TEST of a fair Enquiry. For besides that metaphorical or figurative Expressions are excluded out of this Definition; short Setences also, APOLOGUES, or Morals to Fables, APOTHEGMS, or brief pithy Speeches, SCOMMS, or salt and satyirical Sayings, are no Proverbs, strictly

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strictly speaking, though they carry a Proverbial Face along with 'em, and have some Resemblance of Voice, Shape, and Figure, as well as of Countenance and Beauty. But every Like is not the same; and besides, their Affinity or Relation is no Argument neither of their IDENTITY: For the MOTHER and her DAUGHTER are different Persons still, notwithstanding they are so near a-kin.

*From the Definition last above-mention'd, it appears plain, that there are two Things necessarily requir'd to the constituting of a **Proverb**. FIRST, it must be a celebrated and common Saying, as trite as universal, in every Body's Mouth that walks the Streets, frequents the Market, or follows the Court, in City, Town, and Country. SECONDLY, it ought to be a quaint and an elegant Expression, to distinguish it from the vulgar Way of Speaking: For 'tis not sufficient to*

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intitle any Saying to the Honour of a Proverb, because it is commonly us'd ; and a popular, or a figurative Speech, unless it be also laudable and famous, as well for its Antiquity, Instruction, and Learning.

FIRST then, how **Proverbs** come to be so celebrated, and so frequently made Use of in common Speech, will appear from this Position ; that they chiefly owe their Rise, their Authority, and their Reputation, either to the ORACLES of the Heathen Gods, the SAYINGS of wise Men, or the witty Allusions of the ancient Poets. Not to mention Histories, Stage-Plays, Fables, Apologues ; to say nothing of the Manners of Men, the Customs of Countries, or the natural Dispositions of Animals ; and to pass by even Chance it self, or a lucky Word dropp'd at Random : From all which, several **Proverbs** derive their FAME, as from the original Fountains of Wit

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Wit and Learning ; and so they are industriously adopted into common Discourse, or spread Abroad in vulgar Language upon all Occasions, under the general Character of being Ornaments of Speech, Beauties of ELOQUENCE, Rules of INSTRUCTION, Arguments of WISDOM, and undeniable MAXIMS of ETERNAL TRUTH.

SECONDLY, as to the Queintness of **Proverbs**, it arises sometimes from the Novelty of an Expression, which strikes the Phancy of the Hearer, and engages him to convey it down to AFTER-AGES. Sometimes, the Thing it self discovers its own Elegancy, and charms Men into an universal Reception of it. But a Figure, or a Trope in RHETORICK, most commonly renders a **Proverb** queint, and remarkable for its Eloquence, Smartness, and Conviction : For a METAPHOR, an ALLEGORY, or an HYPERBOLE, makes an Expression elegant

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*to the last Degree, and taking to Admiration, by the wording on't, over and above the moral Instruction of it, couch'd under such a figurative Allusion. It is also frequently beholden to the Propriety, or the Ambiguity of a single Word, for its pleasing Queintness, and ravishing Approbation. In short, I find, that Brevity, without Obscurity, is the very Soul of a **Proverb**; where Truth appears, like the Sun in the Wood, or a Flash of Lightening breaking through a Cloud.*

*Moreover, besides that **Proverbs** are of noble Extract, generous Education, and good Breeding, and as plausible too, as popular in their Progress and Promotion, they ought to be esteem'd also as honourable and as useful, either in Conversation, or in Buſinels, as Antiquity, Learning, and Veracity can make them, in a scandalous Age of ill Manners, gross Follies,*

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Follies, and extravagant Hamours: Where IMMORALITY leads VERTUE in Triumph, and defies all the POWERS of Prudence to rescue, or redeem the unfortunate Captive.

First, therefore, for the DIGNITY of **Proverbs**, it is as clear as the Sun. They are not to be reckon'd insignificant Trifles, or contemptible SAWS, only fit for School-Boys; since learned Men, of the first Magnitude among the Ancients, study'd them, recorded 'em in lasting Monuments of FAME, and transmitted 'em to Posterity, as the most memorable Instructions of human Life, either in Point of a regular Conduct, or of common Prudence. The Great ARISTOTLE himself thought it worth his While to write a BOOK concerning **Proverbs**, as LAERTIUS reports. CHRYSIPPUS, CLEANTHES, ZENODOTUS, with many others; not to mention more, besides PLUTARCH, THEOPHRASTUS, PLATO, Latins,

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tins, Greeks, and Hebrews ; but not forgetting yet our indefatigable ERASMUS, the most accomplish'd modern Author of ADAGES : These have all look'd upon the Knowledge of **Proverbs** to be an honourable Study ; a Province worthy of a Scholar, and as well deserving their laborious Performances, as the Imitation of succeeding Ages. To say nothing of the **Proverbs** scatter'd through all the Works of the LEARNED, like Salt, to give them a Relish, and to make them keep stale ; or, as Jewels, to beautify, and set them off to future Admiration. I need only quote the Holy Scriptures, for the Reputation and Excellency of **Proverbs** : As, The Parents have eaten sowre Grapes, and the Children's Teeth are set on Edge : The Tree is known by its Fruit : Neither do Men gather Figs of Thistles ; with many other sacred Oracles made Use of by our BLESSED

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SAVIOUR himself, which must needs be of eternal Credit and Commemoration among CHRISTIANS; with this severe Reflexion upon the Whole, We have pip'd unto you, and ye have not danc'd. And besides these, SOLOMON'S **Proverbs** will be admir'd unto the End of the World, for their WISDOM, their INSTRUCTION, and their AUTHORITY. But I have industriously omitted all such Proverbial Speeches of a divine, or a heavenly Nature, sanctify'd by INSPIRATION above the Reach of Heathen Morality; reckoning upon them as too religious, too spiritual and sublime for the Undertaking of a LAY-MAN.

However, Secondly, the USEFULNESS of **Proverbs** will appear in no wise inferior to their DIGNITY, if we consider how much the Knowledge of 'em conduces to the understanding of PHILOSOPHY, to the Faculty of Perswasion, to the Grace of Speech, and

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to the Reading of the best Authors with Advantage, either in the English, Greek, or Latin Tongues.

*In the first Place, **Proverbs** must needs contribute mightily to the understanding of PHILOSOPHY; for they are the very Remains of that ancient Philosophy it self, which was long ago lost, and all the Lights of it that we find left unextinguish'd in the common Destruction of human Things. Now, these sententious Snatches of TRUTH were preserv'd from Oblivion, the Fate of other Learning at large, partly upon the Account of their Compendiousness or Brevity, and partly for their profitable Instruction, as well as Pleasantness and Elegancy of Speaking; as the most notable and useful LESSONS to all Mankind, for squaring their Lives to the best Advantage. And therefore they are not to be slubber'd over with Mirth and Ridicule, but*
seriously

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seriously weigh'd with Judgment, search'd into with Nicety of Observation, and sifted to the Bottom of their MORALITY: For we shall find, upon a sober Enquiry, many glorious Sparks of the ancient Wisdom couch'd under SHORT SAYINGS, enflaming our Minds with a Desire to be as wise as they; when we reflect upon their Excellencies, and discover how MUCH is contain'd in a LITTLE, and that whole Volumes are epitomiz'd into single Expressions. As for Instance, that Saying of PYTHAGORAS; namely, All Things are common among Friends; being rightly understood, is the SUM of all Society, Friendship, and Happiness in the World, and the very COMPENDIUM of all human Duty. In short, 'tis PLATO's large voluminous Community in ABSTRACT. And besides, what does it import less, than CHRISTIAN CHARITY? To love one another, as we ought to do; which

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is the fulfilling of the LAW, and the last Accomplishment of our blessed SAVIOUR's Divinity.

*In the next Place, **Proverbs**, over and above their facilitating the Knowledge of PHYLOSOPHY, do very much conduce also to the FACULTY of Perswasion; for what can perswade more effectually, than an elegant Expression of universal Truth well apply'd to a Point in Question, which drives the Nail Home in Discourse, and clinches it with the strongest Conviction? Besides, it oftentimes pins the Basket upon an Adversary, and there's no more to be said of the Matter in Dispute against such an irrefragable Argument: Insomuch, that ARISTOTLE, in his RHETORICK, often reckons **Proverbs** among the undeniable Testimonies of Truth, upon the Account of their perswasive Influence, and their convincing Power. QUINTILIAN also, in many Places of his*

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INSTITUTIONS, makes mention of **Proverbs**, as mainly conducive to the ART of speaking well, of moving the Passions, and of perswading the Judgment to a Belief of what is spoken with so much Eloquence and Authority. For indeed they are of universal Credit, and so well known every where for their Veracity, that they need not a Justice of Peace his PASS, to carry them through the whole World. They have pass'd through so many Ages already, had the Consent of so many Nations, and are still the SAME in so many Languages, without Contradiction, that they are allow'd on all Hands, and confirm'd by a GENERAL VOICE, to be everlasting Standards of TRUTH: And if TRUTH it self now has not the Power of Perswasion, what an incredulous Age do we live in! But however yet, if Probability be any Argument to perswade the Minds of Men to believe

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lieve a **Proverb**, *what is more probably true, than that which every Body says; which is every one's CHAT in Private, or the common TOWN-TALK in Publick.*

*But Thirdly, besides the natural Force, and genuine Efficacy of PER-SWASION, which **Proverbs** carry along with them, in Spite of Incredulity, they are likewise great Ornaments of SPEECH, and add a certain Lustre or Grace to the Train of our Discourse; especially, if the Application of 'em be proper, seasonable, and just, either to the Matter of Debate, the Circumstances of Action, or the Design of winning Admirers. Who does not see with half an Eye, how much Majesty arises to our SPEECH from Antiquity it self, where the Expression is as old as ADAM, and as simple or nakedly true, as ORIGINAL INNOCENCE? Who can deny the Dignity, and the Beauty of a lucky Word*
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The PREFACE. XXiii

in Season ; which charms the Phancy upon the first Hearing, engages the Mind upon Sight in Reading, and captivates all the Powers of the Soul with PERSWASION and LOVE ? In fine, who will disapprove, at last, the Wit, Queintness, and Elegancy of **Proverbs** ; which fill our SPEECH with the finest Flowers in the Garden of Eloquence, make it run as smooth as the Surface of the still Deep, and render it as smart yet upon a quick Turn of Discourse, as the Solar Rays dart upon the World with their dazling Influence ? Over and above the Pleasantness of the Plain, the Beauties of the Valley, and the Height of the Mountain in View, which **Proverbs** all challenge, either to aggrandize, or adorn our SPEECH ; for their Scope is large, their Drift lofty, and their Design glorious at the Bottom. But, in short, when **Proverbs** are significantly made Use of, to some witty Purpose

or

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*or other, and in their proper Place too, they always carry a Sting in their Tail, and leave a lasting Impression behind them upon the Mind : And besides, they afford both the THYME and the HONEY to the industrious BEE ; I mean the diligent Searcher after Wisdom and Truth, to reward his Labour. They also make our Discourse shine, as it were, with the brightest Stars of Antiquity, sparkle with the most precious Gems of Morality, please with the most plausible Flourishes of Rhetorick, oblige with the most agreeable Graces of good Language, or pleasant Sayings, and ravish, in the End, with the most charming Delicacies of Wit and Beauty : So that **Proverbs** never fail, in fine, of exciting by their QUEINTNESS, of delighting by their SHORTNESS, of perswading by their AUTHORITY.*

*Farther yet, Fourthly ; but suppose now at last, that **Proverbs***
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were of no other Advantage in the Business of LEARNING, they certainly contribute very much to the understanding of the best ANCIENT AUTHORS : And the Knowledge of 'em is not only profitable, but also necessary, to enlighten any dark Passage, or Ænigmatical Obscurity, which we frequently meet with in reading old Books. 'Tis like cracking the Nut to come at the Kernel ; diving under Water, to fetch any Thing of Value from the Bottom ; or climbing up to the Top of a Hill, to take a better View of the Country. We are but short-sighted at the best, and live always, as it were, in a Wood, for want of a clear Understanding of Things. But insuperable Difficulties would occur still, more and more, in the reading of Authors, without a competent Knowledge of **Proverbs**, to make the Interpretation of an abrupt Expression easy, and to clear up
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*the true Sense and Meaning of an obscure Word, or a dark Hint : For otherwise, how should we perfectly understand an AUTHOR'S Drift at large, when he only alludes, perhaps, to a **Proverb** by short and sententious INNUENDO'S ? And if we cannot recollect the **Proverb** it self so alluded to, in the full Force of its Signification, we lose both the Spirit of the Work, and the Intention of the Writer, in the Clouds of our own Ignorance. LIGHT came first out of DARKNESS ; and when obscure Proverbial Speeches are well known, they brighten the Understanding, drive off the Shadows of LEARNING, and make it as clear as Noon-Day. However, yet farther, the Knowledge of **Proverbs** is of the greatest Service imaginable in the Translation of Books, as they contribute to the right Understanding of the very IDIOM of the Tongue in which they are writ.*

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written, and prevent the gross Blunders, or ridiculous Mistakes, that are often committed in transferring one Language into another, for want of knowing well the natural Signification of Words, Phrases, or Proverbial Snatches of Expression in both. But what needs more? Our UNDERTANDING would be miserably puzzl'd, and cramp'd within the narrow Compass of one single old Author, without a sufficient Knowledge of **Proverbs**; which require the whole World for their Purlue, and their Importance.

I might pursue the Praise of **Proverbs** a great Way farther yet, and commend the Use of them for their own innate Significancy, as well as their additional Ornament in Discourse, when they are ingeniously apply'd to the Purpose, and appear, like **DIAMONDS** well set to the Eye, with greater Lustre, by being elegantly plac'd according to **ART**: But for

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fear of being thought too tedious, or elaborate upon the Excellency of Proverbs, I shall rather now proceed to shew how they may properly be made Use of, either in private Talk, or in Print, with Success, and by what Means they may be set off to Perfection. The understanding of ADAGES, is not half so difficult, as the Knack of applying them decently to the best Advantage. And therefore we must not use them as Meat, but as Sauce or Seasoning; not to clog or stuff, but to grace our SPEECH; not to surfeit or cloy, but to satisfy or whet the Appetite for more: For if we use too many of 'em, or repeat 'em too often upon all Occasions, we manifestly abuse them to the Distaste and Aversion, either of the Hearer, or the Reader, who love nothing like VARIETY and Change of Diet, without cramming too much of any one Thing to SATIETY. Besides, the ful-
some

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some Repetition of a Novelty it self, may soon turn a full Stomach, and create an everlasting Dislike of that Entertainment for the Future: For a Tautology of **Proverbs**, serv'd up over and over in a Dish of Discourse, must needs be as disagreeable as a CRAMBE in our Fare.

After all, we ought to make Use of **Proverbs** only upon a convenient Opportunity, pat to the Purpose, or in a proper Place, not misapply'd, not impertinent, not too pert, like bold Intruders, nor brought in by Head and Shoulders: For as it would look ridiculous to put a JEWEL or a PATCH upon some Parts of the Body; so it would be very absurd to use a **Proverb** in an improper Place, foreign to the Fashion, and dissonant to the Harmony of Discourse. If **Proverbs** stand too thick, and be crowded, they darken one another, and lose a great deal of their Lustre. As
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cture does not appear well, in which there is nothing of Ornament or Shade drawn about it, to set it off to the Life; so ARTISTS, when they have a Mind to paint several Things in one and the same Landskip, distinguish them by proper Distances, lest the SHADOWS should fall in upon the Bodies, and either hinder the Eminence, or hide the Light of the PIECE. Farther yet, as too many Colours in our wearing Apparel, would look gawdy and affected, if not foppish also, to the last Degree of a Fool's Coat; so we ought only to adorn our Discourse with **Proverbs** here and there, and not patch it up with those golden Expression, all over Beauty-Spots and Spangles, to be laugh'd at in Company, either for the Extravagance of a superfluous Attire, or the Affectation of a fantastical Dress. Besides, he that makes it his Business to be blurting of **Proverbs** at every Turn,

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Turn, must of Necessity fail often both in the Timing, and in the Choice of them: For where a Man affects a MULTITUDE, without any Regard to a select Distinction of **Proverbs**, he will inevitably make Use of some that are good for Nothing; perhaps, either forc'd, or impertinent in the CROWD: As whosoever is in Love with Numbers, he must needs frequently mix with ill Company, and comply with many disagreeable Importunities, or improper Applications. In fine, whatsoever is immoderate and unseasonable, loses all its Grace or Agreeableness, and grows contemptible by its Frequency, as well as insipid by its being out of Season; too great a Familiarity exposing it to Slight on the one Hand; and a palpable Impropriety of TIME or PLACE, to Aversion on the other.

However yet, in short, the Use of ADAGES may be vary'd several Ways,
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and one single Proverb is capable of divers significant Applications : As for Instance ; Τελευμένειο πῖθον, dolium pertusum ; that is, a broken leaky Vessel, that runs, or is full of Holes. Now, this Saying, both in the Greek and the Latin Intention of it, equally reflects either upon a forgetful, or a profuse, or a covetous, or a foolish, or an ungrateful Person : For whatever is pour'd into the Mind of a forgetful Man, runs out as fast as it fills ; nothing lasts with the Prodigal ; the MISER'S Covetousness is never to be satisfy'd ; the Blab cannot contain, or keep a Secret ; and it is Labour lost to do an INGRATE a Kindness, as much as to draw Water with a Sieve, or to fill a broken Cistern. But these different Acceptations now, for the Purpose, are all apposite, and well-adjusted to the comprehensive Sense and Meaning of the aforesaid Self-same Proverb. There are many more

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more Examples of the like Quality ; but this one may serve for all, to justify the Liberty I have taken in the following REFLEXIONS upon ENGLISH Proverbs, where the Matter would bear a Variety of Allusion, without prejudicing the Nature of the Thing, or straining the Expression beyond its due Length, just Proportion, and important Signification. In the mean Time, by the Way, some Proverbs in this Work may seem, at first Sight, to be synonymous : But finding 'em, upon second Thoughts, to couch a double Entendre, I have treated of 'em distinctly, to answer the full Scope I propounded, of VARIETY ; and, I presume, without offending the CRITICKS by't.

I might now, in the last Place, pretend to make some APOLOGY for the ordinary Performance of this Undertaking, according to CUSTOM, with Submission to better Pens, and

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more learned Writers, alledge the Want of Time and Retirement, under the slavish Employment of GERUND-GRINDING, to think as seriously and sedately as the most famous Authors of the Age; and modestly, at last, excuse my Disabilities or Blunders to the captious READER, for a favourable Interpretation, upon a thousand other Inconveniencies and Disappointments. But all Ceremony apart; if what was written off at Random, in a Hurry, and by Snatches of Time too, may have the good Fortune to please or divert People in some Measure, I shall have nothing to crack on farther in the Accomplishment of this Work, more than an entire Inclination to wear out at the Elbows in the Service of my native Country; and to spin out my Days, as Silk-Worms do, their Bowels, to provide other Persons fine Purples, and better Cloaths. Poor PEDAGOGUES seldom grow rich themselves,

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selves, or get Estates by their Wits and good Offices in the Commonwealth. But **Proverbs**, in short, are the best Lessons of human Life, that CHILDREN can learn; and I hope, at least, this will make a tolerable SCHOOL-BOOK, for want of a better.

As to the **Proverbs**, which I have made Choice of here to compleat this VOLUME, they are as select as I could possibly imagine, to oblige all Parties, and hit all Humours in a new UNITED KINGDOM. The Collection consists of **Proverbs**, which are most entirely ENGLISH, from the Beginning to the End; daily us'd in common Conversation, from the Court to the Cottage; and the GENERAL LANGUAGE of Rich and Poor, Great and Small, Old and Young, which we suck in with our Mother's Milk, as naturally as the burnt Child dreads the Fire. But I have confin'd my
c 2 self

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self, however, in the Choice of 'em, to this PUNCTILIO of Nicety, that they are all entire Propositions, which affirm or deny something towards the Regulation of our Manners, or the Instruction of our Lives: Neither do I look upon such Scraps, as, LATTER LAMMAS; LUCK IN A BAG; TOM TELL-TROTH; COME CUT, COME LONG TAIL; A COCKNEY; and forty abrupt Snatches more, to be fit for my Purpose, or to have the Face of Proverbs, 'till they are handsomly resolv'd into perfect Assertions, whereof vulgar People may frame an easy plain IDEA upon the first Hearing.

*And now I shall only Preface one Thing more to the candid READER, for a Conclusion; that the best SATYR is in Prose, and more instructive, than most, if not all the jingling Poetry that was ever yet in Print: And since the greatest MORALITY would be but
dull*

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dull and heavy without SATYR, I need not excuse my self (I hope) from a little Gall and Invective against VICE. I love Pickles, and have exercis'd the Lash a long Time; and SOLOMON himself had a ROD for the Fool's Back. However, give me Leave to observe at last, that this Book was, Part of it, written in the last Reign, and frequently looks back upon the late Transactions, as well as forward upon the present Affairs of the World, or what may happen for the FUTURE. But it is hop'd in the Main, that these **Proverbs** moraliz'd, will still keep stale, and last as long as VERTUE or GOODNESS endures.

Farewel.

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Moral

Moral Reflexions

UPON

PROVERBS.

PROV. I.

Well begun, is half done.

Reflexion.

I Could heartily wish, that my *Book* might have the good Fortune of this *Proverb*. Every Thing under the Sun has a *Beginning*, and as certainly tends to some *End* or other, either of *Satisfaction* and *Diversión*, or of *Instruction* and *Benefit*. All the *Actions* and *Enterprizes* of Mankind, labour under the *Reflexion* of this quaint *moral Sentence*, whether they be *prudent* or *imprudent* in the *Undertaking*, and *good* or *bad* in the *Accomplishment*: But it more particularly

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ticularly strikes at the *common Business* of the World. A *Porter* has as much Privilege to this *Proverb*, as a *Peer*; and a *Cobler* understands the Truth on't, as well as a *Courtier*. We all know, our *Work* half done, if we have once begun it well, let our *Calling*, *Quality*, and *Conversation* be never so vastly different and disproportionate: 'Tis no Matter what the *Undertakers* are, or who bears the *Burden*.

As for *moral Actions*, a good *Beginning* is a great Sign of a good *End*; but it cannot justify a *bad one*, upon any Attempt. For there's many a *holy Cheat* in the World; and many an *Iniquity*, countenanc'd with *Religion* and *Self-Preservation*, which is carry'd on under the Mask, to *Rebellion* and *Murder*. The *Goodness* of the *Intention* cannot sanctify the Work neither, if the *Means* be unlawful; for it is only a *fair Preface* to *foul Practices*. Some leud *Rebels*, in Arms for their *Liberty* against a *lawful Prince*, have carry'd the *Bible* in their *Clothes*, to justify their *Proceedings*. But who does not know, that a fine *Inscription* may be put upon an infamous *Bawdy-House*, and the *Place*, or the *People* in't, never the better or the sounder all the while, either in *Body*, or in *Mind*?

However

However, to *begin well*, is the only Way to quicken and dispatch the *End*, let it be what it will. It is like *Gun-Powder*, that carries a great Way upon the Discharge, and gains its Point in an Instant. It shortens the *Distance* upon a *Journey*; supports under the *Fatigue* on't; and helps to master all *Difficulties* in the Way: And a *Traveller*, in short, well-mounted, and set forward once, thinks himself *half-way* at *Home*. Take any *Mechanick* whatsoever, from the *Garret*, to the *Stall*; at the *Plough*, the *Loom*, or the *Anvil*; and a good *Beginning* encourages the *Man*; improves the *Fancy*, and presently accomplishes the *Work*. There are a thousand Instances of this *Truth* in all the *Under-takings*, *Inventions*, and *Projects*, great or little, of the *World*; but nothing confirms it more than *Experience* and *Prudence*.

Now, all the *Difficulty* is, *how* to *begin well*. 'Tis an easy Matter to make Way, when the *Ice* is once broken; but the *Hardship* and *Danger* is in *breaking* on't. The *Work* does not cost half so much *Trouble*, as the *Design* of it; and the *building* of a fine *House*, is nothing to the *Difficulty* of drawing the *Model*. A false *Step* at *first Start*, is hardly ever to be recover'd afterwards, throughout the

whole Course. An Error in the Beginning, has cost many an Author his Reputation; many a Lawyer, his Cause; and many a Client, his Estate. In this Sense, stumbling at the Threshold, is ominous and unlucky.

In short, this Proverb turns severely upon the Beginning of Things, which shall never have an End, and building of Houses or Churches, that are never like to be finish'd. It reflects also upon false Foundations, and foolish Projects; building of Castles in the Air, and undertaking to do what's impracticable. It is a Satyr upon perpetual Motion, and squaring the Circle. There's no End of studying such Whimsies; and it is ridiculous ever to begin 'em at all. A mechanical Impossibility is not to be attempted against this Truth, either with Approbation or Success.

This Maxim holds good yet, from Morality and worldly Affairs, to Religion. A good Beginning, is a fair Step to a great, as well as a good End; and he's as wise as SOLOMON can make him, who remembers his Creator in the Days of his Youth; and will hardly ever forget his Lesson, or his Duty afterwards, to the End of the Chapter. Good Education is the making of a Man for ever. 'Tis the ready Way to Preferment and good Fortune: And Pa-

rents,

ents, that do not bring their *Children* up
o't, lose the Benefit and Instruction of
his *Proverb*, and are quite out of *Solomon's*
Books.

PROV. II.

When the Steed's stoll'n, shut the
Stable-Door.

Reflexion.

THIS is all the *Wisdom* of the
World. When the Thing is over,
we are as *wise* as *Experience* can make us.
Who would have *thought* it, says the care-
less *Fool*? And who would have slipp'd
so fair an *Opportunity*, says the *Felon*?
Here's both the *Knave* and the *Fool* under
this *Sentence*. When the *Steed* is stoll'n,
the *Groom* never reflects upon his own *Neg-*
ligence, but falls foul upon the *bold Ad-*
venture of the *Thief*; as if the *Impudence*
and *Knavery* of the *one*, upon so inviting
a *Temptation*, could excuse the *Sottishness*
and *Folly* of the *other*. The silly People
of *Colchos* began to look about them, when
Jason had carry'd off the *Golden Fleece*.
English-men also have been often found as
sturdy as the *Phrygians*, in this Respect.

All the *Miscarriages* of Mankind, are for want of *Thinking*. The *Nurse* did not *think* the *Child* would have fallen into the *Fire*; the *Mother* did not *think* the *Nurse* would have starv'd her *Child*; the *Wench* did not *think* she should have had a *Bastard*. But there's no *unthinking* a Misfortune, after it has befallen us for want of *Precaution* and *Forefight*. 'Tis too late to *think* of the *Doctor* after *Death*. There's no *Remedy* in the *Grave*; and the best Way, is, to bury the Affliction and the Remembrance of it both together in Oblivion. *After-Wit* is commonly *dear bought*; and we always *pay* for't, either with Misfortune, Anxiety, or Sorrow; either with the Loss of a Limb, or of Life, or something else that is *dearer* to us, than the *Purchase* of Experience can countervail. How many *unfortunate Accidents*, through the whole Course of human Life, are owing to the Want of *Consideration*, and of *thinking* beforehand, towards the preventing of *ill Consequences*, and *unlucky Events*? What can be more ridiculous, than to be recalling an *Arrow*, a *Stone*, or a *Bullet*, when the Mischief is done?

'Tis a mighty *Imprudence* to neglect the weighing of all the *Circumstances* of an *Action*, both as to *Time* and *Place*, before

we venture upon *doing* that which we may perhaps repent of in the Event, to our great Shame, Damage, and Disgrace. The *inconsiderate* Humour, Diversion, or Pleasure of a Moment, has cost many an honest Man his Peace, and his Honour all his Life long. An *After-Thought* may enhance our *Trouble*, but cannot relieve our *Distress*; It may prevent the like *Intemperance* for the *future*; but it cannot make us any *Satisfaction* for what is *past*; whether it be an Injury or Grievance to *our selves*, or to *others*; whether it be Loss of Fame, or of Fortune; Trouble of Mind, or of Body, or any other Casualty, that afflicts beyond *Recovery* and *Redress*. In fine, an *After-Thought* cannot *unmarry*; it cannot set a *broken Leg*; it cannot extinguish the *Fire*, when a House is all in a Flame; it cannot repair any *Loss*, nor make Amends for an *Injury* done: But only puts us upon the *Contemplation* of our own *Misery*, or *Imprudence*, and lays us under the Lash and Remorse of this *Proverb*.

PROV. III.

Naught is never in Danger.

Reflexion.

HOW many People are *fav'd* by this *Proverb* ! And indeed, it is not to tell how many *Dangers* and *Difficulties* an *ill Man* goes through, for one that a *good Man* escapes. But we must not judge rashly neither, nor lay the Fault upon *Providence*. To fall out with *Heaven* for a *Flea-bite*, is not the Way to prevent *Afflictions* and *Tryals*. *Rash Censures* and *Detractions*, are in every Body's Mouth; and this *Proverb* is too vulgar, and too frequently made use of among the common People, upon any *providential Deliverance*. If he had been good for any *Thing*, they cry, he had broke a *Leg* or an *Arm* : And, in short, if he had broke his *Neck*, perhaps he had dy'd a better *Christian* in their Opinion. But at this rate of Reasoning, a Man had almost as good be a *Knave*, as not *unfortunate* ; and yet who can believe a Person to be an *ill Liver*, because *Providence* takes Care of him ? It passes for a *Jest* also, but too often among People of better *Rank* and *Quality*.

Quality; One was within an Inch of being kill'd: *Another* had like to have had his Brains dash'd out: Why, says a *third*, they were both sav'd by the *Proverb*: And so loose Men are apt to make a *Banter* of God's Mercy, and to laugh at their own *Preservation* or *Security* under the *Protection* of Heaven.

'Tis true, however, in all other Cases, setting aside *providential Deliverances* and *Escapes*, that *Naught's in no great Danger*. What *Danger* is a *Filt* in of being deluded, that has nothing to *lose*? Who'd run away with a *naughty* or *wanton Woman*, that's a very *Antidote* to *Design*; and has neither *Modesty* nor *Shame* to put her in *Danger* of an *Intrigue*? But to descend now from the *Whore*, to the *Rogue*. He's in no *Danger* of the *Gallows*, he'll tell ye, under the *Comfort* and *Confidence* of this *Proverb*; and indeed he's not *worth* the *hanging*, if the *Law* could punish him effectually any other way, without *Death*. A *House of Office* is in no *Danger* of being rifl'd by a *Rogue*, upon the most pressing or necessary *Occasion*; and *Thieves* do not rob us of our *Dung* or our *Gew-gaws*, but of our *Money* and *Jewels*. They are Things of *Worth* and *Value*, that endanger a Gentleman either at Home or Abroad. *Stealing* of the *Crown*, was a bold Adventure indeed;

deed; but the *Prize* was as great as the Attempt was *difficult* or *dangerous*. *Little Things* are *safe* under the *Contempt* of the World; for their *Insignificancy* secures them against all *Apprehension*, *Danger*, and *Violence*. There are many terrible *Storms* at *Court*, which never reach the *Cottage*, nor touch *Diogenes's Tub*. *Mountains* often suffer, while *Mole-hills* are not so much as ruff'd by *Tempests* of *Lightening* and *Thunder*.

In short, this *Proverb* secures many a *Bird* from the *Fowler*, and many a *Beast* from the *Hunter*, which are not worth either the *catching*, or the *killing*: And it does not only *save* the *Life*, but the *Liberty* of many a poor *Creature* too, that deserves neither a *Cage*, nor a *Chain*. The Matter's plain; whatsoever is *despicable*, *useless*, and *good for nothing*, is *safe* under the *Security* of this *old Saying*, to all *Intents* and *Purposes*.

• PROV.

PROV. IV.

Hungry Dogs will eat dirty Puddings.

Reflexion.

MAny a Man has been as *hungry* as any Dog in the *Proverb*, and very well *satisfy'd* too, with as *ordinary Fare*. *Hunger* is *Sawce* for an *Emperor*, and it gives a *Relish* to the *poorest Entertainment* in the *World*. How many *Great Men* have had an *Appetite* for their own *Excrements*, in a *starving Condition*? The *Puddle* has sometimes been *sweet* to the *Thirsty*; and People *a-dry*, have *quaff'd* up worse *Potions* too, with a *pleasant Gust*. *DARIUS* might well prefer the *quenching of his Drought*, to any other *Victory* or *Conquest*. The *Power of Thirst* is next to the *Miracle of turning Water into Wine*: And *Hunger* is so *strong*, that it changes *Dirt* into a *Dainty*, and makes a *Delicacy* out of a *Dung-hill*. So that if we must eat a *Peck of Dirt* before we die, it must certainly go down when we are *a hungry*, and do not stand upon *Niceties*. 'Tis certain, *dirty Water* will *quench Fire*, and satisfy or cool a *burning Lust*.

But

But of late Days, our *Stomachs* are grown wonderfully *nice*, *curious*, and *dainty*. Nothing will please *my Lady* in a Morning, but her *Chocolate*, her *Gellies*, and her *Sweet-meats*; or such like liquorish *Slap-sawces*, which *kill* the Appetite, and *disrelish* the Palate for the whole Day. *Gluttony* and *Pampering* destroy as many People, as *drinking* to Excess: And *they* are happy that indulge themselves in *neither*, to a *Distemper*. Every *Morsel* above Measure, preys upon *Nature* like a *Vulture*; and every *Cup* too much, is like opening *Pandora's Box*, and letting out all the Diseases upon a Man's own Body. One single *Intemperance* has cost many a luscious *Gentleman* either his Liberty, his Limbs, or his Life; his Ease, or his Health for ever. 'Tis strange how far the Humour of *Feasting*, *Guttling*, and *Guzzling* is spread; and how much it has debauch'd Mankind! *Drinking of Healths* is as notorious as the *Deluge*, and as certainly drowns and destroys the Senses of all sottish *Drunkards*. But *Fuddling* and *Carousing*, are so much in Fashion, that it may call a Man's *Sobriety* in Question, perhaps, to reflect upon those *modish Excesses*. However, both *Vices* may shake Hands for this scandalous Truth; that the very *Rump of a Goose* has created a thousand mortal *drinking Bouts*.

Bouts. No *Business* is to be done now-a-days, but over a *Bottle*; as if People dealt upon a *Tryal of Skill*, and he that had the *strongest Brain*, should make the *best Bargain*: So that *Guzzling* is become a kind of *Traffick* or *Commerce*, and the whole *Trade* of the *Town* does in a great measure depend upon't. And as for *Gormondizing*, there's no End on't, 'till Peoples *Bellies* are full, and they can eat no more, for fear of a *Fever*, a *Funeral*, or the *Undertaker*. There are *Victuals* enough in *London* to serve a *foreign Kingdom*; but for all that, *Hospitality* is quite lost, and poor *Folks* do as it were *starve* in a *Cook's Shop*. Let any *Man* look into *Leaden-Hall-Market*, and tell me what he thinks of an *English Stomack*. We are the greatest *Flesh-pots* that ever liv'd, out of *Egypt*. And how comes it to pass, that a *Frenchman* should make you as good a *Dinner* upon one single *Sallad*, a *Turnep*, or a *Potatoe*, as we can do upon *Sir Loins* and *Ragou's*, or *Pig*, *Goose*, and *Capon*?

However, there's another *Extream* yet of some abstemious *Churls*, *Enemies* to their own *Carcasses*, either out of a *niggardly*, *base*, *pinching Temper*, or an *Enthusiastick*, *presumptuous Mortification*; who fall under the *Reflexion* of this *Truth*, for denying themselves *Necessaries*,
and

and baulking their *Stomachs*: For a Man may *fast* so long, 'till he cannot *eat* at all; and whose Fault is that? Not the *Proverb's*. 'Tis over-doing a *Duty*; and the *Appetite* may as soon be lost for want of *Eating*, to support Nature, as upon the most cloying Excess of *eating too much*.

But, in short, this *Proverb* is a severe *Satyr* against all our *unnecessary Varieties* and *Delicacies of Food*; and it dictates the best Way of *Living* in the World, with an Instruction of *Temperance, Health, and Frugality*, only to *drink* when we are *dry*, and to *eat* when we are *hungry*; for there is nothing so *wholesome, relishing, or nourishing*, as a *true Hunger*. It reflects also upon all the study'd *Niceties of Dyet*, as costly *Kick-shaws*, and *savoury Sawces*; which are as *unwholesome*, as they are *extravagant*, and serve only either to feed *Diseases*, or to fatten the *Body* for the *Church-Yard*. It is the Nature of *Luxury*, to make the *Constitution* languish; sometimes by bloating it up to an unwieldy *Bulk*, or insupportable *Burden*; and sometimes by wasting it away to an *Anatomy* or a *Shadow* of meer Skin and Bones. For how many People *eat* and *drink* to a *Surfeit*, and lose both the Blessing of *Health*, and the Benefit of the *Proverb* at last, for Want of good *Stomachs*? 'Tis notoriously

true

true to a fatal Conviction; or else the *Bills of Mortality* would hardly run so high, upon *Fevers, Calentures, and Consumptions.*

PROV. V.

Cut your *Cloak* according to your
Cloth.

Reflexion.

THIS *Direction* is not only *Taylor's Work*, but a good *Lesson* over and above to all *Mankind*; and it takes an exact *Measure* of their *Actions*, as well as of their *Shape, Substance, and Bodies.* It is the best *Advice* can be given to People of all *Ranks and Degrees*, whether of the *Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty* of the *Kingdom*; from the *highest* to the *lowest*; to ballance *Accompts* betwixt their *Expence*, and their *Income*; to adjust their *Lives* and *Liberties* to the real *Worth* of their *Estates*; and never to let their *Fortune* become so much indebted to their *Extravagances*, for a *Shew, a Figure, or fine Cloaths*; which it is not able either to pay off upon *Sight*, or discharge upon *Demand*, both with *Credit*
and

and Reputation. The *Cloak* owes its *Length*, *Goodness*, and every Thing else, but the *Cut* and the *Make*, to the *Cloath*; and it must be still providently manag'd according to *that Scantling*: So that this *Proverb*, well practis'd, might have sav'd many a *profuse Gentleman* a plentiful Estate, and preserv'd many a *prodigal Tradesman* from breaking. There never were more *Statutes of Bankrupt* a-foot at one Time in the Kingdom. But he that lives above the *Allowance* of his Fortune, is as much in Danger of *Ruin*, as a *Dabbler*, that launches out of his Depth in the *Thames*, is of *Drowning*: And nothing can save him, but a *providential Deliverance*.

This good old Saying is so great a *Maxim* of *Prudence* and *Frugality* in all Families, that People would do well to carry it always about with them in their *Minds*, as a cautionary Guard upon their *Pockets* in the laying out of *Money*, for Fear of out-running the *Constable*. They ought never to go to *Market* without it; nor buy more than they can really afford, beyond *Necessity*. They should *eat* and *drink*, and *cloth* themselves according to the *Discretion* of it. *Parents*, by the wise Instruction of this *Doctrine*, are only oblig'd to give their *Children* such an *Education*

ation, as is answerable to their Birth and Quality. It would look ridiculous for *Mother Huff*, that keeps a little *Ale-House*, at the Sign of the *Last-shift*, to put her *Daughter Damnable*, either to a *Boarding-School* for Breeding, or to a *Dancing-School* for Carriage and Court-Qualifications; when perhaps, after all, the gawdy Figure the poor *Girl* makes there, she shall not have above a Pot of Drink to her Portion. A prodigal conceited *Barber* would be laugh'd at, if he should pretend to set up his *Son* for a topping *Beau*, or a *Gentleman*, upon the Advantages of *Powder* and *curl'd Locks*: For although he can, perhaps, afford it as well as his Neighbours, it is yet but Vanity and Ambition at the best, and an Affront to a *Miller*, or a *Man in the Meal-Tub*. But there are ten thousand Instances of Pride, Foppery, and Extravagance, in all *Trades* and *Professions*, where the *Cloak* is not cut according to the *Cloath*; and People pay dear at last, for transgressing this frugal Proverb.

I believe the Nation was never so extravagantly *fine*, and so sensibly *poor*, at the same Juncture. The Splendor of our *Equipage* and *Apparel*, is as dazzling as the *Sun*, in Spite of all *Clouds*, but those that threaten a *Shower of Rain*. People are
C clad

clad in Gayety and Glory, under the worst of Fortunes. We put all the Finery of the *Indies* upon our Backs, let the Fear and the Fate of a War be what it will in the *Upshot*. But, in short, what with *Modes* and *Commodies*, *Silks* and *Sattins*, *Ribbons* and *Laces*, fulsome *Fashions* and *Furbelo's*, *Diamonds*, *Pearls*, and precious *Stones*, the whole World almost goes to the dressing of one of our swaggering *Gal-lants*: So that at this Rate, *England* in a little Time, will become the *universal Wardrobe of Foppery*. However, it is plain how far this *moral Sentence*, upon the leading of a *thrifty Life*, is concern'd both for the *Profuseness* and the *Folly* on't.

'Tis true, *Prodigality* is a jolly *Vice*, and of the most *popular Vogue* in the World; for *some* or *other* still must needs be the *better* for't. But let any Man look at *Home*, and consider it in his own Bosom, and he will find nothing but *vain Glory* in the Beginning, *Trouble* in the Progress, and *Beggary* in the End of a *prodigal Life*. Give me the *Man*, therefore, that knows how to be *generous*, and yet *frugal*; that is *merry* and *wise* upon all Occasions: A *Man* that knows better Things than to sacrifice an *Estate* for vulgar *Applause* and *Popularity*; or to run out *All*, for the *false Honour* of a *good Word*; and that
too,

too, only out of the Mouths of those very People, who are made by his Ruin. How many good-natur'd easy Fools have been meerly flatter'd out of their Money; honour'd out of their Fortunes; and worshipp'd out of their Senses at last, upon the forlorn Hope of a prodigal Catastrophe? But he that governs his Purse by this Proverb, knows better how to live, and how to lay out his Money to the best Advantage of his Credit and Character in the Common-wealth, keeping himself still within the just Bounds of an honest Ability.

PROV. VI.

It is a good Horse that never stumbles.

Reflexion.

THIS Proverb holds true from the Brute, to the Man. A lame Horse, and a lame Christian upon the Back of him, is no false Heraldry: But the Rider has the less Reason of the two, however, to commit so many gross Blunders in all the Actions of his Life. There is no Creature that ever went upon four Legs,

but has made some false *Step* or other; and every Mother's Son of us upon *two*, hath his *Slips* and his *Imperfections*. In short, every *Jockey* will easily grant me, that *he's* the best *Horse* which stumbles *least*: And not to run too far upon the Comparison of the *Beast*, *he's* the perfectest *Man*, that has the *fewest Faults*, either of *Mind* or of *Body*; and *she's* the most accomplish'd *Woman*, that is the farthest from being a *Fade*.

The greatest *Beauty* hath its *Blemishes*; and the *best* of us all, have our *Failings*. *He's* the *wisest Man* now-a-days, that is the least a *Fool*; and the *honestest* (generally speaking) that is the least a *Knave*: For *Self* is a great *Rogue*; and where is that incomparable Person in the World, without his *Weak-side*, either of a *Self-Interest* that blinds him, or a *Self-Conceit* that betrays him into a thousand *Errors*, throughout the whole *Course* of his *Affairs*.

But this *Truth* is to be interpreted rather according to its main *Design*, in Favour of human *Frailties*, whether in *Thought*, *Word*, or *Deed*. The *Government of the Thought*, beyond *Passion*, *Prejudice*, or *Revenge*, upon some *Occasion* or another, either of *Injury* or *Affront*, is such a *Conquest* (I believe) as never Man
yet

yet made under the *Infirmities* of Flesh and Blood. *Thought* is the most *ungovernable* Thing in the World, except we are *Masters* of it within our own Bosoms: For the *Liberty* of it cannot be cramp'd or restrain'd by any *external Power* whatsoever, though it have never so great a *Lasb* over our *Words* and *Actions*. But, in short, the *Hypocrisy* of the Age is become so notorious, that there's no taking a Man's *Word* now for what he *thinks*.

And then, for the *Tongue*, it established this very *Proverb* upon its own blundering *Mistakes*, and extravagant *Raileries*. It is the great *Instrument* of *Error* and *Iniquity*, *Lying*, *Swearing*, and *Reproach*; and it gives *Life*, *Noise*, and *Vigor*, to all the *Vices* upon Earth. *Dives's Tongue* was tormented in the *Flame*; and some unthinking *Wretches* on Earth, talk nothing but *Hell*, *Fire*, and *Brimstone*, whose *Tongues* are never to be *cool'd*, neither in *this World*, nor the *next*. However, this *Proverb* pleads a Pardon for all *innocent Mistakes* in Conversation and Discourse; and it puts a Check upon all intemperate *Mockery* and *Laughter*, when a well-meaning Person is guilty of an *ignorant Expression* or *Blunder* in Company. *Fleering*, and *Festing*, and *Banter*, are the *Faculties* of *Buffoons*, the Froth of *Folly*,
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and the Scum of *Conceit* ; and to ridicule an honest Man's *Infirmity* or *Weakness*, is against the Rules of *Urbanity*, common *Civility*, and good *Breeding*, in all the *Schools* of *Vertue* and *Knowledge*.

But every Man has a *blind Side* also in his *Actions* ; for we all *act* as if we did not believe our own *Eyes*. How many *Misfortunes* and *Miscarriages* in this Age, are owing to human *Overfight* and *Inadvertency* ! There's a mighty *Byass* in all *Business*, that runs People foul upon *Error*, *Interest*, or *Injustice* ; and it holds as strong too, upon the *Comparison*, in all the *Transactions* of our *Lives*, as it does in the *Bowling-Green*, whether the *Diversion* costs us either *Shame*, *Loss*, or *Disadvantage*. Men are only *Slaves* to their *Passions* ; not excepting *Princes*, and the Great *MOGUL* himself. One single *Prejudice* is powerful enough to put the *poor Mortal* out of *Tune* ; to conquer the *whole World*, and to carry the *War* farther too. But as for *Interest*, it has establish'd an *universal Monarchy* already, and makes *both the Indies* truckle.

However, with a *Regard* to this *Proverb*, let a Man *stumble* never so often, we ought to be *merciful* and *tender*, as well as *just*, in censuring his *Actions* under the *Force* of *ill Customs*, *bad Examples*,

bles, and a *deprav'd State of Nature*. We ought to be kind and compassionate in our *Reflexions* upon all human *Miscarriages* and *Transgressions*, either of a *foolish Word*, or a *silly Action*. An *impudent Fact* indeed, is the more *unpardonable* of the two; but perhaps no *Sin* against the *Holy Ghost*. Some *Actions* of the very *Martyrs*, require a *favourable Interpretation*.

But as to the *grumbling Wife*, which is commonly made the *Burden* of the good *Horse that never stumbles*, there will be *Scolding*, *Caterwawling*, and *Quarrelling*, among *Men* and *Women* to the *World's End*, let the good old *Proverb* say what it will.

P R O V. VII.

A Fool's Bolt is soon shot.

Reflexion.

EVERY Man ought to have this *Proverb* in his *Mind*, before any *Word* comes out of his *Mouth*. He that never takes *Aim*, my *Life* for't, will never hit the *Mark*. Where is the *Scope* of scattering ill *Words* or rude *Expressions* as thick as *Hail-shot*, among civil *People* that have

left off their *Pop-Guns*? Talking at *Random*, is like *shooting in the Air*, which does nothing but make a *Noise*. The *Crack* on't only disturbs the *Neighbourhood*, and frightens *Children*. A little *Froth* and *Banter*, breaks no *Bones*, and is only a **BRUTUM FULMEN** out of a *Fool's Mouth*.

But there is a *rash Expression* yet of equal Danger with a *Thunder-clap*, which spares no *Body* in its *Way*. It flies like *Lightening*, and its sudden *Flashes* commonly either blast a *Man's Reputation*, hurts his *Person*, or strikes at his *Life*: And it is none of the **SPEAKER'S** Fault neither, if it does not kill *dead* too. A *Word* dropt by a *gossipping Fellow*, for Want of due *Thinking*, *Secrecy*, or *Civility*, may sometimes do as much *Mischief* as a *Dagger*, and bring it *Home* also to his own *Door*. The *Mouths* of some *Blunderbusses* are always charg'd with *Destruction* against *others*; which, when they are most *full*, and the *foulest*, are most apt to recoil upon *themselves* in the *Discharge*. But there's no *Dart* so *quick*, or so *deadly*, as the *Tongue* of a *loud, tattling, leaky Woman*.

A *flashy Fool* will be still prating in *wise Mens Company*, to no *Manner* of *Purpose*; save only to shew his *Impertinence*,

nence, Ignorance, and the *Vanity* of betraying *himself*; which is such a Piece of *Treachery*, as none but a *filly self-conceited Fop* would be guilty of in *common Conversation*. But when his *Bolt* is once *shot*, (which seldom does any great Mischief) he has no more to do, than to put on his *Cap*, get a *new Coat*, and take his Place in *Paradise*. His own *Confidence*, and a little *Flattery* of other Folks, is sufficient to make him a *Peer of the Realm* there: For an *Affectation of Applause*, and an *Ambition to be thought wise*, is a *Fool's Character* drawn in proper *Colours*.

The Instruction of this *Proverb*, lies in governing the *Tongue* with *Discretion* and *Prudence*. 'Tis a *Lecture of Deliberation*, *Curtesy*, and *Affability* in Company; of *Fidelity* and *Secrecy* in Affairs. It is also a *Satyr* against *fooling*, *blabbing*, or *blurting out* a rash unlucky Word to the *Prejudice* of a Person, and speaking whatever comes uppermost, without any *Regard to good Manners* or *common Sobriety*. It excludes *bantering* the Benefit of good Conversation, and condemns all foolish *Fests*, forward *Raptures*, and unthinking *Railleries* of Language upon any Subject: For it is *Rashness* alone that discharges every *Fool's Bolt*.

PROV.

P R O V. VIII.

Out of Sight, out of Mind.

Reflexion.

THIS is the common Complaint of all *Lovers*. 'Tis certain, that we generally love most in at our *Eyes*; for the *dearest Object* is soon forgotten, when we are once depriv'd of the Advantage and Happiness of *seeing* it: Neither does *this* argue the *Shortness* of the *Memory*, but the *Falseness* of the *Passion*. Our *Memories* do not depend upon our *Eyes*; and yet we are mightily beholden to *Sight*, for the Impression of all those *fair Ideas*, which charm and captivate *Admirers*. But the *Minds* of Men are grown so *fickle, false, and forgetful*, that it is become a *Proverb*; and perhaps of the *Womens* making too; though *both Sexes* have been equally guilty of *Inconstancy*. However, all *Face-Love* is like the *Reflexion* of a *Looking-Glass*; for it goes off with the *Person*, and lasts no longer than the *Party* is *present*.

This *universal Oracle* of *Truth* has a farther *Drift* yet, upon *greater Things* than a *paultry Passion*, and is concern'd for

for better People than little treacherous Sweet-Hearts, and inconstant humble Servants. It lashes the Unkindness and Falsehood of Friends, as well as Lovers, upon a mutual Engagement of their Affections: And, as the World goes now, Distance is the greatest Tryal of Friendship, and Absence the truest Test of Love: But to forget one's Friend, whose good Offices ought to be had in everlasting Remembrance, upon a Pretence either of the one or the other, is a base Treachery, and a notorious Ingratitude; as if our Affections were no longer a-cooling, than our Broth, and expir'd with the last Breath of a FAREWEL,

We ought to love beyond the Grave, and remember the Dead, as well as the Living. True Love passes the River Lethe, and knows no Oblivion on either Side. I do not mean that People should go to Hell for Company, or follow their Friends thither in a Frolick; as THESEUS and PRITHOUS did out of Friendship, and became everlasting Monuments, rather than good Examples of Fidelity: Though the Moral of the Fable is well worthy of our Imitation and Practice, which is not to love one another to Self-murder or Damnation; but he that loves no farther than he can see, may in Time be marry'd perhaps; if a Mountain, a Mile or two of Ground,
or a

or a *Day's Absence*, do not break off the *Match*. However, for a *FRIEND* in any Corner of the World, his *Health* and *Welfare* ought to be Part of our *Devotion*; and it is our *Duty* to relieve him effectually too, every where on this Side *Heaven*, in Spite of any *Distance* or *Difficulty*, either of *Time* or *Place*: For the *Vertue* is still more glorious for breaking through all *Impediments*, *Oppositions*, and *Dangers*, with greater *Influence*, as well as *Lustre*. True *Love*, and real *Friendship*, are never to be cramp'd within the narrow *Compass* of the *Eye-lids*; but challenge the *whole Universe* for their *Purlicu*, their *Memory*, and their *Fame*. The *Obligation* is not *local*, nor bounded by a *Sea* or a *Gulph*.

A *dear Friend*, one would think, should never be *forsaken* upon a *Point of Honour* and *Interest*; and much less should he ever be *forgotten*, out of *Gratitude* and *Admiration*. His happy *Memory* ought to be constantly display'd in our *Minds*; and as daily and duly repeated in our *Thoughts*, as the *Sun* rises, to form the lovely *Image* of his *Beauties* and *Glories* upon the *Face* of the *Earth*; with this Difference only, that the *continual Commemoration* of his *Kindness*, should never set in our *Hearts*, disappear in our *Company*, or be

be *benighted* in our *Solitudes*. What ought we not to do in a *thankful Remembrance* of our *blessed Lord and Saviour*, that *FRIEND of Friends*? Or can we remember him too often, in his *never to be forgotten Passion and Redemption* of the World? Oh, *memorable Redemption*!

But People are become so *unkind* and *inconstant* now-a-days, that they doat upon nothing so much as *Variety* and *Novelty*; and that's the *Mischief* on't, in all the modern *Changes* of *Love* and *Friendship*. We are as fond of *new Faces* and *new Acquaintance*, as *Children* are of *new Cloths*, or *Courtiers* of *new Fashions* in *Turns of State*, and *Revolutions* of *Government*. The *Affections* of *Yesterday*, are *old* and *out of Date* with some *fickle Folks*, and an *Almanack* can hardly please the *Year out*. The *same Thing* two *Days* together, *cloy*s, and even *surfeits* our *fantiful Sparks*. So that there's scarce any *relishing Eetertainment* in this *Age*, but what's as *new* as a *Mushroom*, that hardly ever liv'd to see the *Sun*. And I make no *Question* at all, but *this Book* will fall under the *Fate* of *this Proverb*, as well as the *BIBLE*, or *The whole Duty of Man*; for *Ballads* of late *Days*, are commonly *remember'd longest*.

PROV.

PROV. IX.

Like Father, like Son.

Reflexion.

WE are all *a-kin* to ADAM, and his Fall seems to be *entail'd* upon Mankind. How many Sons inherit their *Fathers Failings*, as well as *Estates*? And how many Daughters have something of their *Mothers Vanities* both in Dress and Humour? A great Part of us, is certainly *tradic'd* from our Parents. Children are generally like either the Father or the Mother, in their *Minds*, as well as their *Bodies*. The *Faculties* of the former commonly run in a *Blood*; and for the *Features* or the *Complexion* of the latter, they often look as if they were cast in the same *Mould*: Infomuch, that *Likeness* is now reckon'd a Mark of *Legitimacy*.

This Saying sets forth the Force both of Nature and Example; as well by the violent Bent of Inclination in the one, as the Strength of Imitation and Practice in the other. A Chip of the old Block, is the vulgar Nick-name of a Father-like Boy, that is look'd upon to be no Bastard. However, no Man can deny, but the good Precept

cepts of an honest *Father*, will go a great Way towards the making of a *vertuous Son*; but one ill *Example*, has ten times the *Power* to make him *vitious*, and plead *Authority* for't. The best *Instructions* are only so much *Breath* lost, where *loose Practices* discredit them, and stagger the *Belief*. And, for this Reason, *Children* should never *bear* nor *see* any Thing that they may be the *worse* for *Knowing*: So that *Parents* ought to have a strict *Regard* both to their *Words* and their *Actions*, in the *Presence* of their *little Ones*; and to bring them up, without ever having the *Liberty* of ill *Sights*, idle *Stories*, and other *corrupt Language*, in the *Company* of *lewd-tongu'd Men*, or *immodest Maids*. For *human Nature* (we know) is originally tainted; fond of *luscious Discourse*, and easily tickl'd by a *Bawdy Word*, either into ill *Thoughts*, filthy *Expressions*, or *debauch'd Practices*. The *Tetter* spreads by *rubbing*. *Lewdness* grows by *Degrees*, from a *Wart* to a *Wen*. The very *Breath* of *Sin*, is dangerous, and *catching* wherever it is *talk'd of*, and *infects* like a *Plague*. 'Tis natural for loose *Persons* to give their *Tails* the same *Liberty* they allow their *Tongues*; for they all *speak* in that *Dialect* from *below*.

But if the *Vices* of the *Parents* are got within the *Skin*, and lie deeper in their *Children*, than *Example*, there's no *Way* like training them up in the *Fear* of their *Maker*, to work off those *evil Impressions* and *over-grown Habits* ; for nothing less than an *Almighty Power* can cancel a *wicked Constitution*, either in *Young* or *Old*, and restore their *deprav'd Nature*, to its former *Liberty* of *Reason*, *Vertue*, and *Religion*. A liberal and a learned *Education*, may do great *Things* towards the *recovering* of a *sicken'd Mind* ; and though it cannot cure the *Blood*, yet it may govern the *Risings* and *Intemperances* of it. 'Tis certain, that both *Universities* have often mended the Matter by hard *Study* and good *Discipline* ; and many *young Gentlemen* bred up *there*, have prov'd *soberer* and *wiser* than their *Ancestors*. But there are some *natural Likenesses* after all, between the *Father* and the *Son*, either in *Fancy*, *Humour*, or *Disposition* ; which are still as *unalterable* as the *Proverb* ; and all the *Art* of *Man* cannot *unteach* them.

This *Proverb*, however, is *true*, yet in too many *Families*, for the *worse* ; but there are some glorious *Instances* of it still in the *Kingdom* for the *better*. The *Force* of it appears farther in all *Nurseries* of *Learning*, where *Likeness* is in a Manner
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Study'd with Earnestness and Affectation. A School-master has a great deal to answer for in the Instruction of his Scholar. He ought to be as nice and discreet in his Conduct, as in his Method of Teaching. He meets with a thousand Provocations to ruffle his Passions, disorder his Judgment, and try his Patience; for, I believe, JOB was no School-master. His Life should be as moral, vertuous, and exemplary, as the Lessons he sets his Scholars out of CATO, or CULMAN'S Sentences; for his Practice is their Pattern; and Boys will copy after their Master's Example, whether it be good or bad, as well as his Precept. 'Twas a witty Saying of a noble Child, who, upon a certain Occasion, counterfeiting a mighty Respect and Concern for his PRÆCEPTOR, that was no honestier than he should be, fam'd for his Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, and whom he lov'd no farther than he could see him; was ask'd, *How he could dissemble so?* Why, say'd the Child, *would you have me learn nothing of him?*

It holds good also, betwixt the Master and the Man. Servants are but Gentlemen's Apes, Monkeys of Fashion and Grimace; for they live only by Example, Imitation, and Presumption. Is there a Foot-man about Town, that does not dress,

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and powder, and look big, upon the Advantages of a *new-lac'd Livery* ? But nothing makes him more *like his Master*, than a *Sword* by his Side too ; a Mark of more *Vanity* than *Valour* ; which dishonours the very *Weapon*, and brings the Custom of *wearing* it in *Disgrace*. However, to descend now from those foppish Peoples *Habit* and *Drapery*, to their *Actions* : They owe most of their *Vices* and *Virtues* too, (if they have *any*) to the Power of *Example*, for Want of *better Education* ; save only, that *Pride*, *Impudence*, and *Ignorance*, are purely their *own*, without being beholden to their *Betters* for those *Qualifications*. *Servants* are the greatest *Mimicks* in Nature, and they copy all the *Qualities* of their *Masters* and *Mistresses* to the Life, without any *Distinction* of *Good* and *Evil*. No Man ever yet question'd a *Debauchee's* *Servant*, for a *lewd* or a *lascivious Fellow* ; a *Drunkard's*, for a *Tipler* or a *boon Companion* ; a *Gamester's*, for a *Pack of Cards* or *false Dice* in his Pocket ; and the like in all other the respective *Services* of Mankind. They glory in *imitating* the *Iniquities* of their *Betters*, and honour their *Superiors* in the foulest *Intrigues*. 'Tis but *Trim-tram* ; right or wrong, they'll follow the *Fashion*, and do their *Duty*. But nothing

is so intollerable, as when their *Imitation* runs too close upon the Heels of *Gentility*; and these little *Vassals* grow so ambitious to be *like their Masters*, that at last, they set up for *Gentlemen* themselves.

In fine, the *Morality* of this *Proverb* extends it self to the giving of a good *Example*, from a *King*, to his *People*; a *Father*, to his *Children*, and a *Master*, to his *Scholars* or *Servants*. The *Reformation of Manners* should begin at the *Palace* first, and then perhaps *private Families* would follow their *Leaders*, or strive at least to be *like their Superiors*. But 'till then, the *World* will be no *better*, than it has been under the *Influence* of *ill Examples*, and the *popular Blindness* of *Imitation*, in all publick *Relations*, *Practices*, and *Professions*.

PROV. X.

One Man had better steal a *Horse*, than another look over the *Hedge*.

Reflexion.

THIS does not justify *Stealing* at all. The *Proverb* means very honestly, and is only a smart Turn upon all

partial Proceedings in publick Tryals, as well as in private Judgments. As to the former, there's no Doubt but many an innocent Person has held up his Hand at the Bar, and been sent as far out of Town too, as the guilty, by Subornation, Prejudice, and Corruption: But for the latter, there's nothing more ordinary and common, than for a poor Man to be condemn'd for a Peccadillo, out of Envy or Malice, or for Want of Money; while the prosperous Villain shall escape so much as an Aspersiō for the grossest Crimes and Enormities. When great Rogues are in Authority, and have the Laws against Oppression and Robbery in their own Hands, little Thieves only go to Pot for't; and inferior Pirates are punish'd with Death at the Gallows, while those of a superior Orb, or first Rate Offenders, live safe and successful at the Helm of Government. When MERCURY, the Patron of Thieves, stole King ADMETUS's Cattel, least he should be punished for the Theft, he cunningly robb'd APOLLO (the Keeper) of the Arrows that should have shot him for't: So that such mighty Sharpers, either by Sea or Land, are too politick to be call'd to an Account for Piracy or Pilfering, least they should attempt the Throne that would bring'em to condign Punishment, and dis-

arm it of *Prerogative*, as well as *Power*, to do the World *Justice*. The *Place of Execution* has been frequently loaded with the *justest Reproaches* upon this Account; and 'tis *hard*, that *one Man* should be *hang'd out of the Way*, to save *another Man's Bacon*. But *large Fishes* easily swallow up the *small Shrimps*, and grow fat upon't. *Pikes* prey upon *Gudgeons*. *Great Men* lord it over the *Commons*. Some *Robbers* thrive in their *Iniquities*, and triumph in their *Deprædations*, while the melancholy *Lookers on*, are as poor as *Job*; oppress'd by *Rapine*; and, as it were, *punish'd* for being guilty of *Honesty*: And this is true, from the *Horse-Stealer*, to the *Felon of Quality*.

What is this then, but the *Partiality* of the World? That *some Men* had better steal, than *others* look out of their *Eyelids*; and yet *winking* at the *Crime*, would be a great deal more *capital* and *unpardonable*. *Laws* are like *Cob-webs*, said the ingenious *ANACHARIS*, which easily catch *little Flies*, but are not strong enough to hold *Wasps*, or entangle *Hornets*. *Poor Offenders* suffer, but *rich Ones* never smart for't. There is nothing so *unequal* under the *Cope of Heaven*, as a *Respect of Persons* in the partial *Distribution* either of *Rewards* or *Punishments*;

where *one* is severely hamper'd, persecuted, martyr'd in the *State* upon a fatal *Rencounter*, and *another* escapes *Scot-free*, with a Pardon, Pension, and Protection for the next Mischief; where *one* is promoted to Honour for the same Villany, that *another* has his Quarters stuck upon the Gates for, to terrify such audacious *Bravo's* for the Future; and where *one* again is put to the Disgrace of a publick Scandal, or an ignominious *Death* in the Face of the Sun, while *another* scarce suffers a Scar in his *Reputation*: And both yet perhaps *equally* concern'd, faulty, and undeserving, either of *Preferment* or *Mercy*; but only that the *Person* who is sav'd, often proves to be the *blacker* and *unworthier Devil* of the *two*. And, in short, it is a Pity that such *Malefactors*, by what Names or Titles soever they be dignify'd, whether for *Murder*, *Robbery*, or *Rebellion*, should not all fare alike under an equal Guilt; without any particular *Distinctions* of *Royal Favour*, *politick Clemency*, or *popular Affection*.

What has heighten'd the *Contempt* of the *Clergy* more, than an *Inequality* of Censure, Detraction, and Calumny? A Spot is soon seen in *Black*; but *Religion* does not consist in the *Coat*, nor in *Colours*. The *Gown* and *Cassock* do not make the *Man*,

nor distinguish the *Saint* from the *Sinner*. However, there's more Notice taken of *some* Persons for an *Imprudence*, than of *others* for a *solemn Iniquity*. If a *Clergyman* commits a Fault, some *venial Slip* or other, either in Practice or Example, it shall be presently *magnify'd*, and make a greater Noise in the *Parish*, than a *Church-Warden's SACRILEGE*, or an *Overseer's ROBBING THE POOR*; and it will not fail neither perhaps of being proclaim'd to the whole World for a horrid *Impiety* in the *Person*, an abominable *Scandal* to the *Church*, and an unpardonable *Offence* to all *Posterity*: As if the *Parishioners* were not oblig'd to be *good Christians*, unless their *PARSON* were so too. At this *partial Rate* of Things, a *Divine* is the most unreasonably liable to vulgar *Slander* and *Misconstruction*, of all Mankind, even from a *Word*, a *Countenance*, a *Motion*, a *Gesture*, or his common *Carriage*, to a downright *Reproach* of his very *Thoughts* and *Actions*. But we ought not to judge of *Men* by their *Mien*, their *Looks*, or their *outward Imperfections*; for 'tis certain, that *Vertue* and *Vice* do not lie so near the *Skin*.

However, this *Proverb* is for doing all *Peoples Justice alike*, from the *highest* to the *lowest*; and in all *Cases* whatsoe-

ver, either of *Desert*, or *Demerit*; where our *Constructions* ought to be *indifferent*, our *Reflexions* *equal*, and our *Judgments* *impartial*. An *unprejudic'd Looker-on*, after all, is the most faithful *Interpreter*, either of the *Divinity*, the *Conscience*, or the *Law* of the Matter, and knows best how to set the *Saddle* upon the *right Horse*, both in *Church* and *State*; let the *Felons* or the *Malefactors* be who they will, either in the *one*, or the *other*. But the old *Saying* is verify'd still in this *Respect* of *Persons*; so that *one Man* had better rob a *Kingdom*, than *another* pretend to rule it, and there's an End on't. We live in a *thieving*, *cheating*, and *plundering Age*, from the *Crown*, to the *Cottage*; and our very *Altars* are not *secure*. *Cozening* is become a *topping Trade*; only we have got a *genteeler Way* of *Stealing* now, than to take a *Man's Horse* from him upon the *High-way*; and our *Rapparees* are Men of better *Breeding* and *Fashion*. But the *Mob* is not always *just* in this *Point*; for *one Pick-pocket* deserves a *Horse-pond*, as well as *another*, without any *Regard* to *Quality* or *fine Cloths*.

PROV. XI.

A Cat may look at a King.

Reflexion.

TIS very true, KINGS do not use to call Cats to an Account for their Looks, or their undistinguishing Boldness: But there are many Cats of this Kind, which are too much made of, indulg'd, and encourag'd, 'till they fly at last in the Face of sacred Majesty. In this Sense, it is a true-blue Protestant Proverb. I do not know whether it was calculated for the Rabble, or not; to pur and mew like Cats about a Throne, 'till at Length they scratch the Hand that strokes them, and mob their Protector. However, there has been ill Use made on't; and it has often been extravagantly misapply'd to Outrage and Violence upon a King's Person, as well in Print, as in some Peoples Mouths. It has also been sometimes wire-drawn into a Field of Battel against a lawful Monarch, and shed the Blood of an innocent Prince.

But to take this Saying by the right Handle; Princes are not such proud, arbitrary, and imperious Persons, as some Cai-
tiffs

tiffs would insinuate. Their *Subjects* may look at 'em, and *welcome*, without any Danger of the *Gallows*. But too curious an *Inspection*, argues an *evil Eye*, and kills like a *Basilisk*. The *People* may address to their *King* for a just *Liberty of Conscience*; but then they are always oblig'd to make a *Conscience* of that *Liberty*, when it is once granted: For otherwise it is only *begging* a favourable Opportunity to do him a *Mischief*, and shake his *Prerogative* for his *Kindness*. The most popular *Clamours* of *Right*, *Property*, and *Religion*, are little less than *Libels* against the *Government* or *Administration*, and only a genteeler Way of *Rebelling*; which, like the *Grudges* of an *Ague*, forebode greater *Misery* and *Disaster* in a *trembling State*. *Religion* has been made a mighty *Stalking-Horse* to *Villany* and *Murder*; but it would be the same Thing, whether a *King* was knock'd on the Head with a *Bible*, or dispatch'd with a *Musket-Bullet*; and all the reveal'd *Word of God*, would not *sanctify* the *Work*.

We are miserably divided in *Politicks*, both *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil*; and no Wonder then, if we differ about the *Interpretation* of a *Proverb*, when the very *Text* cannot reconcile us, either in *Church* or *State*: But the *Truth* of it lies betwixt the

the *Whig* and the *Tory*, as well as the *Cat* and the *King*, through a palpable *Misunderstanding* of both *Parties*. However, there are several Sorts of *Cats* in the World, and we ought not to condemn *all* for *one*. Now, WHITTINGTON's was a good honest *Cat*, for any Thing I know to the contrary, and minded her own *Game* only among the *Rats* and the *Mice*: But a fanatical Puss in her *Majesty*, is a dangerous Creature, and fit for nothing but DON QUEVEDO's *Parliament of Cats*; and then they are all of a Litter, quoth Lambert. But shall any puritannick Poll-cat come in Competition with our *Queen*, to corrupt the Breath of our Nostrils, lift a Foot against her *Person*, stand in *Defiance* of her *Commands*, claw her *Prerogative*, or grumble at her *Power* and *Supremacy*? Such Approaches are too bold to be tolerated. GOOD GOD! what wicked and audacious *Conspiracies* have been undertaken? And what horrid *Barbarities* have been practis'd upon *Christian Princes*? Bloody *Assassinations*! *Protestant*, as well as *Popish Plots*! Not to mention the RAVILLIAC's, MASSANELLO's, WAT TILER's, and other *Murderers* of the World. The *beheading* of one *King*, and the *banishing* of another, hath blacken'd our *Chronicles*. What is an evil Counsel-
lor's

lor's sticking a *Feather* in his *Prince's Cap*, to take the *Crown* off his *Head*, but kicking him up *Stairs*, or flattering and cajo-ling him out of his *Kingdom*? What is the *Insurrection* of *Subjects* against their *Sovereign*, upon the most plausible *Pre- tensions* of doing *GOD Service*, but a meer *Instigation* and *Sham* of the *DEVIL*. And therefore such *CATS* as these, in a *Common-wealth*, are intolerable; who make no more than a *Mouse* of a *KING*.

A *gracious* and a *merciful King*, is certainly one of the *greatest Blessings* Heaven can bestow upon a *People* on *Earth*; but *ill Usage*, and *cramping* his *Prerogative*, may change his *Temper*, and turn the *Tables*: For *Resistance*, *Insolence*, and *Pre- sumption*, will never make a *good One* the better; but such *undutiful Practices* may easily provoke an *ill One* to be worse. We might learn better *Manners*, and more *Policy* of an *old Woman*, than to confront *Majesty*, or controul our *Sovereign*. She us'd to pray for the *Life* of *DIONISIUS*, as great a *Tyrant* as he was, when all other *People* were weary of his *Government*, and wish'd him *dead*. For why? She said, they had *exchang'd* their *Kings* so often for the worse, that she was afraid the *Devil* would come next to be his *Successor*. There's no tampering with *Power* and *Tyranny*,

ranny, but by Patience, Humility, and Submission. *Little People* are allow'd to honour and admire GREAT MEN, PATRIOTS, or POTENTATES, but not to spit in their Faces: And so let the Cat be winking. But when PUSS in the Proverb grows too saucy and familiar; disobeys Authority, or disoblige a Prince; there is only one Way in the World left to humble her Ambition, and bring her again to her Duty: And that is, to make her keep off, and know her Distance.

PROV. XII.

He sets the Fox to keep his Geese.

Reflexion.

I Do not know who *this Man* is in particular; but he's the greatest Goose in the whole World. He had as good have set a Kite to keep his Chickens, a Wolf his Lambs, or a Hawk his Pigeons. And yet most People are so sottishly silly in one Sense or another, as to be gull'd by noted Impostors, wheedl'd by known Sweeteners, and impos'd upon by profess'd Rakes. 'Tis a general Imprudence to trust a sworn Enemy; though a Man is no safer in the Con-

Confidence of his *Friendship*, than *Geese* are under the Custody and Care of the *Fox*.

What can be a greater *Folly*, than to employ a *Traitor* in the Service of any Government, to court a *Treachery*, and commission a *Mischief*? *State-Foxes* will be still playing the same Game over again: They'll always make a *Prey* of the *People*, though it costs them a *Chain*, and a *Ken-
nel* at last for their Pains. Let *Reynard* loose after five or six Years taming, civilizing, or Confinement, and I would not be a *Goose* in his Way, for the Kingdom.

This *Proverb* reflects upon the ill Conduct of Men, in the Menage of their Affairs, by intrusting either *Sharppers* with their *Money*, *Blabs* with their *Secrets*, or *Enemies* and *Informers*, with their *Lives*. These Things, how dear soever, are all thrown away upon little Creatures, *Parasites*, *Pimps*, and *Gossips*, who either must, out of *Necessity*, or will, out of *Cowardice*, *Falshood*, and *Knavery*, live upon what is committed to their *Keeping*. All's *Carri-
on*, that comes in the Way of *hungry Rooks*. *Ravenous Appetites* are afraid of no *Bones*. No *Obligation* can bind against *Nature*. A *Fox* will love a *Goose* still, though his *Skin* is to be stript over his
Ears

Ears for't: And a *common Cheat* will always follow his old Trade of *tricking his Friend*, in Spite of all Promises and Principles of *Honour, Honesty, and good Faith*. This may serve for the *Guardian's Instruction*, that he ought not to defraud his *Pupil*; but it is a far *better Lesson* to the *Pupil*, to consider, with the utmost Discretion he is Master of, what *Guardian* he chooses, for Fear of committing his *Sheep* to the Keeping of a *Wolf* in *Disguise*, or his *Vineyard* to the Care of a *wild Boar* in *Masquerade*. In short, some *Rascally Knaves* in Grain (I believe) would renounce their CREED, to prey upon an easy, good-natur'd *Cully*; notwithstanding the greatest Protestations, and most solemn Assurances of *Fidelity, fair Dealing, and Justice*.

I take it for granted, 'tis not *safe* to trust a *fair Lady* with a notorious *Letcher*, or a lewd *Gallant*, for Fear of spoiling her *Fortune*, as well as cracking her *Reputation*. A *young Heiress* ought to be kept under a *stricter Guard*, than an *old Bawd*, or a mercenary *Match-maker*, for Fear of being *trepann'd* into unwarrantable Embraces. And as the *Comedian* very well observes to this Purpose, it is *dangerous* trusting an EUNUCH with a *beautiful Maid*, for Fear of *Treachery* and *Intrigue* among dissolute Admirers in a *Marriage-hating*
A ge

Age: For *Impotence* it self is no *Security* against *PIMPING*, which advanc'd this very *Proverb*.

Who can *confide* in a false *Courtier*, a faithless *Hypocrite*, or a cunning *Fox* at last, in *Sheep's Clothing*, that wants nothing but a *Commission* to do your *Business* effectually, destroy your *Poultry* with *Authority*, and not leave you so much as a *Goose* out of the whole *Flock*, though it had sav'd the *CAPITOL*? Who can put any *Confidence* in a profess'd *Enemy*, or a flattering *Sycophant*? The late immortal *SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE*, would not trust *FATHER PETERS* with his *Religion*, or the Affairs of his *Soul*, who had so often deceiv'd him in his *Wordly Business*. The *Story* is well known, and needs no other *Remark*, but that it came from his own *Mouth*: When he whisper'd that *Gentleman* with the aforesaid *Declaration*, [A LOUD] once in the *Lobby*, who, after many fair *Promises* to do him a considerable *Favour* at *Court*, about an *Arrear* due from the *Crown*, as often disappointed his *Expectations*; and told him at last, that it depended wholly upon his *Conversion*, and coming over to the *Church of Rome*. But he was no such *Goose-Cap*! However, he that nourishes a *Snake* in his *Bosom*, may thank himself for being stung.

Who

Who then, but a *Fool of a Master*, would entertain a *Servant*, that should *betray* him; a *Prentice*, that should *embezil* his Goods; a *Steward*, that should grow *rich* upon his *Ruin*; or even a *Roguy Cur* at last, that should *worry his Mutton*, and afterwards *leap at his own Throat*? This is the *Man* in the *Proverb*, that knows no better, than to *set the Fox to keep his Geese*.

PROV. XIII.

Old Birds are not caught with Chaff.

Reflexion.

THIS *Proverb* has more in't, than of *Bird-catching* only. It holds from the *Diversion* of spreading a Net for LARKS, ROBINS, or GOLDFINCHES, to the intrigues of ensnaring MEN: But *old People* are not easily impos'd upon, either by *Slight*, *Artifice*, or *Invention*. The *Tricks of the Town*, are only CHAFF to *old Age*, *Wisdom*, and *Experience*; for you shall seldom or never see the GUINEA-DROPPERS of *London* attempt upon a *Man in Years*, for Fear of the Worst; under an apprehension either of *Disappointment* or *Discovery*, or catching a *Tartar*. Old Birds
E know

know better Things, than to scrape Acquaintance with the *Fowler*; to give him an *Opportunity*, or to take an *Invitation*. However, there *will* be laying of *Snare*s, and setting of *Gins* for *People*, as long as there are any *WOODCOCKS* in the World.

But *young Men* and *Women* are, the *Fools*, that are easily play'd upon by the *false Appearance* of Things; deluded with meer *Shadows*, and drawn into an *Inconvenience* by every *glaring Lure*: For any Thing that can make a *Jack-a-Lantern*, is sufficient to strike the *Sense* of a giddy *Youth*; to engage his *Mind*, and turn him out of his *Way*. *Young People* are mightily pleas'd with *Gypsies*, *Jugglers*, and *Mountebanks*; fond of having their *Fortunes* told, or their *Handkerchiefs* cut by a *HOCUS*; and wonderfully well pleas'd with the *Deception*: If their *Purses* do not really suffer too by the *Legerdemain*. *Youngsters* are as soon taken, as *Trouts*, by tickling their *Phancies*; soon set agog for an enticing *Frolick*, and willingly inveigled into a *charming Misfortune*. They will be still gaping up at every *Impostor*, and thrusting their *Noses* into every *Crowd*; being equally transported with *Spectacle*, *Novelty*, and *Error*, into Excesses of *Joy* and *Admiration*. A *Ballad*, a *Rarer-show*, a *Play*, a *Ball*, or a *Musick-meeting*, are

catching

catching Temptations; and they court their own *Captivity*, where the *Scene* is delightful, and the *Mistake* admir'd; till at last perhaps they are forc'd to compound for their *Liberty*, with the Loss of their *Money*, their *Modesty*, or their *Honour*: Besides that, such alluring *Engagements* as these, have many times, without Doubt, cost some *sparkish Captives* their *Lives* too, by being *rivall'd* only in their Lewdness and Destruction. A fond *Tounger*, enamour'd with a fluttering *fair One*, has little or no *Government* against *Desire*; but eagerly pursues the *belov'd Object* to Enjoyment; to a *Snare*, through all the *Impediments* of Prudence, and *Obstructions* of Vertue; and he never *stops* in the Career of his *Amour*, like the *Lovers of Old*, but at the *Monument* of a *ravishing Beauty*, or the *Metamorphose* of his *Affections*. When MARS grew effeminate, he was by VULCAN cunningly caught in Bed with VENUS, and easily expos'd to the View, the Derision, and Contempt of all the wondering GODS. The *Fiction* will bear this *Moral*; That it is the greatest *Scandal* and *Shame* for a SOLDIER, of all others of the *Masculine Gender*, to *unman* himself so, as to fall in Love with every Punk he meets; to be a *Whore-master* in the wrong *Sense*; to forsake a *Camp*, for

the *Company of Women*; to be blinded with such *CHAFF*, and to sink altogether into *Effeminacy, Cowardice, and Disgrace*. Thus *VENUS's General* will certainly fall at last into *VULCAN's Net*, and come off with *publick Scorn*, for making no better Use of the noble *Weapon* that is put into his Hand; while the sneaking *Dastard* quits the *Field of Valour*, with the brave Exploits of the *Sword*, for the bloodless Vanities of the *Petticoat*.

How many forward *Beaux* have been ruin'd by ill *Company*, before ever they had *Beards* on their Faces? How many easy *Fops* have been sacrific'd to *Paint* and *Hypocrisy*, before they liv'd to see *Twenty*? How many luscious *Gallants* have been caught with worse *CHAFF* too, and cut off in the *Bloom of their Youth*? But not to descant any farther upon this melancholy and untempting *Topic*; of all *Fools*, the old One is the least to be pity'd, whether he be a *Prodigal*, a *Gamester*, a *Drunkard*, a *Letcher*, a *Cully*, or a *Cuckold* in his old Days. What Relief or Compassion can a Man even on the right side of *Fourscore*, expect, for entering into the fatal *Noose of Matrimony*, upon an unequal and unhappy Match, or for keeping a gay *Mistress*, that sends him to his *Grave* with a *Pox* to him? Have not old Men liv'd too long,

long, when they *dote* of *Destruction*? On the contrary, their *Lives* should be free from any *Reflexion*, and their *Age* venerable for *Gravity*, good *Example*, and *Authority*. They should be *solid* in their *Judgment*, *prudent* in their *Conduct*, *discreet* in their *Inclination*, *impragnable* in their *Vertue*, and *Proof* against *Imposition*, *Flattery*, and *Delusion*: So that all their *Actions* might assert their *Character*, from the common *Aspersions* of being *twice Children*. 'Tis no *Disparagement* for a *Child* to part with an *Inheritance*, as much as in him lyes, for a *Play-Thing*, or a *Sugar-Plumb*: But, generally speaking, there's no putting of *Tricks* upon *old Travellers*; no *fobbing* of *gawdy Fallacies*, or *glittering Counterfeits*, upon *aged Persons*; who are *deaf* to the most *charming Rattles*, and *blind* to the most *splendid, tempting, fair Appearances*, without any natural *Infirmity* or *Imperfection*. However, the *World* is grown a great *Cheat*, and there's hardly any *Thing* but *CHAFF* stirring in't.

But the *old Birds* in the *Proverb*, methinks, might teach all *youthful People* a better *Lesson*, than to be *chows'd, cozen'd, and trepann'd*, either out of *Life, Liberty, and Estate*; *Peace, and Tranquility of Mind*; or *Health, Honour, and Vertue*,

upon the most specious *Pretexts*, plausible *Cheats*, and inviting *Snares* whatsoever, of *Sharppers*, *Bullies*, *Bawds*, *Pimps*, *Match-makers*, *Fortune-stealers*, and the common *Seducers* of Mankind: Especially after a thousand palpable *Examples*, either of *utter Ruin* on the one Hand, or a *happy Deliverance* on the other, through all the *Miscarriages* of human Life.

P R O V. XIV.

I talk of *Chalk*, and you of *Cheese*.

Reflexion.

THIS was the *Confusion* of BABEL. One call'd for *Brick*, and t'other brough him *Mortar*, by the Rule of *Contraries* still, and *cross Purposes*. All the *Impertinence* in Conversation, Commerce, or Business, are couch'd under *this Saying*, where the *Company* do not make a *Harmony* in their Discourse, nor keep to the *Point* in *Question*: For a Man had better hold his *Tongue*, than *talk* out of *Tune*, and not *speak* to the *Purpose*. But, in short, this is a mighty *Fault*; whether it falls out upon a *Blunder*, or a *Mistake* for want of *Attention*, or happens out of
Ignorance

Ignorance Point-blank, for want of more *Understanding*. However, nothing can aggravate the *Offence* to a greater Degree of *Incivility*, beyond the Bounds even of an *Apology*, or a *Pardon*, than the *Spirit of Contradiction*; which is the most reigning Devil upon Earth in all Conversation *within Doors*; sets People together by the Ears *without*, and disturbs the *Peace* of the *whole World*.

Some People are so possess'd with an eternal *Clack* of *Noise* and *Nonsense*, that they never stick at *interrupting* a serious Discourse upon the greatest Subject of the *Creation*, with some frivolous *Story* or other, and perhaps of *Bread and Cheese* too for want of a better, without any Regard to *good Manners*, or the *Quality* of the *Entertainment*: For indeed the *Language* of the *Belly* interlopes too often upon that of the *Brain*. In a Word, every *Answer* ought to be *proper*, and *pertinent* to the *Question* that is ask'd; every *Relation* ought to be *accommodated* to the *Disposition* of the Company, that hears it; and every *Sermon* ought to be *suit*ed to the *Capacity*, as well as the *Ear* of the *Auditory*, where it is preach'd: For otherwise, it is *absurd*, *improper*, and *insignificant*, to all *Intents and Purposes*. Nothing can *edify* more, or gain its Point sooner,

than a *Discourse* that is well *adjusted*, and *agreeable* to the *Hearers*.

If I talk of *one* Thing, and *you* of *another*, where's the End on't? 'Tis only to make a *Jargon* of a *Dispute*, and to widen the *Controversy* beyond any *Accommodation*, *Instruction*, or *Understanding*. The only Way of *edifying*, is to keep close to the *Text* still, on either Side of the *Table*; from a *Pulpit-Harangue*, to a *Tub-Lecture* of extemporary *Zeal*: And he that wanders *first*, is in a fair Way of *losing* his *Argument*, his *Senses*, or *himself* in a *Labyrinth* of *Error*. I'd never chuse a *Rambler* for my *Companion*; for he can never *stick* to any Thing, either in *Discourse*, *Society*, or good *Fellowship*.

'Tis a Point of good *Breeding*, not to be *impertinent*. How *rude* would it look in *Conversation*, for a *prating Blockhead* to break in upon *History*, *Philosophy*, or *Religion*, with a *Story* of a *Cock* and a *Bull*; and to talk of the *Bear-Garden* in the Company of *DIVINES*, without any *Respect* to their *Character*, and the *Distinction* of *Persons*! But when all's said, there are hardly any *Laws* against the *Liberties* of *speaking*, or the *Importunities* of *forcing a Discourse*, which *unsociable People* will be ever the better for: And if *one* talks of *CHALK*, another will talk of *CHEESE* still,

still, or tell a *Tale of a Tub*, though they be at the Trouble of bringing it *in* by Head and Shoulders, to make good the Proverb.

PROV. XV.

A *Lark* is better than a *Kite*.

Reflexion.

THIS Proverb prescribes as well to the *Judgment*, as to the *Appetite*. 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but the *Quality*, that makes the *Feast*. It is not how *much*, or how *many Dishes*, but the *Goodness* of the *Fare*, that recommends it to the *Guests*. He that understands *good Eating*, will easily grant me, that the *Wing*, or the *Leg of a Lark*, is worth the whole *Body* of a *Crow*, or a *Carrion*.

This *Saying* is in all People's Mouths in the *Market*; and ought to be the standing Rule of *Buying*, as well as the Knack of *Selling* there. *Best, is best cheap* still in the *Shambles*, whether it be *Flesh*, or *Fish*, or good *Red Herring*. The *Butcher*, the *Poulterer*, the *Fish-monger*, and *forty People* more, are all beholden to't; either for the carrying on of a *brisk Trade*, or the

the Encouragement of *Customers*, for present Use and Service. It holds likewise from the *Tavern*, to the *Ale-house*; from the *Mercers* in *Covent-Garden*, to the *Salesman* in *Long-Lane*; and from the *Royal Exchange*, to the *Milliner's Shop*, or the *Frippery* and *Brocade* of the Town.

It is as true also in other Affairs, as in *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*. Things are not to be rated by their *Bulk*, but according to their *intrinsic Worth* and *Value*. *Weights* and *Measures* ought to be just indeed; though they do not add to the *Purchase*, nor make a *bad Bargain* one Jot the better, than it is in its own Nature, Quality, or Corruption. Our old Friends, the *Booksellers*, know this very well, that there are some *little Books* better for *Sale*, and more profitable in the *Reading*, upon a true *Digestion*, than the *biggest Volumes* in the *Vatican*, or any other *Library* of the World. *MANUALS* may please as much in the *Perusal*, as *greater Works*, and instruct with no less *Advantage*, or *Improvement*. The *BIBLE* is not to be despis'd for its *Smallness*. But I do not know, if *Angels* writ *Books*, whether we should have fewer *Folio's*; as it is hinted by a certain *contemplative Divine*. However, though *small Birds* have their *Merit*, and the *Excellency* either of gratifying the *Ear*,

or

or of pleasing the *Palate*, beyond great *Ones*, *Owls* and *Ostriches*; yet the *biggest* of *little Things* equally good, are generally the *best* for the *Trencher*. *Little People* too, as well as *little Beasts* and *Birds*, have their *Perfections*. They generally excel huge *Elephantin Folk* in *Fineness of Shape*, in *Clearness of Voice*, or in *Quickness of Phancy*; either in *Beauties of Body*, or of *Mind*; in *external*, or *internal Parts*; in *Judgment*, *Memory*, or *Invention*; and in some *Endowments* or other still, to the last Degree of human *Accomplishment*. *Dwarfs* do not fail of being *admir'd*, as well as *Giants* and *Monsters*; and the *Raree-show* of *those* is as *diverting*, as the *Sight* of *these* is either *frightful*, or *terrible*. There have been *illustrious Pigmies* in the *World*; *ÆSOP'S*, *GALBA'S*, *LUXEMBURGH'S*, and *Hunch-back'd Hero's*, as famous for *Wit* and *Policy*, as *Alexander the Great* was for *War*. The *Pebble* that smote the proud *Philistine*, and fetch'd down the mighty *GOLIAH* to the *Ground*, was a *precious Stone*, and of *inestimable Value* for the brave *Exploit*. A *small Gem* may be worth a huge *Rock*, or a whole *Mountain*. One single *Spark* of a *Diamond* outshines the largest *Chrystal*; and a *Cart-load* of *Bristow*, *Purbeck*, or *Fire-stone*, is not
com-

comparable to it for *Hardness*, *Ornament*, or *Lustre*: So that Things are not so contemptible, unworthy, and dishonourable for their being **LITTLE**. A diminutive Creature may be *Good*, though not *Great*, or **OMNIPOTENT**.

But to pursue the *Adage* a little closer to the *Letter*; there are many People, that do not understand their own *Welfare* in the Choice of their *daily Food*; and *stuffing* of Carcasses, is their Business, let the *Entertainment* be what it will, a *Collation*, or a *Banquet*. However, this **Proverb** does not stint a Man's *Dinner* to a **LARK**, if he has perhaps a larger *Stomach*, and can dispense with *more Victuals*; but only distinguishes upon the *Quantity*, as well as *Quality* of the *Diet*, for his Benefit and Advantage; lest *Nature* should suffer in the *Digestion*, by being *over-charg'd*, or sicken into a *Distemper* by *eating* to a *Purge*, and *drinking* any Thing *impure*, *gross*, and *disagreeable* to a *Vomit*: For this is not the right Way of taking *Physick*. Besides, *Satiety* is loathsome, and *disgusts* the *Palate*; it *disorders* the *Body*, *corrupts* the whole *Mass* of *Blood*, and breeds innumerable *Diseases*, to *stop* the *Glutton's Mouth*.

It is an incomparable *Lecture* of *Temperance* and *Health*, *Moderation*, *Prudence*,
and

and *Frugality*, to all Gentlemen especially that have Families, for the keeping of a *good Table*, without pinching the Rules of *Hospitality*; rather than a *great, splendid, or profuse One*, enough to *surfeit* a whole *County*, and breed a *Famine* in the *Land*. Now, *Feasting* was never more in Fashion, to the Excess of *nauseating* and turning a *Philosopher's Stomach*. 'Tis also an excellent *Instruction* against the *Indiscretion* and *Greediness of the Eye*, which is commonly ten Times *bigger* than the *Belly*. But we are nevertheless to *satisfy* Nature plentifully, according to *Discretion, Choice, and good Government*. A little and *good*, goes farther, than a *great Deal* of insipid *Stuff*, or unwholesome *Cramming*; and a delicious *LARK* will never fail of *pleasing*, where an *unsavoury*, or a *common Kite*, will hardly go down with a *grateful Gust*. In short, a *relishing Bit*, is oftentimes more *entertaining*, than whole *Legs, Rumps, and Sir-Loyns*.

PROV.

P R O V. XVI.

Money makes the Mare to go.

Reflexion.

EVERY Man worth a Groat, has experienc'd this *Truth* at some Time or another, either of *Necessity*, *Convenience*, or *Occasion*. It needs no *Illustration*; but a little *Morality* will do it no *Harm*; for it labours under some vulgar *Prejudices*, which must be taken off, as a *Film* from the *Eye*, before we can view it in a proper *Light*. GOLD, they say, is good for the *Eyes*; but the *Cataracts*, [I mean *Covetousness*, *Injustice*, and *Oppression*] that blind them, ought to be first couch'd, to make the *Sight* clear, before we can look upon that glittering *Object* without seeing double, or twinkling at the *Sun of Righteousness*, which shines upon our *Faces*. MONEY is certainly the best *Companion*, *Friend*, and *Servant* in the *World*; but it ought not to be *Master* on't.

The *Power of Money*, is grown *absolute*, *arbitrary*, and *irresistible*. It over-rules all *Government*, perverts *Justice*, and infatuates the *Wisdom of a Nation*. It also bears down the most sacred and solemn
Duties

Duties of Mankind, to a shameful Violation of the Obligations, both of Heaven and Earth. It oftentimes makes a meer Market of Marriage, as you would buy Mares in Smithfield; 'tis the most Money strikes the Bargain. A great Deal of Gold, makes the Lady a Beauty, an Angel, a Goddess; bandsom, if she be ugly; genteel, if crooked; and as fair as a Rose, if Tallow-fac'd or tawny. The Money is of a brighter Complexion, and answers for all other Imperfections and Deformities. And in short, People do not only marry for Money now-a-Days; but do worse also for the Lucre, and the Leachery of it. 'Tis the common Motive of Debauchery, as well as of Rapine, Robbery, and Murder. The Whoremaster cannot keep his Miss, without Money to maintain her Extravagances. The Assaffine, the Incendiary, the Highwayman, and the false Coiner, all make it their God. In fine, it corrupts all Persons in its Way, who do not defy the Devil. The Silver Hook, and the Golden Bait, catch all the Fish upon dry Land: And People are never more out of their Element, than when they greedily gape after Riches, and swallow their own Confusion.

The Ancients us'd to call Money, the Root of all Evil, the Mother of Mischief, and the

the *general Idol of the whole World*. But it has a great *Power and Authority* among *Christians* too, as among *Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks*. It is become the *Umpire of the Universe, the Standard of Fighting Europe, both in Peace and War*. 'Tis the *Prince of Usurpation*, and is certainly at the *Head of all Persecutions, and Invasions of other Men's Rights*; how *invisible* soever to those, that *will not see Faults in Themselves, or their Friends*. There is no *Fort so strong*, that it cannot easily *take*, without *storming on't*; no *Town so impregnable*, that it cannot make *Surrender*, without an *Assault*; and no *Army so invincible*, that it cannot *vanquish*, without ever *striking a Blow for't*. *Surprizing Conquests, ungenerous Revolts, and precarious Revolutions*, are often owing to the *Influence and Arms* of this victorious *Champion*. And to worship *Britannia's Picture* on our *Coin* at this *Rate*, is not only downright *Idolatry*, but a *Crime* complicated with *Rebellion*. But this is no *Fault of the Money* all the while, if *Great Men* were *Proof* only against the *Temptation*. However, *PYGMALION's unjust Wealth* will never prosper, nor *Avarice* thrive by *Assassination, Perjury, and Oppression*. May *SIMON MAGUS's Money* perish with him. *ANANIAS's Destruction*
was

was as *exemplary* and *instructive*, as *sudden*, upon a *fraudulent Account*. If there be any *Simony* in the Church, *Injustice* in the State, *Bribery* in the Court, *Roguery* in the *Exchequer*, or *Fraud* in the *Treasury* of Princes, they are all *pecuniary Iniquities*: For *Sacrilege*, *Pilfering*, *Purloining*, *Extortion*, *Injury*, *Persecution*, and all do palpably fall under the strong *Delusion* of MONEY, and the *Damnation* of *Ill-gotten Goods*. Infomuch that it *rivals* OMNIPOTENCE it self, and dares the *Almighty* with its *Wickedness*; though it is sure to be *worsted* upon the *Contention*, and *Contumacy* in the *End*.

On the other Hand; MONEY, be it never so *bad*, is yet a most *necessary Evil* at this Time of Day; and it wonderfully supplies all our *Wants*, both *Publick* and *Private*, almost to a *Miracle*: For otherwise we had never been valu'd so much of late by our *dear Neighbours* the DUTCH. And *English Money* goes a great Way *further* too, than HOLLAND. But Money has its *Vertues*, as well as *Vices*, upon the *present Exigences* of Mankind. It cloaths the *Naked*, and feeds the *Hungry*, and buys a *Crutch* for the *Cripple*. It sets the *Poor* at Work in City, Town, and Country; and all *idle Hands* might get an honest *Livelihood* by their *Employments*, if

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Begging were not more beneficial to some *Strolers*, that make a *Trade* on't.

'Tis not to tell how many Millions of *Miseries* and *Afflictions* attend the *Want* of *Money*. The insuperable Difficulties of *Poverty*, are unsupportable to *Flesh* and *Blood*; and *dispirit* at least, if they do not *destroy* the *Starving*. A *Money-less Traveller* may sing before a *Robber*, because he has nothing to *lose*; but I believe he had rather be in *Danger*, than in *Want*: For the real *Extremities* of *Hunger* and *Indigence*, are far more intolerable, than the imaginary *Apprehensions* of having his *Throat* cut upon the *Road*; besides, that the *Money* may, perhaps, compound for his *Life* in this *Streight*, when he must inevitably *perish* by a miserable *Necessity* in the *other Condition*,
 UNRELIEV'D. An indigent Person can purchase neither *House* nor *Land*; neither *Lodging*, *Attendance*, nor common *Civility* or *Respect*, without *ready Money*. People will not budge, even to the going of an *Errand*, without it: And, perhaps, the *Mare* in the *Proverb* was *resty* too, for want of her *Oats*. There's no living long upon *Credit*, without *Duns* and *Disappointments*, *Inconveniences*, *Troubles*, and *Vexations*. 'Tis the *READY* only, that makes all Things *easy*. A Gentle-

man

man without a *Penny* in his Pocket, is neither fit for a *Coffee-House*, nor the common *Conversation* of the *Town*. A *Link-Boy* to light him Home in a dark Night, is his *Master*; and a *Porter*, none of his *Companion*, or *Servant*. Many a poor honest *Man* walks a-foot in *Rags* now-a-days upon this Account, while the rich *Knave* rides in his *Coach*, clad in *Furr* and *Velvet*. In a Word, it is *MONEY* that carries on all the *Business* upon *Earth*; and there is nothing to be done without it in any *Affair*, either of *Necessity*, or *Convenience*; of common *Support*, ordinary *Traffick*, or living happily in the *World*.

P R O V. XVII.

Many talk of *Robin Hood*, that never shot in his *Bow*.

Reflexion.

THE Story of this famous *Robber* is as well known amongst Men, Women, and Children, throughout the whole Kingdom, as the *Church-Catechism*, or the *Practise of Piety*. But every one is not a *Saint*, that talks of *Religion*; nor every *Man* an *Archer*, that speaks of *ROBIN-*

HOOD, let him boast never so much of his *Bows*, and his *Arrows*. The *King* of *ARRAGON* could not have made the *World* *BETTER*, for all his boasted *Wisdom* and *Blasphemy*.

This *Proverb* is applicable to all ignorant *Pretenders* and *Braggadocio's* whatsoever, either in *Knowledge*, or in *Business*: As if a *Maker* of *Mouse-Traps* should set up for an *Engineer*, a *Country-Fiddler* should fancy himself *Master of Music*, or a *Tar* of the *Thames* should crack of *Navigation*, and shooting of *Gulphs*. But there are a thousand other *Bravado's*, besides those, couch'd under this comical Allusion of *Robin Hood's Adventures*. The *Pirates* indeed have some Pretence to *roving* at Sea, while other People do but *rattle* and *rave* at Land, who never were of *Avery's Crew*; never saw the *Face* of *Madagascar*, and, perhaps, never sail'd out of the *Downs*. However, they only wanted a *Convoy*, and a *fair Wind*, to have compass'd the *World*; and wou'd have far out-done *DRAKE*, if ever they could have got out of the *Chaps* of the *Channel*.

They that pretend themselves to be what they are *not*, will be always prating of what they do not *know*. *Bragging* and *boasting*, are common *Impertinences* in *Conversation*; especially among *Travelers*

vellers and *Soldiers*, as well as *Poets* and *Painters*, who never outdid *Nature*, but only in the *Lie* : And whatever they may think of having Leave to *lie* by Authority, I am sure we are not oblig'd to *believe* them. There are more *Knights Errant* in the World, than of any other *Quality*; but *Rhodomontade* or *Romance*, were never yet made *Articles of Faith*. A *Bartholomew-Fair-Rattle* is worth forty of 'em, and edifies more with its *Noise*.

Every Man is not a *Master* of the *Art* he professes. There are *Pedants* and *Smatterers* in *Grammar*, *Rhetorick*, and all other *Learning*, as well as *Bunglers* in *Handicraft*. There are many *Poetasters*, even upon *Parnassus's Hill*; abundance of *Quack-Doctors*, tho' not all *Knights*, crept into Favour and Practice : To say nothing of *Empiricks*, if there be any, in the very *College of Physicians*. There are *Fools of Philosophers* too; and many People that will be chopping of *Logick*, which they never understood out of a *Tippling-House*, or a *Tavern-Kitchen*.

In short, this good old *Saying* lashes all illiterate *Professors*, both of *Divinity* and *Law*, as well as *Physick*; Men that have not a competent *Knowledge* either of the *one*, or the *other*, and yet pretend as much to the Faculty of *preaching* and *pleading*.

as ever *Robin Hood* did to shooting in the long Bow. But the *Pulpit*, and the *Bar*, were never yet the wiser for all their Talk and Ostentation. Talking does not make a Divine, nor Prating a Lawyer.

PROV. XVIII.

Birds of a Feather flock together.

Reflexion.

EVERY Fowler knows the Truth of this Proverb. All the Birds in the Air, on the Earth, and the Waters, have a mutual Correspondence, Rendezvous, and Understanding with those of the same Feather; and nothing but Destruction can separate 'em. They may be scatter'd, or dispers'd for a Time into different Corners and Quarters of the Country; but they will still be upon the Wing to find out their Straglers, and flock together again, in Spite either of Sportsmen or Spaniels, Guns, Nets, or Stalking-Horses. This is palpable in all Birds, that fly over the Face of the Earth for Game, or the Gentleman's Recreation.

There's the same Society and Affection also among Beasts. 'Tis natural for Cat-

tel of the same Kind to go together in Herds, upon Mountains, in Valleys, and in Plains all the World over. The Sheep follow their *Bell-weather* as sociably, and as close upon the Heel, for good Pasture, as *Rebels* do their *Ring-leaders*, for Spoil and Booty: The tingling of a Bell keeps those together, and the Hopes of a *golden Fleece* these; Pillage, Plunder and Rapine, Interest and Irreligion, being the principal Motives to all *Rebellious Cabals*, or *Associations*.

But howsoever the Proverb be interpreted, it holds yet from a *Flock of Geese*, or a *Flight of Larks* (as wild as they are) to human Society and Friendship. A *Covey of Partridges* in the Country, is an exact Emblem of a *Company of Gossips* in the Town. They have all the same Calls, the same *Haunts*, and the same *Basking-places*, for junketing, telling of *Stories*, and setting a whole *Neighbourhood* together by the Ears, with their Lies, Slanders, and Reflexions. *Gossiping Women* have the whole *Intelligence* of a *Parish*, and make a greater *Noise* in it, than the *London-Gazette*. They can advertise you of all Affairs and Transactions in a Family, from the having of a *Pudding* to Dinner, to the very *Secrets* of the *Dressing-Room*, or the *Privacies* of the *Chamber-Pot*. They are

the very *Pest* of the *Town*, and do more *Mischief* within the *Bill of Mortality*, than any one single *Distemper*. However, 'tis below any Thing of a *Man* to be a *Gossip*; and whenever the *Husband* sets up for one, his *Wife* ought to give over her *Trade*: For two *Busy-bodies*, or two *Tale-bearers*, are too many in one *House*; and 'tis Pity they should not pay double Duties to the *Parish*.

To return now from this *Digression*. *Gossips* will meet together still, as well as *Whores* and *Rogues*, notwithstanding all that the *Societies for Reformation of Manners* can do to prevent their *Intrigues*. For it is to be fear'd, those pretended *Reformers* only inflame their *Iniquities*, by the mercenary Practices of some rude *Informers* and *Incendiaries*, (not to say *Debauchees*) among themselves. This is not the Way to quench the *Flames of Hell* upon *Earth*, when one *Firebrand* catches hold of another. Such *spiritual Foxes* ought to be made the first *Examples*, and should be ty'd Tail to Tail, in order to scour the *Country* effectually. There's a *Society of Sharpers* too, a *Society of Newgate-Birds*, a *Society of Any-Thingarians*, a *Society of Occasional Conformists*, and (they say) a *Society* also of *Dog-stealers* in and about *London*.

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There is nothing more common here, than to meet with a Knot of *Knaves* got together at *Nine-Pins* in Publick, or at *All Fours* in Private; and an *honest Man* among 'em would be look'd upon as an *Intruder*, or an *Interloper*, fitter for the *East Indies*, than *their* Conversation and Pastime. A *Pack of Rakes* at a *Tavern*, is as notorious as a *Pack of Cards* at the *Groom-Porter's*. All *Gamesters*, like *Birds of Prey*, will be about the *Carcass* of a *Cully*. They all sympathize, and amicably agree in the *Decoy*. They are generally People of the *same Quality*, though not of the *same Sex*, perhaps, that make *Assignations*, and either leave, or ask for *Number Two* or *THREE* at the *Bar*. One *Fool* loves another, one *Fop* admires another, and one impudent *Blockhead* is pleased with the *Affurance*, *Conceit*, and *Affectation* of another: And if a wise, discreet, modest Person ever happens by meer Chance to fall in among *them*, they presently think that he makes 'em a *mix'd Company*, and spoils good Conversation.

If all *Footmen* wore *Shoulder-Knots*, it would be an excellent Fashion to distinguish *them* from *better Folks*, and to shew 'em (according to the *Proverb*) with whom they ought only to converse; that is, with *People* of their own *Colour* and *Fortune*,

Fortune. For this good old *Saying* carries a genteel *Instruction* along with it, for Persons of all Ranks and Degrees, to know, either how to pay a due *Respect* to their *Superiors*, or how to keep their *Inferiors* at a decent *Distance*: So that, on the one *Hand*, it is not handsom, that either *Ladies* should mix with their *Servants*, or *Lords* be familiar with their *Pages* and *Pedees*; neither is it tolerable, on the other, that such mean *Fellows* should either insult their *Masters*, and abuse their *Mistresses*; or that *Joan*, the *Chambermaid*, should make her self *Hail-fellow-well-met* with *Madam*, and be my *Lady's Favourite*. 'Tis a Scandal for Persons of *Quality* to keep Company with little *Scoundrels*; and it has oftentimes bred ill *Blood* in a Family. What have *Magpies* to do among *Nightingales*, *Wrens* among *Eagles*, and *Geese* among *Swans*? The *Jackdaws* had like to have paid dearly in former Days, for being among the *Rooks*, when some wicked *Birds*, of the same *Republican Feather*, were got together a conspiring the Death of the noble *Black-bird* and *Gold-finch*: But they miss'd their Aim.

Society is a powerful *Attractive*; but *Likeness* is the *Lure* that draws People of the same *Kidney* and *Faculty* together, with as strong an *Affection* and *Sympathy*.

as the *Load-stone* gathers up the *Needle*, This *Proverb*, in fine, has a particular Influence upon all our *Traffick* and *Commerce*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. It appears every *Day* among the *Merchants*, upon the *Royal Exchange*; the *English*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, *Dutch*, and all flocking together there in their *several Walks*, and either conferring with one another about buying and selling of *Goods*, or spreading *false News* through the *Town* to raise their own *Stocks*. It is likewise practis'd every *Term* at *Westminster-Hall*, and the *Lawyers* get their *Living* by't; neither is it quite out of *Fashion* in the *long Vacation*. It couches a just *Reflexion* also upon our *Divisions*, *Factions*, and *Parties*. Some *People* go to the *Church*, some to the *Conventicle*, and others to either, or neither, as if *GOD ALMIGHTY* stood *Neuter*: And so *Birds of a Feather* will still flock together, as long as they can fly, whether they be either *HIGH-FLYERS* or *Low-Flyers*. But to speak the *Truth* once for all, this sociable *Proverb* is neither *Independent*, *Presbyterian*, nor *partial*: And though the *Dissenters* (as they say) deal chiefly with their own *sober Party*, out of a *Pique* to the *establis'd Church-men*, which is a little *unfair*, or *unsociable* at least; yet generally speaking, I believe, all *Mankind* of
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the *same Trade and Profession* (let 'em be of what *Perfwasion* soever in Point of Religion) commonly converse with *one another*, and frequently lay their Heads together for promoting their own Designs, advancing their own Bus'ness, and accomplishing their own Honour and Advantage.

PROV. XIX.

Near is my *Shirt*, but nearer is my *Skin*.

Reflexion.

LET a Man's *Shirt* fit never so close to his *Back*, his *Skin* will be still nearer and dearer to him than his *Linnen*; and he would sooner chuse to have *one* pink'd, than the *other*, upon a *Rencounter*. There are several facetious *Sayings* and *Comparisons* to this Purpose; as, of the *Coat's* being nearer than the *Cloak*, the *Smock* than the *Petticoat*, and such-like vulgar Phancies: But the MORAL of the whole is *this*, that *Charity begins at Home*. And though it *does* for certain, yet it ought not to be always sneaking at *Home*; but shew it self *Abroad* sometimes, and launch

launch out into the *wide World*. *Charity* should not be confin'd to *Christendom*, and much less cramp'd within the narrow Limits of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*. It ought to be as free and extensive as the *Light*, and bestow a kind *Ray* here and there upon *Strangers* and *Foreigners*, as well as *Bosom-Friends*, and *Acquaintance* of our own Family, Faith, or Persuasion. The *Family of Love* and *Friendship*, ought to be as large as the *Universe*; for we are all a-kin to *Adam* in the Fall. We all fail in our *Duty* too, and do not *love* one another, as we ought to *do*, out of *Paradise*. A *religious Charity* diffuses it self, like the *Sun*, and knows no *Bounds* under *Heaven*; but *enlarges* the Blessing of its Warmth far beyond the *Restraints* of a particular Affection, or a selfish Regard.

However yet, there's all the Reason in Nature, that common *Charity* should begin first at *our own Houses*. Our *Hospitality* ought to *commence* there, for the Entertainment of our own *Families, Friends, and Relations* WITHIN DOORS; and after that, 'tis Time enough to think of relieving the *Poor of the Parish*, or regaling the *Beggars of Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, WITHOUT: But, in the Conclusion of a *plentiful Table*, the *Alms-Basket* is never to be forgotten.

gotten. We are all oblig'd to provide for *our selves*, and to make our *own Children* Fortune in the *first Place*; and then we may be as *generous* as we please to other *People*, with Authority and Commendation. Can any Thing here *below* be *dearer* to us than our *own Lives*, or more *nearly* concern us than the Happiness and Prosperity of our *second Selves*? Can any Thing come in Competition with an *only Child*, for a *Mother's Fondness* and *Indulgence*? No young Gentleman was ever yet *disinherited* by this *Proverb*, upon a *Father's* having a greater *Respect*, *Tenderness*, or *Affection* for a *Stranger*, than for his *own Flesh and Blood*.

It is as good as an *Estate of Inheritance*, to live up to the Prudence and Provision of this *old Rule*, of *preferring* our *own Interest* before another's *Satisfaction*, of *valuing* our *Bodies* more than our *Goods*, or of *parting* with our *Cloaths* off our *Backs* rather than have our *Skins* stripp'd over our *Ears*. A Man may be *kind* to his *Neighbours*, *Friends*, and *Relations*, without being an *Enemy* to *himself*, his *Wife*, or his *Children*. He may be *liberal* to others, without being *profuse*; and do an *indigent Person* a Service in a Case of *Necessity*, without bringing *himself* into a *Scrape*, or running the *Risque* of his *own Welfare*,

Welfare, Liberty, and Livelihood. No Man is bound to make himself *Felo de se*, by his good Offices to *another*. It would be a ridiculous Folly for *one* to venture the breaking of his *own Neck*, to prevent *another Person's* inevitable Fall. *Self-Preservation*, rightly stated, is the highest *Obligation* upon human Nature. I think my *self* oblig'd, in Honour and Compassion, to be as *bauntiful* as I can, within the Compass of my Fortune, to a *Gentleman* in Affliction or Danger; but not to my own Inconvenience, Prejudice, and Destruction. I am not to sacrifice my *own Peace*, ruin a *Family*, or rob the *Spittle*, to redress *his* Grievances.

But *this Virtue* stands in a slippery Place, upon the Brink either of an *ungenerous Self-Love*, or of a *foreign extravagant Affection*; and it is very apt to slide into the *one*; or the *other* of those *discommendable Extremes*. SELF is a great Clown, as well as a Churl. I'll serve my *self* first, says *the one*; and I love my *self* best, says *the other*, upon all Occasions, without any Regard to *Complaisance*, or good Manners. The close-fisted Curmudgeon, and the unmerciful Greedy-Gut, can never find in their Hearts to relieve the *Distress'd* with one Mite, or a Morsel out of their Abundance, either by *cloathing the Naked*,
feeding

feeding the Hungry, or refreshing the weary Traveller: And what is worst of all yet, so miserably are those selfish Wretches bigotted to ill Breeding and Barbarity, that they commonly make use of this mistaken Proverb, as an Apology for disobeying the Commands of the Gospel.

Selfishness is an uncharitable, unfriendly, and unsociable *Vice*; an inhospitable, ungenteel, and inhuman *Singularity*. It makes a Man his own *Idolater*, and a morose *Devil* to all others. *Every one for himself*, cries the hard-hearted *Niggard*, that would think much to save a *Cat* from *starving* with the *Orts* at his *Table*. He'll not part with a *Farthing* out of his *Pocket* to supply *another Man's Wants*, nor be at the *Expence* of a *Penny* to preserve his *Life*. He has nothing for the *Needy*, but a denying *Look*, or a helpless *Wish*, and away. Thus is *LAZARUS* often fed with an *empty Prayer*, instead of some *Crumbs* of *Comfort* and *Relief* for the *poor Starving*.

But, on the *other Hand*, it is a *strange* Sort of *Charity*, and a *prodigal Affection*, to love *other Persons* better than *our selves*. 'Tis an *extravagant Kindness* to enrich *Strangers* by our own *Poverty*, or to build their *Fortunes* upon our own *Beggary* and *Ruin*. A *national Charity* to an *oppressed suffering*

suffering People, sounds well in the Ears of some of our Neighbours, and it looks noble too in the Eye of the World; but it may, perhaps, prove fatal to so bountiful a Kingdom in the End. England has been notoriously generous, in former Days, to the Poor distress'd States of Holland, and contributed more than any other Country towards the making of them HIGH AND MIGHTY. It has also been extraordinary liberal to the French Protestants, Hugunots, and Refugees, even to Profuseness, and to the Prejudice of the English, our own Country-men, and truest Friends: For there are other Ways of relieving persecuted Foreigners and Interlopers, than by allowing them to be Master-Workmen, and to take the Bread out of the very Mouths of the NATIVES. In short, my Charity begins at Home still, according to the Discretion of this good old English Proverb; and my Skin is far nearer and dearer to me, than my Shirt, or a CAMISAR.

GPROV.

P R O V. XX.

As you *Brew*, so shall you *Bake*.

Reflexion.

THIS ~~Proverb~~ touches more People, than *Brewers* and *Bakers*. It is a *Reflexion* upon all *those*, that suffer by their own *Folly* in the Management of Affairs. 'Twas your own *Fault*, says *Phormio* to *Geta* in *Terence*; you *did* it, and must *answer* for't: However the *Intrigue* is *manag'd*, you must *stand* or *fall* by't in the Event. If *young People* will be *fooling*, and *marrying* without the Consent of their *Parents*, they must take what *Misfortunes* do follow, for their Pains. If old Folks will not allow their *Children* the common *Liberties* of Mankind in indifferent Matters of Conversation, Courtship, or Address; in Cases of Conscience, or Principles of Religion, they may thank *themselves* for all the ill Consequences of so fatal a *Severity*, when *Youth* flies out at last into the greatest Extravagances of a *prodigal Humour*, or a *foolish Choice*, and asserts its *Right* at the Expence of *Reputation*, *Vertue*, or *Estate*, and the *Happiness* of a single Life.

All

All the indifferent *Slips*, *Mismanagements*, and *Afflictions*, either of *Old* or *Young*, through *Rashness*, *Overfight*, or *Corruption*, are expos'd to this bitter *Taunt*: *As they brew, e'en so let 'em bake*. Let those that act *Hand over Head* in *Matters of Moment* and *Concern*, without the *Precaution* of good *Counsel* and *Advice*, pay for their *Forwardness*, *Inadvertency*, and *Conceit*, by a dear *Repentance*, and a severe *After-reckoning*. This *Sarcasm* goes higher yet upon the same *Drift*, and has no *Compassion* or *Relief*, either for the *Fool*, or the *Knave*. Who'd pity a *prodigal Rake* of a *Spendthrift* in a *Jail*, a *Scribbler* of *Pieces of Scandal* against the *Higher Powers*, in the *Pillory*, or an *old Offender*, after repeated *Mercies* and *Deliverances*, at the *Gallows*? Who'd commiserate the *Condition* of a *Whoremaster*, with a *Pox* to him, pickl'd up to the very *Nose* in the *Powdering-Tub* of *Sin* and *Salivation*? And if the *Debauchee* happens to have a *Bastard* laid to his *Door*, why should he not *maintain* it with *Disgrace*, and give *Security* to the *Parish* into the *Bargain*? *They* all have their *Deserts* only, and there's an *End* on't. He that pisses a plentiful *Estate* away against the *Wall*, will die a *Beggar* at last in all *Probability*. He that *libels* and *lampoons*

the Government out of Spleen, Faction, or Poverty, will assuredly be brought to *condign Punishment*, if his Crime be ripe enough for Destruction. He that *robs* never so successfully, civilly, or genteely upon the *High-way*, will hardly *scape being taken* at long Run, and *hang'd* for't. In fine, the Person that *will thrust his Hand into the Fire* upon the greatest Confidence of Security, may expect to burn his Fingers, or singe 'em at least, without the *Miracle of Shadrech, Mesbech, and Abednego* in the Furnace: And whosoever *will run his Head against a Post* for the Purpose, is *Voluntier* to his own Mischief or Ruin; and who can help it? A *wilful Mistake* deserves the utmost *Correction* in all Cases.

To be serious. *As you sow, so shall you reap*, is an elegant and religious *Metaphor*, frequently made Use of in *Holy Scripture*. *They that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy*, says the *Psalmist*. *He that sows in the Flesh, shall of the Flesh reap Corruption; he that sows in the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap eternal Life*, according to the great *St. Paul*: So that every Man at the last Day of *Judgment*, will be rewarded or punish'd according to his Works. The *Tares* will be easily distinguish'd then from the *true Corn*,

Corn, and the good *Wheat* winnow'd from the *unhappy Chaff*, into everlasting *Bliss* and endless *Glory*, incorruptible, immortal, and unspeakable *GLORY*.

But even in *this World* too, Men generally meet with *Rewards* and *Punishments* most suitable to their *Actions*: And according to our *Deeds*, good or bad, true or false, wise or foolish, we commonly live either in *Reputation* or *Disgrace*, in *Joy* or *Sorrow*, in *Trouble* or *Tranquility*, in *Sickness* or *Health*, in *Danger* or *Security*. The *Fruits* of our *Labour* will ever be agreeable to the *Nature* and *Quality* of it in all our *Undertakings*. Men do not gather *Grapes* of *Thistles*, *Plumbs* of *Thorns*, or *Pomegranates* of *Crab-Trees*. In short, *as we live, so we shall die*, and leave *this Proverb* behind us, for a *Memorial* of our *Behaviour* on this *Side the Grave*.

One Instance more I shall mention. If a Man will be *drunk* over-night, and his Head akes the next Morning, he is right serv'd for his *Intemperance*. The *Mischief* was of his own *brewing*, and he ought to bear it with no less *Shame* than *Indisposition*. However, when the *Baker* gets fuddled, and spoils a whole *Batch* of *Bread*, it is the very *Completion* of this *Proverb* to the Letter on't. But without jesting, *Bread* and *Beer* are necessary *Supports* of

Life; and *such* as we *eat* and *drink*, (not to question the *Honesty* either of the *Brewer*, or the *Baker*) so we may expect to have our *Health* accordingly. To say this by the *By* then, I can hardly think *Malt-Drink* to be a *Liquor* that was ever design'd in the *Creation*, so long as there is *Fruit*, *Water*, and *Wine* enough in the *World*: And though it be never so wholesome and serviceable to the robust Bodies of *laborious thirsty Drudges*, that bear the *Burden* and *Heat* of the *Day*; yet all Sorts of *Grain* seem rather to have been appropriated to *other Uses*, and chiefly to satisfy the *Hunger* either of *Man* or *Beast*. But be it as it will, the *Brewing* and *SOPHISTICATING* of *Wine* is become a mighty *Trade* of late Days; and the most *generous Juice of the Grape* is notoriously *balderdash'd*, and mortally *adulterated*, even to the endangering of a *Man's Constitution* with a *Bottle* of some of the common *Draught* in *Taverns*. But if all People were of my *Mind*, as they *brew*, e'en so they should *bake*; for I would drink none on't. 'Tis good for nothing but *Funerals*.

PROV. XXI.

Save a *Thief* from *Hanging*, and he'll
cut your *Throat*.

Reflexion.

THIS *Proverb* is no *Friend* to *Highway-men*, or *House-Breakers*. It neither reprieves, pardons, nor protects such *ungrateful Villains* to the *Commonwealth*; but advises rather the *dispatching* of 'em immediately out of the *Way*, for *Fear* of worse *Mischief*. However, to say this by the *By*, *HANGING* is too good for 'em, and a *living Kind of Death* would be a far more terrible *Punishment*, than a *Swing* at *Tyburn*. *Actisanes*, an *Aethiopian King*, us'd to cut off their *Noses*, and banish them into *Desarts*, with perpetual *Ignominy* and *Hardships of Life*. It is as severe a *Lecture* also against doing an *unthankful Person* a *Kindness*, as against *saving a Thief from the Gallows*. There is as much *Imprudence* in the one, as *Danger* in the other; for nothing can engage an *Ingrate* against abusing his *Benefactor*, or a *Thief* unhang'd against cutting his *Friend's Throat*.

'Tis impossible to oblige an *ungrateful Wretch*; so that *Favours* are but thrown away upon him, and lost for ever. If you *respect* him, he'll *sight* or *revile* you; if you *relieve* him, he'll bring you into *Trouble*; and if you *save* his *Life*, in short, he'll *endanger* yours for't. These are the *Returns* he usually makes his *best Friends*. *Nineteen good Turns* signify nothing towards the making him commonly *civil, thankful, or obliging*; and it is none of his *Benefactor's* Fault neither, if he does him not an *Injury* for the *Twentieth*. *Thankless Souls* live upon other Men's *Benefits*, as *Hogs* feed upon *Acorns*: They never once look up to the *Tree* from whence they come, nor *acknowledge* the *Blessing*; but still lie grubbing at the *Root* on't, either to fetch it down for its *good Services*, or to expose it for its *Fruitfulness*, to all *Weathers, Winter-storms, and Indignities* of the *World*. It is hardly in the *Nature* of *Spungers, or Hangers-on*, to be *grateful* for *Kindnesses* receiv'd. Whatsoever they *suck up*, must be *squeez'd* out again, to make even an *unwilling Acknowledgment*, and much less a *voluntary Requit*al. They cannot find in their *Hearts* to return *Thanks* either to *God* or *Man*, for the most generous *Treats* and plentiful *Entertainments*; and they seldom or never *say Grace*
after

after Meat, without giving themselves the Lie. Poor ACTÆON, kind as he was, kept a Pack of hungry Hounds about him, which worry'd and devour'd him at last for his Pains.

Ingratitude is the most universal, reigning, and accomplish'd Vice upon Earth. It is an insolent *Affront* to the *Author of Nature*, and even strikes at *Heaven* it self, in Spite of all its *Blessings* and *Deliverances*. It made *Man* first offend his *Maker*; it mov'd the *Israelites* to murmur against *Moses*; and, as a finishing Stroke of its *Barbarity*, it excited the obstinate, faithless, and inhuman *Jews*, to crucify the SAVIOUR of the World. Men are generally barden'd now-a-days by *Mercies*, grow desperate by *Judgments*, become leud by *Liberties*, and are made rampantly rebellious by *Toleration*, or *Indulgence*. The *Husband-man* prays hard, perhaps, for a good *Crop*; but after he has had a plentiful *Harvest* on't, he frequently lays by his *Sickle* and his *Religion* 'till the next *Summer*. *Ingratitude* is the Mother of the most horrid *Impieties*. It tramples upon the sacredst *Obligations*, and treads all civil *Duties* under Foot to Dirt. It does not stick at the *Murther* of one *Friend*, the *Imprisonment* of another, and the *Ruin* of a *Third*, to fulfil the Proverb. Calumny

lunny and *Detraction*, are its constant *Attendants*. *Ill Will* is its chief *Confederate* and *Accomplice*, and carries *Destruction* in its Bosom. In short, it never rests doing of *Mischief*, 'till it has run a Course of *Iniquity* through all the Points of the Compass, and *usurp'd* upon the whole Globe. All People have a Spice on't, in one Climate or another, as well *Christians* too, as *Pagans*. The *North* also is as famous for *thankless* and *ungrateful Thieves*, as any other Country. The *BEAR* certainly has the *Ascendant*, where *Subjects* are so undutiful to their *Sovereigns* for their *Protection*, *Children* so disobedient to their *Parents* for their *Tenderness*, *Servants* so uncivil to their *Masters* for their *Maintenance*, and *Scholars* at last so unkind to their *Instructors* for their *Education*. Now, 'tis a Pity to save such *unthankful Brutes* as these, from the Gallows, who make no better Use of the *Benefit of the Clergy*, than to destroy their *Benefactors*, *Deliverers*, or *Preservers*; and, like *Vipers*, force their Way through the Bowels of those that give them *Life, Liberty, and Security*.

PROV. XXII.

That which is *bred* in the *Bone*, will
never out of the *Flesh*.

Reflexion.

NATURE is no *Changeling* ; and whatever is *bred in the Bone*, will stick by us to the Day of our *Deaths* ; whether it be *Disease of Body*, or *Indisposition of Mind*. What's *natural*, will never out of the *Flesh*. A *Melancholy inherited*, most certainly disposes a Man to the *same Fate*, *Temper*, and *Actions*, good or bad, of his *Progenitors* : And an *inbred Distemper* traduc'd from the *Parents*, often proves as incurable by all the *Art of Æsculapius*, as the *Doctor* himself is *mortal*, and makes one of those *Patients* that labour under this *Proverb*. 'Tis as common for *Flesh* and *Blood* to live up to the Dictates and Directions of NATURE, as it is to *die* ; and we never shake Hands with our *darling Inclinations*, but in a *final Dissolution* : And some say, not then neither, who believe that the *Soul*, *separate*, hankers after the *Body* still, with strong Impressions and longing Desires to be reunited to its old Acquaintance.

But

But however, the *natural Bent* of our *Minds*, on this Side the Grave, remains (generally speaking) as *immutable* as the Almighty *FIAT* of the Creation, in Spite of all Opposition and Controul. *Nature* will appear still, either *wicked* or *immoral*, as it is above-board, and shew it self *bare-fac'd* at one time or another, let it lurk never so long under the Skin, notwithstanding the greatest *Ties of Duty*, the strongest *Restraints of Interest* and *Reformation* to the contrary. I do not say, that it is altogether *inflexible* under the powerful Perswasion of the Gospel, the Correction of the *Law*, and the Government of *Philosophy*; but it oftentimes *returns* to its *original Depravity*, in Defiance of all Checks; and frequently discovers its *Bias* and *Inclination* in our *Faces*, *Words*, or *Actions*, sooner than we can lay our Hands upon our *Hearts* to stop the irregular *Motions of our Minds*. *Ill Customs* indeed may be industriously *corrected* by good Education; *Over-grown Habits* may be *untaught* by diligent Care, or strict Discipline, and *unravell'd* by Degrees into *better Manners*. But who can give a *Block-head* more Brains than he has by *Nature*, or instruct a *Sign-Post*? All the *Art* of Man can never make a *Sea-Crab* crawl forwards, nor teach a *Land-Spaniel* to creep backwards. The
Eye

Eye or the Hand is no sooner off, but the Beast is *it self* again, and frustrates the Attempt of *inverting* the *natural Course* of any Creature: So that it is as impossible to *subvert* the Order of Nature for good and all, as to train up, and preserve a *Fish* or a *Dog* out of its own Element. When Things are become *customary* and *habitual*, it seems to be little more than striving against the Stream, to endeavour to stop their Current. Rivers do not run *up-Hill*, nor Cattel graze *under Water*; and it is probable, that even the *amphibious Animals* themselves, *out of the Ark*, did not survive the *Deluge*. 'Tis easily granted, that *Wolves* change their *Hair*, and that *Horses* grow *grey* with Drudgery and Age; but the ungovernable *Appetites* of those Brutes, and the tractable *Tempers* of these, are sensibly still the *same*: For a wild *Rapacity* is the *immutable* Quality of that Breed; and a tameable *Strength*, or a tolerable *Swiftnefs*, either for Service or Diversion, of *this*. But be it as it will; can the *Leopard* change his *Spots*? Can the *Lion* forget his *Fiercenefs*? Or any living Creature totally abandon its *natural Disposition*, upon *taming*? Set the Cage open to the *Bird*, give *Reynard* his Liberty, let the *Lions* loose in the Tower, and they will soon evince the Truth of this Proverb,

verb, to our own Loss, Sorrow, or Destruction.

So much for the *natural Sense* of this *Adage*; which seems yet to be chiefly borrow'd from *Boughs* wrested by the Labourer's Hand from their *natural Growth*, according to the Opinion of *Horace*:

*Nature expell'd by Force, will still return,
And find a Resurrection in its Urn.*

And, to pursue this notable *Metaphor*, if a slender *Branch* can hardly be *distorted*, or *kept down* by *Violence* from shooting upwards, and recovering its former *Inclination*; how should a *crooked Tree* be ever made to grow *streight*, contrary to the unalterable Bent of *Nature*? Inveterate *Habits* are as *incorrigible* as ill *Weeds*, that are seldom or never to be *rooted out* of the Land of the Living. But the *moral Signification* of the whole, is *this*: That Persons *naturally* addicted to any *Vice*, will scarce ever be *reclaim'd* afterwards by the *Art of Rhetorick*, or the Powers of *Persuasion*, *Authority*, and *Command*: For though they may, perhaps, be often *disappointed* of their base Intentions, either by Force, Fear, or Shame, they will yet find an Opportunity at last, to let the World know their *Proneness* and innate *Dispo-*

Disposition to what they either *dare* not, or *cannot* commit without suffering for't. As many a Man's Mouth *waters* still at the *forbidden Fruit*; and many a Wench would gladly *gratify* the Desires of *human Frailty*, but for Fear of a *Bastard*. They are only *honest*, by being *timorous*; and they dare not run the *Risque* of giving *Nature* its full Swing; not for the Sake of *Virtue*, but out of an *Apprehension* either of *Disgrace*, or of *Punishment*. Men may *dissemble*, as they please, for their own *Honour* and *Reputation*, to be thought what they are *not* really in the *Commonwealth*; but *Nature* can never be *cancell'd* like an old Deed out of Date, nor *counterfeited* with universal *Approbation*; for it will certainly rise up in *Judgment* at long Run, unmask the *Cheat*, and expose the fairest *Dissimulation* to the *Scorn* and *Ignominy* of the *unguilty World*. The *covetous* Man would fain seem *liberal*, *generous*, and *charitable*, TEETH-OUTWARDS, while he hugs the *Vice* and the *Viper* still in his *Bosom*. The *litigious* Person speaks of nothing more than *Peace* and *Quietness*, and *three Meals a Day*; he would come to any *Accommodation*; while he entertains an *inveterate Malice*, and harbours an *irreconcilable Quarrel* in his *Heart*. The *proud Fellow* brags of his *Courtesy*,
Kindness,

Kindness, and Affability to Strangers, *Beggars*, and the meanest of Mankind; while the cunning Wretch only affects a popular *Applause* by his pretended *Humility*, and is really *proud* over and above of being *humble*. Now, these *Dissemblers* are the *same Men* still at the Bottom; the *same Hypocrites*, according to the Character of this *Proverb*; and they only give *Nature* the *Lie* for their own Ends. Their insinuating *Policies* lye deeper than the *Surface*, outward *Aspect*, or common *Practice*: They are *bred in the Bone*, have corrupted the very *Marrow* of 'em, and will *never out of the Flesh* so long as they live.

On the *other Hand*, I might here likewise shew, how hard it is for Persons *naturally inclin'd to Vertue and Goodness*, to be tempted to a *vicious Habitude*, or one *single Debauch*, by a thousand glorious Examples both among the *Living* and the *Dead*: THAT ILLUSTRIOUS ONE now in being, whose *Motto* of SEMPER EADEM is so well deserv'd, may suffice for ALL: But this *Proverb* is generally taken in the *worse Sense*. However, this is not to render *Education* uselefs, nor to discourage our Endeavours to a downright Despair of Amendment and Reformation of Life: But since *Nature* is so victorious and inviolable in Regard of *Vertue*, and so Head-
strong

strong or incorrigible in Respect of *Vice* ; since it proves so difficult a Task to *unlearn* those *Errors*, which are *naturally implanted* in every Mother's Son of us even from the *Womb* ; and since *Children* at last, after they are *born*, retain the *first Notices* longest, which they learn by *Imitation*, *Example*, or *Precept*, from their very *Cradles* ; PARENTS would do well to breed them up to *good Manners* *BETIMES*, under the severest and most constant Discipline at *School*, in order to *instruct* 'em how to distinguish betwixt *Good* and *Evil* upon the *first Approach* ; to *rectify* their *erroneous Judgments*, and *correct* their *untoward Dispositions*, while they are *tender*, and capable of receiving *better Impressions*, than playing at *Cards*, or at *Chuck-Farthing*. For *young Twigs* will bend with most Ease, before they grow *stubborn* or *stiff-neck'd* : And we ought to begin *early* to lay the *Foundation* of Learning, Knowledge, and Vertue, in the Morning of our *Lives* ; for we are hardly safe from *Corruption* in our *Nurse's Arms*. And then, if the *vertuous Instructions* of a prudent MASTER do not go as far as possible towards regulating the *vitious Inclinations* of his SCHOLAR, as well as improving the *good natural Parts* or *Endowments* of the *Youth*, by being often *interrupted*, perhaps, in his

H Business,

Business, and controul'd in his *Authority*; this *Proverb* will be an everlasting *Reflexion* upon the *Parent's Indulgence*, either for *losing Time*, or *sparing the Rod*, and *spoiling the Child*; for, in short, it is observable, that the *Tricks* a *Colt* gets upon his *first Backing* in the full *Career* of his *Youth*, will never leave the *Beast* afterwards in his *old Age*, or upon the *Declension* of his *Vigor*.

PROV. XXIII.

Set a *Beggar* on *Horse-back*, and he'll
Ride.

Reflexion.

W Hither, but to the *Devil*? There is no *Pride* like that of a *poor Man* grown *rich*; of a *Beggar* set on *Horse-back*, who makes nothing of *riding* over his *Quondam-Friends*, and *trampling* his former *Acquaintance*, or *Benefactors*, under *Foot*. This is the *CENTAUR* without a *Fiction*, and the real *Monster* of *Scorn*, *Insolence*, and *Indignity*, with a *Witness*. A *proud Beggar*, when he is once *mounted* so high, as to keep his *Coach* (which was only invented for *Cripples*) to carry him

in Triumph above the Earth, thinks it *below* him to look down upon his *Inferiours*, and inconsistent with his *Grandure*, to take any Notice of *little People*, that stand in the Way of his impetuous *Career*, or imperious *Contempt*. How was the poor hackl'd *Afs*, in the *Fable*, insulted by a pamper'd Jade of a *Horse* in his *Trappings*! But the *Man* makes the *Moral* still, and the *Rider* must answer for the *Pride* and *Arrogance* of the *Beast*. There goes a Story of a *Horse's* being created *Consul* once; but the *Brutish Emperor* that made him so, and *rid* him up to that Degree of Stateliness, Presumption, and Dignity, was only in Fault.

Oh the *Perverseness* of Mankind upon a *rising Ground*, and the *Haughtiness* of People in *Prosperity*! How do they *buff* then, or *overlook* their nearest *Neighbours* in *Adversity*! How do they *scorn*, or *neglect* to relieve their *poor Relations*, that are going *down-Hill*, against the Obligations both of *Blood* and *Religion*! Besides, how remarkable is their *Imperiousness* over those, that are beholden to 'em for their *Assistance* upon a Pinch, who must always be at *their Command* afterwards, even to a Beck and a Nod of doing *them* ten Times the Service for't! What *State* do *new-fangl'd* People take upon them! Some *upstart* *La-*

dies cannot stoop to their own *Shoe-Buckles*, without lessening their Character, *Forsooth* ! Nor *wet* their Fingers, without sullying their Glory ; nor step out of Doors *a-foot*, without degrading their Quality. They cannot *submit* to the mean Offices of good *House-Wifery*, for Fear of spoiling their *Beauty*, or their *Finery*. They must not in Honour be without their *Clofe-Stools* in their Chambers, lest they should *disoblige* their delicate *Nostrils* at the *necessary House*. On the other Hand again, some of our young *Mushroom-Noblemen*, that sprang up as it were in *one Night*, must be almost as long upon their *Levee*, or at the *Looking-Glass*, as in getting *Estates*, and making their *Fortunes* in a *Morning*, while the Sun shines in their Faces. They must have such an *Attendance* and *Dependence* upon their *new-fashion'd Honours*, as will make 'em look big and glorious upon their *rising*, to rival the most splendid *Planet*, and dazzle their *over-aw'd Beholders* at the greatest Distance with *Lustre*. They must make it their Business to forget their *mean Extract*, to disown their *ignoble Kindred*, and to avoid their *Society* or *Addresses*, as dishonourable *Condescensions*, and the highest SCANDALUM MAGNATUM to give them any *Entertainment* or *Reception*.

tion. In short, every *Page* or *Skip-Kennel*, who formerly waited upon *my Lord* or *my Lady* *SOME-BODY*, that has got *Preferment* and *Money*, sets up for a *Gentleman* now-a-days, and is as *proud* as any *Beggar* in the *Proverb* upon *Horse-back*, that gallops head-long, without either *Fear* or *Wit*, upon the *Precipice* of *Ambition*, and the *Brink* of *Ruin*.

Lord! how several *broken Tradesmen* swagger upon being *new-vamp'd* into some *Office*, *Place* of *Trust*, or *Profession*! A *Villain* *inrich'd*, or *ennobl'd* at *Court*, always flights his nearest *Relations*, and passes by his most familiar *Friends* with a *forbidding*, or an *unacquainted Look*, the very next *Day* after his *Advancement*. The *preferr'd Scoundrel* will deny both his *Father* in *Heaven*, and on *Earth*, for the *Sake* of his *dear God* *MAMMON*. He has neither *Mother*, *Brother*, nor *Sister*, that he will own in the *Pomp* and *Parade* of his *Promotion*, for *Fear* of discovering his ordinary *Extraction*, his *beggarly Rise*, or how ill he deserv'd that *honourable Employment* by his *unnatural Haughtiness*, and *disobedient Temper* towards his *Parents*.

O foolish *degenerate Man!* to grow *proud* upon *Providence*, or *Prosperity*, which is none of thy *own*, but *Fortune's Gift*, tickle and *unconstant* as *she* is, who may

turn *thee* out of Favour, and discard thee to *Morrow*! To forsake thy former *Friends*, *Familiars*, or *Benefactors* to Day! To renounce thy *Parents*! To forget *thy self*! To vaunt thy self upon *Riches* and *Honour*! To make thy self so little upon being *great*! To behave thy self so insolently towards thy *Fellow-Creatures* upon *Preferment*! Like ALEXANDER's great Horse, BUCEPHALUS, which, when he was *naked*, would let any one *back* him, *mount* and *welcome*; but with his *Royal Trappings* on, would admit no *Rider*, save only the *King* his Master. The *Comparison* is not odious, nor despicable; if we change the *Quality* of our affable, courteous, and kind *Tempers* in a mean Condition, for *Moroseness*, *Incivility*, or *Uneasiness of Access*, upon our being advanc'd to the highest Pitch of *Honour*, *Dignity*, and *Wealth* in the *World*.

However yet, 'tis no *Sin* to be born a *Beggar*, and no *Scandal* to be *poor* by *Inheritance*: And if a Man raises himself to *Grandure* and *good Fortune*, from a *low Degree*, by his own *Industry*, *Vertue*, *Valour*, *Learning*, or *Merit*, it is highly *commendable*. 'Tis *Praise-worthy* indeed for a *vulgar Person* to prosper in this Age, without growing *imperious*, or *insolent* upon the Success of becoming *rich*. But
then

then he ought always to *acknowledge* his *Kindred* and *Parentage*; not to confront his *Betters*, despise his *Equals*, or insult upon his *Inferiours*; not to demean himself like a *haughty*, *arrogant*, *Purse-proud* *Upstart*, in order to convince the World, that he is none of the *Beggars set on Horse-back*, who ride after the Rate of this *galloping Proverb*, and *over-run* the Duties of *common Civility*, *Peace*, and *good Neighbourhood*.

P R O V. XXIV.

Every *Bean* hath its *Black*.

Reflexion.

NO Man was ever yet *born* of a *Woman* without some *Imperfections*, or without *Sin*, except the *Son of God*, that *immaculate Lamb*, the *Saviour* of the World. *Humanity* was never hitherto justly reckon'd *infallible*, nor free from all *Error* and *Weakness* on *one* side or *another*. Some People are *Left-handed*, others are *Ambidexters*; and some again are *Neuters*, will neither meddle nor make in *Matters* of *Moment*, *right* or *wrong*, and so are guilty of *Indifferency*, *Laziness*, or *Mod-*
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ration,

ration, to a Fault. In short, it is as natural for all Men to offend sometimes, to fall out, or to quarrel, as it is for every Bean to have a black Eye. 'Tis Matter of Fact, some are religious to Enthusiasm or Superstition, and others vertuous, even to a vicious Degree of Austerity, or Self-denial, against the Rules of a reasonable Liberty, good Conversation, and common Society. I appeal to the Gospel. Let him that is innocent among Christians, throw the first Stone, and we shall all be condemn'd of some Sin or other, upon the Tryal of the Woman taken in Adultery. He is less akin to old Adam than I am, that can acquit himself of human Frailties. The proud Pharisee may boast of his Purity and Perfection; but the poor Publican will be sooner justify'd upon his ingenuous Confession, sincere Repentance, and acceptable Humiliation, than the other upon the Ostentation of his singular Sanctity, and unspotted Vertue.

The very Gods themselves of the Heathens, were most of 'em lewd Sinners, Murderers, Adulterers, Thieves, Drunkards, Robbers; and some of their Goddesses too, as bad as they; but their Votaries, worse than either of them, void of all Shame, or Sense of Religion, to deify and adore such beastly Persons, and the very Pests of Mankind.

kind. SATURN was as *famous* and *grave* as Age could make him, but a greedy *Murderer*, that devour'd, and swallow'd down his own *Children* by Wholesale; JUPITER was a *great* and *terrible Conqueror*, but an unnatural *Usurper*, that depos'd his own *Father*; MARS was *valiant* and *brave*, but a sneaking *Whore-master*; MERCURY was *eloquent* and *witty*, but a pilfering *Thief*; BACCHUS was *jolly* and *pleasant*, but a *drunken Sot*; SOL was *illustrious* and *lovely*, but an intriguing *Pimp*; JUNO was *august* and *majestical*, but *ridiculously jealous of her Husband*; VENUS was *beautiful* to a charming Degree, but a *common Strumpet*: And what shall I say of the *rest* now, *Male* or *Female*, but that they *all* had their *Failings*, as well as their *Accomplishments*; acted their *Vices*, as well as their *Vertues* upon the *Stage* of the World; and that, granting the History to be *fabulous* and *allusive* only, the *best* of *us* may blush at it, and acknowledge the MORAL in our own *Bosoms*.

Every *Mother's Child* of us, from the *biggest* to the *lowest*, expose our *Infirmities*, our *Omissions*, and *Imprudences* at one Time or another of our *Lives*. The *Learned*, as well as the *Ignorant*, have their *Follies*, *Freaks*, and *Vagaries*. No Man is *Pistol-Proof* against *Vice*, that will
be

be fooling with a *Temptation*, before it is discharg'd; off it goes, and secures the *Meddler*. The most invulnerable *ACHILLES* may be wounded in his *Heel*, when his *Head* cannot *save* him, or keep him out of *Harm's-way*. What *Heart* is impenetrable by the *Dart* of the foolish *Boy*, so much talk'd of in *Female Passions*? *SAMPSON'S* Strength fail'd him against *DALILAH*. The stoutest *Champions* that ever went into the *Field*, have lost their *Lives*, as well as their *Honour*, upon the Delusion of such *Engagements*. The *Petticoat* has often triumph'd over the greatest *Warriors*. *Learning* can be no *Insurance* against *Love*, or that Kind of *Wild-Fire*. The wisest of *Men* have not their *Wits* about 'em at all *Times*; or else the old dotting *Doctor* had never marry'd a young *Girl*, to make him a *Cuckold*. The extravagant *Frolicks* of *Youth*, are as common as *Pissing-a-Bed* among *Children*. The *Beaus* of the *Town* are now-a-days as rampantly sweet and *luscious* as ever, upon the *Ladies* at *Balls* and *Gamboling-Bouts*; and the *Ladies* again are as little upon their *Guard*, either in *private* or in *publick* *Play-Houses*, as their *bumble Servants*, till their *Hearts* are none of their own. How fond are young *People* yet of going to *Bartholomew-Fair*, and visiting the *Devil's*
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Anti-Chamber, to their Disadvantage or Disgrace ! How much are *Irish-men* generally admir'd of late by our *English-women* ! I could say more ; but *every Bean hath its Black*, and there's an End on't.

In short, the *fairest* of the *fair Sex*, as they call it, is not without her *Blemish*, and some *Exception* either of Mind or of Body. The most *peerless Dulcinea*, or *matchless Angel* among Women, wants some Qualification or other still to render her deserving of that *Romantick Character*, let the *Lover* be never so blind and raving, or the *Poet* mad. *Pride* commonly betrays her *Modesty*, *ill Conduct*, or *mercenary Inclination* on the *one Hand*, and either her *forward Tongue*, or her *false Tail*, discovers her secret *Imperfections* on the *other* : So that, generally speaking, they are *one and all* guilty of the *Proverb*, from the greatest *Crimes*, to the smallest *Offences* ; from mortal *Iniquities*, to venial *Overights* ; from *Lying*, *Envy*, and *Back-biting*, to the telling of a *Gossip's Story*, making of an *unlucky Escape*, or letting an *indiscreet Blurt* in Company : To say nothing of the *capital Vanities* of their dressing *bare-neck'd*, all *flying*, like *Lapwings*, with *Tufts* of Feathers on their Heads ; which in cold Weather is as much as their Lives are worth. In a Word, *she is the best of Women,*

men that does not make a *bad Wife*. As for our *Sex*, take it in the Lump, and it wants an *Advocate*. A *Man* without a *Blot*, would be almost a *Miracle*. All the *Faults* and *Fooleries* of the *Age*, are laid at our *Doors*, and the *Women* say, that our *Backs* are broad enough to *bear 'em*, and to *father* their *Slips* or *Miscarriages*.

But to take this *Proverb* by the right *Handle* at last, according to the *Opinion* of some *Philosophers*, that no *Mortal* can be truly *happy*, or free from *Errors* and *Misfortunes* above *Ground*; he must needs be the *happiest Man*, who is the least *unfortunate* and afflicted with *Loss*, *Sorrow*, or *Trouble*, *Inadvertency*, or *Disappointment* in this *World*. *Infelicity*, say they, is the *Companion* of *Folly*. There is no *Man* perfect in all *Points*, *wise* in all *Respects*, or *wake* at all *Hours*. Every one overshoots his *Reason* in some *Act* or other of his *Life*, and must own himself *unhappy*, an *Offender*, or a *Criminal*, in the *Sense* of this *Proverb*, to his *dying Day*.

PROV. XXV.

Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.

Reflexion.

Adies do not love *Cowards*, or *pufillanimous Coxcombs* : And if every *Gentleman* has her *JUNO*, as the *Gentleman* has his *GENIUS*, he must be as *brisk* and *olly* as *JUPITER*, to please her *Phancy*, or gain her *Affections*. A *faint-hearted Amour*, is but dallying with *Happiness*, and keeping *Matrimony* in *Suspence* ; which seems as *deathful* to the languishing *Lover*, as hanging over the *Monument* by the *Eye-lids*. The *couragious Spark*, that presses the *Point* home with as little *Delay* as *Timidity*, will always be the *fair Lady's Favourite* ; and forty *bashful* *umble Servants*, or little *cringing Rivals*, less *bold* than *himself*, shall not be able to hinder the *Match*. *Women*, *Wives*, *Widows*, or *Maids*, are not so modest now-a-days, as to be won by *shame-lac'd Addresses*, or *insipid Complements*, in *Writing* at a *Distance*, but by *Word of Mouth*, and the undeniable *Importunities* of a *personal Courtship*. They love to be *kiss'd* and *teaz'd* into a *Compliance*. No *Rhetorick* prevails like that of a *shameless Codpiece*,

Codpiece, and a *confident Tongue*, to end the *Dispute* in a wanton *Correspondence* between a Couple of daring *Sweet-hearts*, and to set their *Passions* a longing for a *Completion of Joys*. The *dastardly Pen* now is of no *Use*, but to make the *Marriage-Settlement*. However, this *Proverb* does not only encourage an *unshaken Constancy* in the *Intrigues of Love*; but it also supports, and applauds an *intrepid Courage* in the *gallant Soldier*.

Fortune was always a *Friend* to the *Brave*, and ever crown'd the *Actions* of the *Valiant*, either with *Success* or *Honour* in the *Field of Battel*; for whether he *wins* or *loses* the *Day*, he is sure still to find either his *Triumph* in *conquering*, or his *Glory* in being *conquer'd* upon the last *Effort of Courage*. *Courage* is half a *Conquest* in the worst of *Fortunes*: It carries the *daring Hero* through the most insupportable *Hardships* and *Dangers*, with *Applause*; and though he *die* in the *Encounter* upon the *Spot*, it *immortalizes* the *Man*, and *eternizes* the *Action* or *Exploit*. Infomuch, that he *survives* his own *Funeral*. 'Tis true, *Victory* may sometimes fail him upon a *bold Engagement*; but a *secret Happiness*, as well as a *publick Blessing*, always attends the most *unsuccessful Gallantry*: And when thousands fall about

So great a *Champion* in the Fight, *Death* itself often seems to *distinguish* him for his undaunted *Valour*, to give him *Quarter* for his invincible *Resolution*, and to preserve him for nobler *Ends*, or more prosperous *Atchievements*.

Give me the *Man* therefore that dares *survive* his *Misfortunes*, and rally his scatter'd *Hopes* after an *Overtbrow*; the *Man* that renews his *Attacks* with fresh *Vigor* in *Adversity*, and redoubles his *Bravery* upon the *Forlorn*; the *Man*, I say, that swims against the *Stream*, be it never so strong; who strives forward, still buoy'd up by *Fortitude*, and scorns as much to sink under the *Opposition*, as to be suck'd in by the *Eddy*, or to fall in a faint-hearted *Retreat*: One, that thinks it below him to truckle under *Chance*, or to give Ground to *Fate* in a doubtful *Affair*; who hates to make a *drawn Battel* on't, as much as to overcome without a *Blow*, or to be overcome without *Blood*. He, I mean, that sets a chearful *Face* upon the *Frowns* of *Fortune*; and does not fight backwards, like the *PARTHIANS*, flying: To whom a *Fall* is but a *Rising*; and a cross *Adventure*, no constant *Enemy*. Dame *Fortune*, how naughty, coy, and fickle soever she appears now, may be in a better *Humour* another *Day*, than to disappoint his *Expectations*,

petitions, reject his *Addresses*, or give him a *flat Denial*. He will not be deny'd at last, but pursue his *Importunities* with greater *Boldness* and *Intrepidity* upon her *Repulses*, 'till he has obtain'd his *Desire* upon his *Adversary*; 'till he has *VICTORIA* in his Arms, and enjoys the *fair Captive* by Right of *Conquest*.

MARS won VENUS's Heart by his *Magnanimity*. A *couragious Soul* cannot be struck down with a *pusillanimous Fear* upon the most *terrible Prospects* or *Perils* of Life and Death. *Disappointments*, *Dangers*, or *Destructions* in View, cannot daunt a *viril Spirit*, or shock his *Stedfastness* of Mind into a *chagrin* and an *unmanly Apprehension*; but rather rouses his *Resolution* to a victorious Pitch of a *fearless Contempt*, which immediately puts all *Hobgoblins*, *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* to flight, and makes the most frightful melancholy *Visions* disappear, and vanish into *Nothing*. The *Lion* does not grow *fiercer* after he is *wounded*, nor the *Sun* shine brighter, when it has been struggling with a *Fog*, and bursts through it with *Beams of Glory*, than this *conquering Hero* appears, after he has been dispersing *Scottish Mists*, or scattering *French Clouds*, to give ENGLAND an illustrious Day: For, like the *brave Antæus*, when he is cast down

to the *Ground*, he rises again more *fresh* and *fortunate*, more *gay* and *lively*, more *brisk*, and *flush'd* with new *Vigour* for a *National Adventure*. NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE, is his *Motto*; his principal *Motive*, and final *Resolution* to make himself either a *Man* or a *Mouse*; and his noble *Courage* can never be cast down upon the most *impracticable Expedition* for the Good of his *Country*, or to *accomplish* his own *Wishes*. He knows, that *Fear* or *Faint-heartedness* did not make ALEXANDER so *great*, nor CÆSAR so *famous*.

What *Cow-hearted Fellows* are those then, that are afraid of a *Shadow*, that shrink at the *Sound of a Drum*, or the *Name of Misery*, as well as the *Noise of War*; that fetter themselves by *Consent*, and renounce the very *Hopes of Prosperity*, for want of *Courage* enough to ask a *Favour*, demand a *Right*, or to fight like *Men of Valour* for their *Peace*, and to act in their *own Defence*! What *Good*, what *Relief*, what *Encouragement* from a *desponding Mind*! *Despair* is the *Parent of Ruin*: It dispirits the *Man*, and helps on the *Mischief*: It unqualifies him either for *Self-Preservation*, *Assistance*, or *Compassion*. *Fear* is the *Bugbear of Fools*, and the *Touch-stone of a cowardly Mind*: It unmans the timorous *Dastard*, either for

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Action,

Action, or the Exercise of common Reason. The Man's *Cart* might have stuck in the *Mire* still, for all his calling upon *HERCULES* for *Help*, if he had not pluck'd up his *Courage*, and given it a lusty *Lift* with his own *Shoulders*. In short, he that is afraid of *Disappointments*, *Difficulties*, or *Misfortunes* in the World, seems to be neither fit for the *Business* of Arms, nor qualify'd for the *Affairs* of Love: And when such a Man courts a young *Lady*, but especially a *Widow*, I can soon tell him his *Fortune* by this *Proverb* — *He shall never have her, if his Heart fails him.*

P R O V. XXVI.

JACK will never make a Gentleman.

Reflexion.

NOR JOAN a Gentlewoman; unless when some Cully of a Country-Squire, or a Fool of a Knight marries his Cook-maid, a Lady's Woman, a lewd Chamber-maid, a Kitchen-wench, or a daggie-tail'd Strumpet, and falls in Love with an Antidote to expel the Poison of this *Proverb*.

'Tis certain there are a great many *would be Gentlemen* in the World; and JACK in the *Proverb* would as willingly make one, as any of 'em; but though he be never so finical, foppish, and fantastical in his own Conceit, Dress, Wealth, Grandure, or Haughtiness of Aspect, his *unkind Stars*, and the *Herald's Office* have not yet thought him worthy either of that *Character*, or a *Coat of Arms*. Mr. such a one, TAYLOR of Thieving-Lane, Squire PORTER of Pimp-Alley, Sir Edward SPENDTHRIFT of Vinegar-Yard, my Lord CROOK-BACK of the Livery-Stables, are all *false Titles* of Honour, and will never make a GENTLEMAN. JACK STRAW would fain have been a *King* formerly, but he was spoil'd in the *making*; for his *Ambition* confounded his *Phancy*, and brought him to a scandalous *End*, with eternal Ignominy and Disgrace.

In short, every one is not a *Gentleman*, that is *vulgarly* call'd so now-a-days, even to a little *Jack-Pudding*, or a pert *Jack-a-Dandy*. There's more than the bare *Name* requir'd to the making of him what he ought to be, by *Birth*, *Honour*, and *Merit*. Let a Man get never so much *Money* to buy Land, *Talk* is but *Talk* yet, and he cannot purchase one Grain of GENTILITY with it; but will remain JACK in the

Proverb still, without *Vertue*, *Learning*, and *Wisdom*, to *enrich* the Faculties of his Mind, to *enhance* the Glory of his Wealth, and to *ennoble* his Blood. Give this JACK what *Breeding*, what *Education*, what *Preferment* you please, he will discover himself at one Time or another, to be what he *was* from the *Beginning*, in Point of Behaviour, to be of mean Extract, ungenteel, awkward, ungenerous, a Gentleman at second Hand only, or a vain-glorious *Upstart* : For you can never make a *silken Purse of a Sow's Ear*.

This **P**roverb seems to set forth the various *Dispositions*, *Tempers*, and *Qualities* of Mankind, as well as to reflect upon the *Unfitness* of particuliar Persons of low Estate, and ignoble Parentage, to be promoted to Honour and Dignity in the Common-wealth. Our *Minds* certainly differ as much as our Faces, Features, or Complexions ; not to say *more*. *Nature* and *Fortune* have not bestow'd their Gifts equally upon all Men ; for they have manifestly given *Beauty* to some, *Riches* to others ; to some *Strength*, and to others *Learning*. ALEXANDER excell'd in Valour and Fortitude, ARISTOTLE in Knowledge and Vertue, CRASSUS in Wealth and Grandure. Behold the incomparable *Genius* of DIOGENES, who was rather born

to *Wisdom*, than *Glory*. DIONYSIUS was fitter to be a *School-master*, than a *King*. CATO was never cut out for a *Courtier*. In fine, the *Philosophers* were no *Sycophants*, no *Dissemblers*; and therefore less qualify'd for *Business*, than the Propagation of *Letters* and *Knowledge* in the World. No Man is capable of undertaking all Things. A *Corn-Cutter*, I believe, will never make a good *Physician*. What an ignorant *Presumption* would it be for an impudent *Prick-lowse* to set up for a *Lawyer*, or a *Statesman*? A *Jack* of all *Trades*, or an officious *Jackanapes* of all *Sides*, is so far from being a GENTLEMAN, that he generally proves good for nothing, but to carry a *Budget* upon his Back about the Country. How uppish and sawcy soever such a *Jack-in-an-Office* may be, he will never be respected the more for his *Pride* and *Impertinence*.

But to pursue this Topick a little more to the Letter of the *Latin*, every *Wood* will not make a *MERCURY*. *St. Nicholas's* Image being made of a poor Man's *Plumb-Tree* in *Spain*, turn'd his former *Devotion* into downright *Negligence* and *Contempt*. He thought it was not good enough to make a *GOD* of; and he wholly despis'd the *wooden Saint* at last, because it came out of his own *Orchard*; and he esteem'd

it little better for being transplanted into the Church. However, 'tis plain, that every Boy has not a Capacity to carry him to the University: For some Children are so dull, that it is not in the Power of Art or Discipline to make them SCHOLARS; and a Master had as soon pretend to teach a May-pole, as to accomplish them with polite Learning. The Truth on't is, such stupid Foul-heads at School will never have more Brains than they were born with, nor become better Gentlemen, either by Education or Indulgence; to confirm the Proverb of Jack Sprat, and his Mother: Neither will the speaking of French ever intitle an illiterate Coxcomb at all to the Honour of a Gentleman, without some nobler Qualifications.

P R O V. XXVII.

One Swallow makes no Summer.

Reflexion.

ALL the false, as well as foolish Conclusions, from a particular, to an universal Truth, fall under the Reproof of this good old Proverb. He that guesses at the Course of the Year, by the Flight of

of a single Bird, may easily be mistaken in his Conjecture. One Sparrow does not make the Spring, nor one Woodcock the Winter. Swallows are not Weather-wise, though they naturally appear about Summer-Time; neither can they make a Man half so sensible of the coming Season, as an Almanack, or his own Observation and Experience.

I could never yet be a Friend to the Roman Auguries, nor have any Faith for their fond, foolish, and credulous Observations, taken from the flying, feeding, chirping, chattering, or singing of Crows, Pies, Owls, Eagles, Vultures, Buzzards, and such like Birds: I do not know whether there were any Swallows among 'em; but this I am confident of, that the Grecians were much in the right on't, to say, that one Swallow makes no Summer. And I cannot believe the superstitious Predictions and Interpretations of the Latins, without Banter; or, that the natural Motion, and ridiculous Actions of the feather'd Kind, could either portend, or determine the Felicity or the Unhappiness of the State, the Welfare, or the Misfortune of any particular Persons, the Prosperity, or the Unluckiness of certain Times, Seasons, and Events.

What! *one Man* make a *Government*, or the *People* collectively; and not a *Monarchy* neither! And shall the *Herd* of a *Mob*, or a *Gang of Myrmidons*, tho' pretending to be of *Revolution-Principles*, ingross the whole *Settlement*, and sole *Administration* of it into their own *Hands*? Why, where's the *Reason* of that, when *general Rules* are not to be drawn from *particular Exceptions*, let 'em be never so liable to *Exception* themselves, or obnoxious to *Censure* and *Cavil*? But however, it is contrary to the *Rules of right Reasoning*, to *condemn all* for the *Sake of one single Delinquent*; to arraign the *Vertue* of the *whole Sex*, for the *Faults of a few termagant strolling Filts*; or to argue against the *honest Use* of a *Thing*, from some *particular Abuse* of it: For are not the *holy Scriptures* good, because they are *wrested*? Or is the *Law* unreasonable in it self, because the *Practice* of it is *corrupted*? Such *Arguments* as these, would pull down *Heaven*, and level it with the *Earth*. Give me *Leave* then to say this farther, that *Singularity*, in any *Respect*, shews a *Want of Judgment*, as well as *ill Humour*. 'Tis a *Crime* to be of a *Party*, without a thorough *Conviction of Conscience*; for *Opinion*, *Prejudice*, or *Partiality*, were never yet reckon'd the *true Rate* of *Things*, nor
a just

a just Standard of Reason; and besides it is a grand Offence to be *singular* in Society, without good Authority for't. The best Philosopher of us all, is subject to Error; but young People especially are most prone to rash Judgment, Oversight, or Deception upon false Prospects, and appear often too forward in displaying their giddy Inclinations, or palpable Delusions rather, upon fallacious Proposals, for want of a well-grounded incredulous Deliberation. A Swallow's flying abroad early in the Spring, is not a sufficient Direction to make me leave off my Cloaths, in Hopes of fine Weather, or dress my self up in a volatile Air, upon the Expectation of a warm Summer, for Fear of catching a Mistake, and meeting with a cold Reception upon such an over-hasty Credulity.

This Proverb turns upon another Hinge also. 'Tis not fair Dealing to denominate a Man rich, from one Piece of Money in his Pocket; nor to conclude him universally good, from the Practice of one single Vertue; although one Vice indeed is a sufficient Blot to make him bad enough in the Eye of Morality. But a Man is not therefore temperate, because he is stout; nor liberal, because he is exactly just, and so forth: Neither can the true Denomination of Goodness or Eloquence, proceed

proceed from any *one particular* Thing, either *well done*, or *well said*; for there are more *Vertues* than *one*, even to the Number of *Twelve*, at least, requir'd to the accomplishing of the Character of a *Person truly vertuous* to Perfection. *One Day* cannot render a Man compleatly *happy* in Point of Time, nor *one Action* consummate his *Glory*, in Point of Valour and Bravery in a Field of Battel. A *particular Success* in War, does not gain the Reputation and Credit of an *absolute Conquest*, or an *intire Victory*. It may so happen, in fine, that a prosperous *Revolution* of repeated Advantages, of many Years standing, may peradventure be more *justifiable* in the *Progress*, or the *End* of it, than it was from the *Beginning*, upon Arguments drawn from an *universal Submission*, to the giving of *Right* without Controul, and *crowning* the Work at last with a *general Voice* of Justice, Honour, and Approbation.

To conclude then from *Universals*, is the right Way of *judging* of Things beyond *Imposition* and *Fallacy*. What *Providence* or *Foresight* this *Bird* in the *Proverb* has in human Affairs, I am not able to determine by all the *Fables* of *Æsop*, though the *Moral* be singularly good and ingenious; neither is *one single Conjecture* suffi-

cient

cient to put the Matter out of Dispute among *credulous easy Fools*, or *impudent Fortune-tellers*. But this I may positively assert, according to the *general Opinion* of all Writers, as well as SOPHOCLES, the Prince of the *Tragick Poets*; that, as *one Inhabitant* does not make a *City*, nor *one Man* a *Multitude*, so neither can *one silly Swallow* rationally convince a *wise, a cautious, or a considerate Person*, of the *Approach of Summer*.

P R O V. XXVIII.

Brag is a good *Dog*, but *Hold-fast* is a *Better*.

Reflexion.

B*Ragging* is but so much *Breath* lost in *good Company*, and ought to be more taken *Notice* of, than the *barking* of a little *Cur* in the *Streets*, so long as a *Man's Heels* are safe, and the *Dog* does not *bite*. *Cowardly Curs* always make the most *Noise* in the *Day-time*, and are *loudest* in the *Night*; whether a *Man*, or the *Moon*, or *Madness* be the *Occasion*.

Nothing *edifies* less in an *ingenuous Conversation*, than *Boasting* and *Rattle*. It is,

is, as it were, the *Dropsy* of the Mind, and swells a Man, like a *Bubble*, into nothing at last. *Ostentation* is a meer Impostition, both upon Faith and good Manners. For a Man to *crack* of his own *Courage*, and to make himself the *HECTOR* of the Company, looks more like *bullying*, than asserting a *Point of Honour*. It deceives the *Credulous*, offends the *Modest*, and disobligees the *Brave*. Besides, it is a downright *Affront* to his *Betters*, an indiscreet *Challenge* to his *Equals*, and a cowardly Way of *insulting* over his *Inferiors*, that (he knows) are not a *Match* for him. In short, 'tis intollerable *Insolence* for a Man to extol his own *Exploits*. He may say what he will of his military Qualifications, *Capacity*, and *Conduct*; boast of his *good Services* at Home, and what mighty Matters he could do Abroad; but no Man of Sense, for all this, will ever think him the fitter to command an *Army*, and fight the *French*. The Bounce of an *OBSERVATOR*, or a *self-conceited Poltroon*, will never make him a *GENERAL*. True *Courage* does not consist in flying in the Face of Mankind, and braving the World. *Fortitude* does not hang upon a Person's *Lips*, nor dangles by his *Side*, let his *Tongue* or his *Sword* be never so long. Talking big, signifies little: Doing

is All. 'Tis *Action* makes the *Hero*. *Blustering* does no *Execution*, and spills no *Blood*. It is only fighting an *Enemy* at a *Distance*; or, like one of *DON QUIXOT*'s imaginary *Combats*, engaging with the *Wind-mills* of his own *Brain's* making.

A *Braggadocio's* swagging, huffing, and praising his own *Valour*, looks as if his *Tongue* had run away from his *Heart*, and the *Coward* had taken his last *Leave* of his *Colours*. Some Persons are so troubled with a *Timpany* of *Talking* and *Ostentation*, that they seem to be fuller of *Wind*, than of *War*, *Wisdom*, or *Courage*. Others are such *Crack-farts*, *Ranters*, and so proud of their own *Parts*, as if they were *Lords* of the *Universe*, and *Umpires* of all *Controversy* and *Debate*: And the *twelve Judges* of *England* are *Asses* to them. What signifies a *Parliament* to *BRAG*? The *Members* of it have not half the *Brains* of his *Dog*, *LION*. The late licentious *OBSERVATOR*, was a *Bravo* of this *Quality*, and a *Rattle-skull*, that reign'd for several *Years* undisturb'd, and *triumphant* in his own *Opinion*; but he has now, at last, quite lost his *Life*, *Credit*, and *Reputation*, for his *Pains*, among all sober thinking *People*. How well soever *BRAG* was formerly set on, the *Proverb* is upon him now, for all his *Bravado's*, and *self-conceited Ralleries*.
On

On the other Hand, if a Gentleman has bravely vindicated his *Honour*, generously kept his *Word*, or faithfully held fast his *Integrity*, upon Occasion; what need has he to brag on't, and undervalue himself so far, as to be the *Trumpeter* of his own *Glory*? It only lessens a *Hero's* Character, to hear it from his own Mouth, when all the Earth, perhaps, is a *Witness* of his *Worth* and *Merit*; and if that is not large enough, *Heaven* it self also will vouch for his *Vertue*: And indeed the whole *World* is little enough for so great a *Man*, that can conquer himself, contain his own *Praise*, and subdue his *Passion* to this prudent *Temper* of a modest *Silence*.

As to the *Letter of the Proverb*, I shall only make this remarkable *Digression*. No *Brute* has been more famous in *History* for its *Friendship*, *Fidelity*, and *Gratitude* to his *Master*, than a *Dog*. But some *Dogs* have been too much made of in certain *Families* of some *Countries*, almost even to the dying for 'em OUR SELVES, or giving THEM *Christian Burial* after their *Deaths*; and they are still over-much pamper'd yet by several People, both at *Bed* and *Board*. To say nothing of my *Lady's* Lips, and her *Lap* too, for entertaining and caressing *Monsieur le Chien*. However, a good *Dog* is as useful and necessary a *Creature* as any

any living, to all Men, both at *Home* and *Abroad*. *BRAG* indeed may go a great Way towards the scaring of *Thieves*, or the frightening of *Buzzards*; but *HOLD-FAST* is the *Dog* of *Business*, either for *Service*, *Safety*, or *Recreation*.

PROV. XXIX.

Sue a *Beggar*, and catch a *Louse*.

Reflexion.

THIS is good Advice against going to *Law* with a *poor insolvent Person*; for what can any one expect to get by *suing a Beggar*, but his *Expence* and his *Labour* for his *Pains*? Our *Fails* groan with the *Complaints* of *mendicant Debtors*; and our *Streets* are fill'd with *Cries* for the *Relief* of *poor Prisoners*, who are so far from being able to *pay* what they *owe*, that they *subsist* only upon the *Alms-Basket*: Not but that a *due Debt* ought in *common Justice* to be *paid*; and there's all the *Reason* in *World*, that the *Parties* engag'd for it should be severely *punish'd* too with the strictest *Confinement*, upon a *shuffling Refusal*, when they are really *solvent*. But where *Nothing's to be had*, the
King

King himself must lose his Right; and *Pity they should lose their Liberty* by any inferior hard-hearted *Creditor*. To put a sorry *Creature* in a *Stone-Doublet*, or to give him the least *Trouble* upon the Insufficiency of his hard *Fortune*, or his downright *Insolvency*, is like labouring for *Water* when the *Pump* is dry. 'Tis as barbarous *Treatment* as he could meet with from *Highway-men*, to suffer in his *Person* for want of a *Purse*; for they commonly use to be reveng'd of a *Man's Body*, and to take their *Pennyworths* out of his *Skin*, by beating, or binding him *Hand and Foot*, if his *Pockets* cannot answer their *Demands*, and compound for his *Carcass*, by satisfying their unreasonable *Expectations*.

What can be more ridiculous, than to sue a *Beggar*, when the *Action* must needs cost more than he is worth; and the *Plaintiff* will be sure of catching nothing but a *Lawse*, perhaps, for his *Trouble*, according to the very *Letter* of the *Proverb*? It calls a *Man's Prudence* mightily in *Question*; though it puts his Satisfaction of *Revenge* and *Malice* quite out of *Doubt* at the same *Time*, to prosecute a *worthless Wretch* to the *Extremity* of a *Prison*; which must necessarily render him incapable of ever being in a *Condition* to discharge the *Obligation* while he is in

Hold,

Hold, and only either inflames the *Reckoning*, or denies him the *Opportunity* and *Freedom* of playing the Part of an *honest Man*. In this Sense, *Imprisonment* is the Bane of all *Industry*, and only makes People *idle*, who might work out their *Salvation* another Way; and endeavour to do the whole World *Justice* to a *Fartling*, under the Comfort of *open Air*, and the Encouragement of *Liberty*: For *NEW-GATE* is not fit to *breath* in. The *FLEET* stands by a *nasty Ditch*, enough to poison the *Prisoners*. The *Compters* are *Dog-Holes*: And the rest of the *Prisons* about Town, are properer for *Stables* to keep *Horses* in, than to confine *rational Creatures* and *honest Men*, that would pay their *Debts* if they could; but cannot, if they would never so fain, purchase their *Enlargement*.

Beggars are, generally speaking, reputed *lowly* People; but whether they be so, or not, that's nothing to the Matter, or the Merit of the *Cause*. However, when a *poor indigent Fellow* happens to be arrested for a *Trifle*, (and I have known it the Case of a particular Person, that had not Four-pence-half-penny in the World to help himself, or to save his Credit) it looks *litigious* and *inhuman* to the last Effort but one of *Spite*: And if peradventure

he becomes depriv'd of his *Liberty* afterwards, for a *greater Sum*, what signifies all the *Property* of a Subject he can pretend to? What can he do in the *Custody* of a merciless *Catch-poll*, or the close *Confinement* of a *Jail*, which pays no *Debts*, but what are contracted there, (if he can be *trusted*) upon the Necessity of keeping Body and Soul together in a languishing Condition, and in Hopes only either of a *Providential*, or a *Gracious Deliverance* from the *Powers Above*? What can we have of a *Car*, but the *Skin*? What of a *Beggar*, but *Disappointment* and *Discredit*, or *Lice*, perhaps, over and above in Abundance? Who ever yet spread a *Net* for a *Kite*, or was fond of *catching* a *Carriou*? So that this *Proverb*, in short, condemns such unmerciful Proceedings with the utmost *Banter* and *Ridicule*. It is a witty *Lampoon* upon all indiscreet, troublesome, and vexatious *Law-Suits* commenc'd against *insolvent little People*; it reproaches the *Prosecution* of a miserable *Beggar*, for a scandalous, — as well as an imprudent *Action*; and looks upon it at last to be no better than *Lowse-catching* in the *Issue*, or the Upshot of calling *Beggars* to an Account for their *Debts*: A ridiculous Employment indeed, where *Compassion*, *Mercy*, or *Forbearance*, ought to take Place, and even

even sit Judge too in the Court of Discretion, I mean every Man's private Bosom, to prevent a publick Bar! In a Word, if there was any Reason for suing a Beggar, I should not be so abrupt, and there's an End on't.

PROV. XXX.

The younger Brother, the better Gentleman.

Reflexion.

THIS is a pure English Proverb, in which all the good Families of the Kingdom are highly concern'd, in Point of educating, as well as providing for their younger Children, against the common Custom of the Country, in giving All to the Eldest, and leaving the rest to find for themselves; nothing to depend upon more than the Fortune of this Proverb. And though Gentlemen do not live upon Proverbs, 'tis some Comfort yet for a younger Brother to reflect upon this remarkable Saying, under the Disadvantages of his not being born to an Estate: And it may also serve as a sufficient Encouragement to put him upon the honest Attempt of getting one, by his

own Industry and Vertue, without being beholden to his *Parents* for't; especially when he finds his *Honour* so universally establish'd in the good Opinion of the World, as to be thought a *better Gentleman* than his *elder Brother*. But how *better*? Why, by being put to his *Shifts* perhaps *Abroad*, SINK or SWIM, and by matching *Politicks* with *France*, *Italy*, or *Spain*; while the *other*, his Mother's Darling, lives like a *Dormouse* at *Home*, lull'd by Indulgence into *Laziness*, *Effeminacy*, and *Cowardice*; whose very *Soul* in his *Body*, like a *Sword* in the *Scabbard*, rusts for want of *Exercise*.

Young Gentlemen of the same *House* and *Blood*, ought not to be preferr'd in *Honour* before one another, according to the *Order of their Age*, in the *Register* of the *Parish*; but rather valu'd according to their real *Merits*, *Excellencies*, and *Improvements* of intrinsick *Worth* and *Glory*. He that was first *christen'd*, does not always make the *happiest Man*, or the *best Christian*. A *Priority of Birth* does not in the least argue a *Preference* either of the *natural Endowments* of *Mind*, or of *acquir'd Parts*. 'Tis the *Privilege of Nature* indeed to *pre-exist* in *Point of Time*, but not to *excel* in *Knowledge* and *Wisdom*. A good *Understanding* does not always go

by Seniority among a Man's Children. A Fool sometimes may be the first of the Family. The seventh Son, perhaps, may prove wiser than all the rest: I speak without Vanity or Superstition; let him fail never so often in curing the KING'S EVIL, upon a vulgar Credulity, and a repeated Application. In short, Learning and Vertue in the younger Brother, will always give him the Prebeminence and Precedency in the Affections, as well as Judgments of all unprejudic'd People, to a First-born IGNORAMUS, or a vicious, prodigal, debauch'd Son and Heir; though his tender Mother be never so much offended at it, or angry with the Proverb.

However, saving a Regard still to the Law of the Land, as well as to the Privileges of Nature, this Proverb does not deny the elder Brother his Birth-Right. Much Good may his Inheritance do him, if he has the Wit to make a right Use on't; if he has the Grace to be a good Husband; if he has Law enough to set up for a Country-Justice-a-Peace, or a Middlesex-Magistrate; to preserve his Estate entire out of the Hands of vexatious Pettifoggers, and to keep his Land free from Mortgages, Cankers, and Caterpillars. But my young Master is in great Danger of being spoil'd by his indulgent Mother, long before ever

he comes to this *Maturity*. He must not go to *School* in the *Heat of Summer*, for *Fear of over-heating his Blood*; nor in the *Depth of Winter*, for *Fear of catching Cold*. He must not learn *Latin*, lest it should make his *Head ake*; or the *eight Parts of Speech* should turn his *Brain*, and throw him either into a *Fever*, or an *Apo-plexy*. Let his *younger Brother* do the *Drudgery of Learning*, and run the *Hazard of his Life* for't. But if *little Master* has, perhaps, got a *Smattering of Grammar*, in seven or eight *Years Time*, at spare-Hours from his *Play*, and his *Prodigality*, what should he go to the *University* for? *Twenty Miles* or more distant from his *dear Parents*, and out of his *fond Mother's Sight* too? He has a *plentiful Estate* (God be thank'd) to maintain him at his own *Seat*, like what he is, a *first-Rate Gentleman*, without the *Help* of professing either *Law*, *Physick*, or *Divinity*, at *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, or *Inns of Court*. Besides, what signify *Mathematicks* to him, that is *Lord of so many Mannors*? He has *Land* enough in *Fee-simple*, without having any *Occasion* to know how to *survey* it. His *Grounds*, and his *Gardens* over and above, are a compleat *System of natural Philosophy*. His *Servants* will teach him *Logick* enough for his *Purpose*; and he

he can easily refine his *Reason*, by the *Conversation* of an illiterate Coxcomb of a VALE DE CHAMBRE. He can learn good *Manners* of the most civiliz'd Plough-men in the Country. In a Word, his *Hounds*, his *Hawks*, and his *Horses*, will be his best *Tutors*, and make him a most accomplish'd Gentleman in his *Mamma's* Opinion. And therefore, let his younger Brother again lead a *College-Life*, undergo the *Fatigue* of severe Discipline and hard Study, in Danger of a *Consumption*, or cracking his *Brain*, to qualify himself for the *Profession* either of a *Divine*, a *Lawyer*, or a *Physician*. Thus, in fine, is the eldest Son commonly brought up in *Luxury*, *Liberty*, *Ease*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleasure*; cocker'd out of his *Senses*, and indulg'd out of his *Reason* or *Health*, through the overweaning *Affection* and *Tenderness* of his partial *Parents*: 'Till the pamper'd Fondling at last, for want of better Education, degenerates into a more ridiculous *Ass*, than APULEIUS's; and, for all his great *Estate*, is only a golden *Blockhead* at best, in Comparison of his younger Brother.

Give me the younger Brother then, that has been put to his *Trumps*, try'd all *Fortunes*, and endur'd all the *Hardships*, either of *Study*, or of *Travel* in the World: He, that has been bred up to the Love of *Let-*

ters, and of *Arms*, from his Infancy : He, that is qualify'd either for the Business of the *Gown*, or the *Sword*, upon Choice : He, I mean, that is capable of the *highest Posts*, and most *honourable Employments* in the *Common-wealth*, by his great *Learning*, and profound *Judgment* or *Experience* in publick, as well as private Affairs. This, this is the Man of *Honour* in a *Family*, fit for the Service of his Country, either in the *Pulpit*, at the *Bar*, or in the *Field of Battel*. This is he, that will bid fair in a few Years Time to be made a *Bishop*, or a *Judge*, a *General*, an *Embassador*, or a *Minister of State*, in Consideration of his exemplary *Piety*, *Justice*, *Courage*, *Conduct*, and *Policy*. So that indeed an *Estate of Inheritance* is not worth a *Mess of Pottage*, if compar'd with the Blessings of a *liberal Education*, or the Advantages of some *genteel Profession* in the *Government*.

But to press this *Proverb* a little more home to the Purpose ; I cannot but observe here, by the *By*, the unhappy and fatal *Distinctions*, that are too frequently made in some *Families* ; especially by the *MOTHER*, in loving her *eldest Son* better than all his *younger Brothers* put together ; in dressing up her *eldest Daughter* finer than the rest of her *Sisters* ; and in sweet'ning

THOSE

THOSE with *Sugar-Plumbs*, while THESE are discountenanc'd with *Blows*; embracing *some*, and brow-beating *others*; doting upon *one Girl*, and despising *another*; giving some of 'em all the good *Breeding* or *Apparel* that may be, and the rest NONE but what they learn at *second Hand*, and pick up like *Sinder-Wenches* a-gathering Rags off the *Dunghill*: As if her *Children* were not *all* of her own *Body*, or of *one Man's* begetting. This shews the *unnatural Partiality*, as well as the *unreasonable Imprudence* of the PARENT; for it does not only charge her with *Injustice* and *Barbarity*, but also calls her *conjugal Vertue* shrewdly in *Question* too, or at least renders her *Honesty* obnoxious to *Suspicion*, *Censure*, and *Detraction*. And if the Father proves such a *partial Fool* too by mutual Consent, as to make *Fils* of *one*, and *Flesh* of *another*; to make much of *one*, and treat *another* unkindly; to make a competent *Provision* for *one*, and leave *another* to the *wide World*: If in short, I say, he makes his *eldest Son's* Fortune, at the Expence of his *Second's* Maintenance and *Livelihood*, this *Proverb* will fly in his Face for't; and in all Probability, the *younger Brother* may prove the *better Man* yet by the Providence of Heaven, in Spite of his *Father's* unfair Dealing or *Distinction*.

JACOB

JACOB had the *Blessing*, though ESAU had the *Birth-Right*.

Such *partial Proceedings*, and *distinguishing Marks of Favour*, are the Fore-runners of some fatal Misfortunes in our OECONOMY. The *Inequality of Paternal Love, Care, or Respect*, becomes the very *Bane* of all *Brotherly Affection and Concord*. It breeds ill Blood in a *Family*; it raises *Jealousies, Heart-burnings, and mortal Emulations among Children*; it creates irreconcilable *Quarrels and Animosities*, even to the Degree of intailing the *Curse of CAIN* upon all the *Posterity*. The *righteous ABEL* was inhumanly murder'd, upon this *Competition*, by his imperious and insulting *Rival*; and the *Younger* ought not to be run down and ruin'd, to please his *elder Brother*, or to aggrandize his *Fortune*. But after all such *unequal Doings* yet, of a *Father's* doting upon *one Child* more than *another* of the same Blood, his FAVOURITE, perhaps, does not always thrive the best, nor prove the *most dutiful Son* of the whole Stock. 'Tis true, the *elder Brother* may have the *gayer Coat*, and *more Money* in his Pocket; but the *younger*, generally speaking, *out-does* him still in some nobler *Qualifications of the Mind*, and excels him either in *Understanding*, or in *Vertue*; for want of such a generous Edu-

Education, as his *fond Parents* ought to have given him in his *Minority*, and not have thought it below his *Quality*, or the *Character* of their *Son and Heir*, to stop the Mouth of *common Fame*. However, in fine, this *Proverb* is not without many glorious *Exceptions* of *Dignity* and *Excellence* on the *elder Brother's Side*.

PROV. XXXI.

Harm watch, Harm catch.

Reflexion.

NO Man living was ever yet out of *Harm's-way*, in one Sense or another; let the *Church* be never so much out of DANGER, either of *Popery* or *Fanaticism*. Some People are still upon the *Watch* for *Mischief*, though they generally bring an old *House* over their own *Heads*, for their base *Practices*, and only catch what they deserve *themselves*, by the *Vigilancy* of their ill Will towards *others*: THOSE, I may boldly say, that *deserve not* the least Injury at their Hands, for *Peace*, *Moderation*, and *Indulgence*. What more frequent, than for such *watchful Make-bates* to meet with the just *Retribution* of
a sui-

a suitable *Misfortune*, by wishing *another Man's Harm*, and to find their *own Ruin* at long Run, in the Expectation of their *Neighbour's Downfall*? *Mocking* is catching all the World over, even from *Pawning*, *Sneezing*, or the *Hick-up*, to a grosser *Blunder* and a greater *Mistake*: For I have often seen a sneering *Buffoon* make the very same *Trip*, *laugh* himself into the same *Inconveniency*, and commit a worse *Error* too than he derided in *another*, for all his vigilant Behaviour, or his vaunted Precaution. In short, 'tis not common Discretion in us to rejoyce at *other Mens Slips*, or to make a Banter of their *Sufferings*, for Fear of falling into the same *Miscarriages* *our selves*, and incurring the Danger of the like Disappointments, at one Time or another of our Lives, for the future; which usually prove the *Fate* of all *Harm-watching*, at the Foot of the Account.

This *Proverb* is of a *divine Original*, and the holy *Psalmist* sets it forth over and over, with the utmost *Illustration*. How *pathetical* are his Words to *this Purpose*! To the *Confusion* of the mischievous *Invention* and *Malice* of the *Wicked*! He hath *graven and digg'd up a Pit*, and is *fall'n himself into the Destruction* that he made for others: For his *Travail* shall come upon his own Head, and his *Wickedness* shall fall

on his own Pate. Can any Thing be more moving, than this notable *Metaphor*, which he industriously pursues yet farther in a most agreeable *Repetition* of it, to the same Effect? *The Heathen are sunk down in the Pit that they made; in the same Net which they hid privily, is their Foot taken: The Lord is known to execute Judgment; the Ungodly is trapp'd in the Work of his own Hands.* This is *CATCHING* with a *Witness*; after all our insnaring *Vigilancy*, our watchful *Motions* and *Contrivances* to intangle the *Innocent*, to delude the *Harmless*, to prejudice the *Peaceable*, to wrong the *Simple*, or to make any Advantage of the *Inoffensive*. When *Malice* is once set agog for *Destruction*, and the *Bargain* struck for conspiring the *Death* of an honest *Person*, the *Overtbrow* of a whole *Parliament*, or the total *Subversion* of a *Kingdom*, it takes *Fire* like *Touch-wood*, or like *Gun-powder* in bad *Hands*; and ill manag'd, it recoils upon the *Undertaker's* own *Life*, blows up the *Conspirator* himself, and scatters the *Boutefeu*, that kindles it, into *Atoms*. I cannot tell whether the *Author* of *Guns* dy'd by his own *Invention*; but neither would they have spar'd him in their *Way*, upon the Experiment of their *Use*, for *studying of Mischief*, or *watching other People's Harm*:
However,

However, the *Friar* was not *safe* from his own *Handy-work*, nor *invulnerable*. I do not blame the *Inventors*, or the *Makers* of the various *Instruments* of *Death*, in so lewd, so wicked a *World* as we live in; where *Self-Preservation* is our grand *Concern*, and obliges us to stand upon our *Guard* in our own *Defence*, against the sudden *Attack* of a secret *Enemy* in *Ambush*, or to prevent a *Surprize* from an unexpected *Quarter*: But the *Gun*, the *Pistol*, and the *Sword*, no doubt, have sometimes either done the *Business* of their *Owners*, or kill'd the very *Men* that made 'em. 'Tis not the first *Time*, that *Artists* and *Artificers* have invented *Guns*, *Snares*, and *Fetters* for themselves; *Hatchets* to cut their own *Skins*, and *Knives* their *Fingers*, if not their *Throats* too sometimes. However, 'tis observable, that all plotting against the *Lives*, or the *Governments* of *Princes*, is but playing the *Fool* at the best. *Plots*, for the most *Part*, miscarry; and then the *Plotters* are sure to be soundly hamper'd, or to go to *Pot* for their *Pains*, in the *Discovery*. We need seek no farther than our own native *Country* for *Incendiaries* and *Affassins*, who have not escap'd scot-free upon their *Conspiracies*; but have been brought to condign *Punishment* at the *Block*, or the *Gallows* in good *Time*,

Time, whether they either fail'd or succeeded in their black, bloody, and barbarous Attempts: Witness the *two memorable Days* they have establish'd in our *Calendar*, to make us mourn their prosperous, horrid, execrable IMPIETY on the *one*; and to bless GOD for his gracious *Deliverance* on the *other*, to the Disappointment of their *dismal Intentions*.

If so then, if *watching Harm* be the Way to *catch* it; let the *Murderer* consider, that lying in wait for *another Man's*, may, perhaps, sooner or later, cost him his *own Blood*, and startle his disappointed Imagination with the Conscience of his Demerit upon expiring all on the sudden in a helpless Gasp. Let the *Adulterer* consider, how he would like to be made a *Cuckold* himself; let him look at *Home* first, and then go a *Whoring Abroad*, if he dares, if he has the Confidence to run the Venture of a *mutual Reflexion*. Let the *Usurer*, the *Pawn-broker*, or the *Extortioner*, consider, how they *flea a Flint*, as it were, *strip the Needy stark-naked*, and oppress the *Poor*, to the last Degree of *intollerable Injustice*: For *they* are *all* commonly paid off at length in their *own Coin*, and serv'd in their *own Kind*, either as to *themselves* personally, or their *unfortunate Posterity*, by Virtue of this

Proverb.

Proverb. And this is preparing a Rod for their own Breech, with a Vengeance.

But besides the *sacred Extraction* of it, I find no *Adage* more exemplify'd also in *prophane History*, or in *human Writings*. I need only mention the famous DADALUS for Instance, who lost his *Liberty*, was imprison'd in King MINOS's *Labyrinth*, for contriving the Adultery of PASIPHAË, and deservedly handsell'd the *Maze* of his own making, as the just Reward of his Roguery. The Story of PERILLUS's *brazen Bull*, is too well known, to need any other Remark, than *this*; that *he himself* first suffer'd, by a notable Piece of Justice in the Tyrant, to whom it was presented for a great *Curiosity*, all the burning Pains of that barbarous hot scorching *Engin*, which he had invented to torment others, and to divert the Tormentor: Neither did PHALARIS at last escape trying in his own Person, how good it was, to put others to Death by a new-fangl'd *Invention*, or a new-fashion'd *Torture*, only to have the Pleasure of hearing them bellow artificially, and actuate the Brute in Effigies. To say nothing of forty more mischievous Persons, who have all been a Sort of SUICIDES, Authors of their own Miseries, by their Brains hatching of *Vipers* to destroy themselves; conceiving the Calamity of
other

other Folks, and bringing forth their own, in the sad *Catastrophe* of their unadvised Projects. *Malice, Spite, and Envy*, are always *Self-Murderers* upon the Upshot. They make Men accessory to their own Deaths, like those poor *Birds* that carry their own *Destruction* in their Bellies, breed their own *Captivity*, and are their own *Executioners*, by doing the *Business of Nature*: For, to intend, study, or contrive any *Harm* to our *Neighbours*, is BIRD-LIME all over, and as certainly catches our selves only, as ever any *Creature* was intangled in the *Snare* of its own *Production*.

In a Word, how many People are daily taken in their own Craft, confuted by their own Arguments, baffled by their own Fallacies, beaten by their own Weapons, or dispatch'd by their own Cruelties! 'Tis Matter of Fact, ROME was once ruin'd by the Self-Conceit of her own *Strength* and *exorbitant Power*. Besides, this *Proverb* seems to grow apace now upon FRANCE, and may in due Time be brought home upon the *greatest Mischief-Maker* in EUROPE. What an honourable *Motto* then of a great and a good Man, is this *wise Saying*, EVIL BE TO HIM THAT EVIL THINKS? A *Motto*, worthy not only of a *Nobleman's Garter*, but of a *Prince's Coat of Arms* also, and of *Royal*

L Favour;

Favour; worthy of eternal *Practice*, as well as *Remembrance*, for its harmless Innocency, its Justice, Discretion, and Prudence, or its inoffensive Inclination and Benevolence. For, in fine, this *Proverb* is the very *Standard* of Honour and Integrity, as well as of Kindness and good Will in a Kingdom.

PROV. XXXII.

A Burnt Child dreads the Fire.

Reflexion.

TIS natural for all living *Creatures*, whether *rational* or *irrational*, for *Beasts*, *Birds*, or *Insects*, as well as *Men*, *Women*, and *Children*, to consult their own *Security* and *Self-Preservation*, either in *Point of Welfare* on the one *Hand*, or of *Life* and *Death* on the other: And whether they act by *Instinct*, or by *Reason*, it tends still to some *Care* of avoiding, either those *Things* that may hurt 'em, or those that have already done 'em an *Injury*, and endanger'd their *Carcases*. The *Child* dreads the *Fire* for the *Future*, that has once burn'd his *Fingers*; the *Fly* shuns the *Spider's Web*, that had once like to have

have intangled its Wings ; the *Fish* is shy of the *Hook*, that had once hold of its Mouth ; the *Bird* flies the *Fowler's Net*, that had once catch'd it in vain ; the *Dog* stands off at a Distance from the *Hand*, that had once *beaten* him, put a *Halter* about his Neck, or attempted to *make him away*. And indeed all *Animals* whatever, great or small, over and above that *Antipathy*, which is the Privilege of their respective *Natures*, take an *Aversion* also against those *Evils*, or *Enemies*, that threaten their *Being*, prejudice their *Safety*, and either disturb, or destroy their *Lives*. But we must always suppose then, by the By, a *sensible Escape*, or a *palpable Experience* of some *Mischief*, which gives them this reasonable *Caution* for the Future, as naturally as a *burnt Child dreads the Fire*. In short, every Thing *lives* and moves by a *natural Foresight*, or a *prudent Apprehension* of Danger ; and *lives no longer* neither, than it has *Wit* or *Sense* enough to avoid its *Destruction*, and keep out of the Way of its *Destroyer*.

We meet with a great many *old Saws*, and *merry Sayings* in several Languages, in *Greek* and *Latin*, *Italian* and *French*, as well as in *English*, according to the Purport of this *Proverb* : As, *A Fool grows wise upon suffering* ; *The scalded*

Cat fears cold Water ; Hang a Dog on a Crab-tree, and he'll never love Verjuice ; and such like ludicrous Expressions to this Purpose. But the general Meaning of them all, is this ; that both Man and Beast will ever spurn at those Things hereafter, by which they have formerly suffer'd, and for which they have soundly smarted heretofore, if they have either their Wits or their Senses about 'em. The Horse will hardly ever venture to take that River again, where he had like to have been drown'd ; and will boggle at least, let the Rider be never so obstinate, upon the Repetition of the Danger. No Lure can tempt or entice the Lark to come down again, that has of late difficultly escap'd the Fowler's Diversion. The Partridge, that has lately been scar'd out of the Covey, and in Danger of being taken, always springs afterwards upon the first Sight of a Setter or a Dog in the Field. The Dove, that has once luckily sav'd it self from being truss'd by a Hawk, is ever after afraid of any Feather that flies in the Air ; keeps close within its own Cote, and dreads a second Adventure abroad, 'till the Sky is clear of Kites, Buzzards, and Ring-tails. But what need I say more, since there are so many Millions of Instances, both above Ground, and under Water, to confirm this
Truth

Truth all over the World? How industriously do *little Fishes* keep out of the Way of *great Pikes*, in Pursuit of their Prey, for *Fear* of being swallow'd up at a *Gulp*? How do they *shun* the very Sight, or Shadow of the *Angler*, and *dread* to be taken out of their own *Element*, or to die upon dry *Land*?

But as for *Man* now, who either is, or ought to be the only *Master of Reason*; how should *he* abhor the *Place* another Time, where he has been heretofore *hurt*! How should *he* avoid a *second Encounter* with a *wild Beast*, which he had once happily worsted upon a dangerous Struggle, and not fall into his mortal Enemy's *Clutches* again, nor venture *another Engagement* for his Life! Does not the cautious *Mariner* study, with the utmost Application and Care, in all Winds and Weathers, to keep off from *splitting again upon that Rock*, where he was once *shipwreck'd* before, and suffer'd the last Extremity but one of *Misfortune*? 'Tis certain, ULYSSES had no great Kindness for the *Sea*, after he had been dangerously toss'd in it by *Storms* and *Tempests*, for the Space of ten Years, or upwards, before he could arrive at the *Haven* of his own Wishes, and *land* safe in his own *native Country*: For, no Doubt, he would have

dreaded the Thought of renewing those terrible Hazards, and repeating that perilous Voyage over again, as much as ever he rejoyc'd at his own Safety, upon an unexpected Deliverance from the Fury of a merciless Ocean. But, behold Æsop's Woman in hard Labour, without a Fable; who would not be brought to Bed there by any Means of Perswasion, where she was got with Child! The Moral is true upon the Main, in all Cases of Difficulty and Concern, when Nature prompts us to an Evasion of a repeated Sorrow. Behold! the Boy stung by a Bee; who is afraid to be at the Pain and the Trouble over again, for the Sake of the Honey, and dares not run a second Risque, for Fear of his Fingers; though the Temptation be never so inviting to the Eye, and the Prey never so agreeable, sweet, and luscious to the Taste!

However, this Proverb seems yet farther to carry a double Entendree along with it, and to couch a good Moral, as well as a natural Reflexion, under the nugatory Allusion of a Burnt Child's dreading the Fire. And if a Child then, in his very Infancy, from the Cradle, and in the Morning of his Reason, is afraid of the Flame that has formerly burn'd him; if he shall start, out of a frightful Apprehension of
falling

falling a second Time through the Carelessness of his Nurse; if he shall cry, ready to break his Heart, upon the Sight of what *frighten'd* him *before* into Fits; if he shall refuse the *Mustard* afterwards, which has once *bit his Tongue*, and *wean'd* him from his Mother's Breasts. If a Child, I say, does utterly *decline* all those hurtful, disagreeable, and ungrateful Things, whether *Impositions*, *Injuries*, or *Offences*, for the Time to come, as well as absolutely *reject* them also with the greatest *Dread* and *Detestation*, as far as lies in his tender little Power; what ought a MAN to do, that is grown up to *Maturity of Judgment*? How ought he to exert himself with the justest *Apprehension*, the wisest *Distrust*, and the wariest *Discretion* imaginable, against *double Debaucheries* and *repeated Intemperances*; which inevitably endanger either his *Health*, or his *Life*, *toties Quoties*, as often as ever he is overseen in *Drink*, overtaken with *Wine*, or overcome by *Women*? How can he hug the *Serpent* in his Bosom again, that has once *stung* him almost to the Heart? How can he *caress* his own *Ruin*, after the fairest Conviction of a former Experience? How can he pursue the fatal Embraces of a Strumpet, to a *second Salvation*? The *Pox* is only the Portion of lewd unthinking

Fools: And *he* has neither the Wisdom of a *Child*, nor the common *Sense* of a *Brute*, who does not *dread* the reiterated *Hazard* of that modish *Distemper*, or of any other *experienc'd Injury*, with the utmost *Aversion* and *Abhorrence*. What? And if the *Fly* flutters about the *Candle*, till it is *singe'd* in the *Flame*, 'tis only for want of *Day-light*: But are not a *Man's Eyes* open at all *Times*, unless he is *asleep*? And then he is *secure* enough from all *Extravagancies* of this *Nature*, so as not to *burn* himself *twice* in the same *Fire*, only to be *Cock-sure* of the *Mischief*, and make himself *miserable* as long as he lives. How much must the *Nature of Men* needs be deprav'd then by *Folly* and *Madness*, knocking their own *Brains* out for the *Purpose*, and sinning against their own *Senses*; making their *Way* through the most *dreadful Apprehensions*, to the frequent *Commission* of a damn'd *Iniquity*, whose *Torment* they had so often *felt* before upon the fairest *Warning* of a final *Destruction*? How stupidly deprav'd are *Men*, I say, when the plain *Instruction* of a *Proverb* cannot prevent the melancholy *Rehearsal* of their wilful *Misfortunes*, nor preserve them from acting their own dismal *Tragedies* at last upon the *Stool* of a *lingering Repentance* in their own *Persons*?

PROV.

P R O V. XXXIII.

A *Shoe-maker* must not go beyond his
Last.

Reflexion.

IF he *does*, he will never please his *Customer*. If he has the Length of my *Foot*, why should he not fit my *Phancy* rather, than *indulge* his own *Maggot*, and exceed his *Last* so far as to *disoblige* his *Friend*? Why should he make my *Shoe*, either too *big* or too *little*, too *slender* or too *strong*, too *fine* or too *fulsom*, only out of a *Crotchet* in his *Crown* to answer his own *Conceit*, and displease the *Buyer*, as well as punish the *Wearer's Feet* into the *Bargain*? The *nicking* of a *Man's own Humour* in an extravagant *Whim*, is not always the best *Way* to get other *People's good Word* and *Custom*, or to *gratify* the rest of the *World*: For whoever has been in the *Shoe-maker's Stocks* once, will desire to be *pinch'd* so no more, or will be very unwilling to *deal* with him again upon the *same Terms*.

But this *Proverb* is of higher *Importance* yet, and of far greater *Concern*, than the *Business* of *Shoe-makers* at *Great Turn-Style*,

Style, or at *Cordwainers-Hall*. Under this *mechanical Emblem*, it principally sets forth the *Vanity* and *Ignorance* of those, who presume to give their *Verdict* of Things that are out of their Way, either in Point of *Art*, *Make*, *Dealing*, *Knowledge*, or *Profession*. Why should a *blind Man* pretend to judge of *Colours*? Why should the *Cobler* of *Colchester* meddle with Matters of *State*, that are out of the Reach of his *Understanding*, and which he will never be able to mend according to his *Last*, or the *Capacity* of his *Conscience* made of stretching *Leather*? Why should any Son of *Crispin*, or a *Translator*, interfere with Affairs of the *Church*, or the *Nation*; when there is no Analogy between the *making* of new, or the *soling* of old *Shoes*, and the *patching* up of *Governments*, or setting them upon a *right Foot*? Why should a *Shoe-maker* give his *Judgment* of an *Act* of *Parliament*, whether it be *reasonable* or *not*, and determine the *Justice*, or the *Injustice* of it in publick Discourse, when the *Tax* upon *Leather* will never make him an accomplish'd *Statesman*? In short, what *Business* has any rude *Mechanick* in his *Stall*; a *Botcher*, a *Tinker*, a *Weaver*, a *Butcher*, or any other ignorant *Blockhead* of a *Boutefeu*, to concern himself with the *Administration*

tion of *Civil Affairs*, which he knows no more of than a *Mill-stone*, but only to raise a *Mob* against the *Higher Powers*, instead of reforming *Abuses*, and keeping the *Peace* of the Kingdom?

'Tis of dangerous ill Consequence for People to judge of those Things, that are above their *Capacity*, and beyond their *Reason*. *Mysteries of Faith*, are never to be brought down to the *Test of human Understanding*. To determine the *Modus*, destroys the *Mystery*. Where is the *Object of Faith*, if *Christianity* be not *mysterious*? If the blessed *Trinity* be *comprehensible*, what is *Evidence of Things not seen*? What is *Religion*, if the *incomprehensible Arcana's of Heaven* can be reveal'd, or *demonstrated* by the imperfect Knowledge of *Man*? If *God* is no more, than what I know him to be; or if I will believe no more, than what I do know and can comprehend? But I forbear launching out of my *Depth*; and am unwilling to go beyond my *Last*, for Fear of *Reflexion*, or transgressing the *Proverb* I would maintain. However, in *divine Matters*, the *Vulgar* are commonly too *curious*, and too apt to judge for themselves, either in reading, or in wrestling the *Scriptures*. God forbid they should be hinder'd from perusing the *Bible*, or from practising the
holy

holy Doctrines and Precepts contain'd in it; but the *Interpretation* should come from their *Ministers*, the Servants of the Almighty, upon Earth: Who, although they do not pretend to the *Infallibility* of the *Romish Clergy*, yet must needs be more *infallible* at least, and have more of the *blessed Spirit of God*, in expounding his *Word*, than the *illiterate Laity*. How unreasonably *ensorious* and *pragmatical* are some People, that go to Church for Company, only to advance the *Contempt of the Clergy*! They shall find Fault with the *Sermon*, for some *natural Imperfections* or other of the *Preacher*; perhaps, for want of a *good Delivery*, an *audible Voice*, and a genteel *Figure, Air, or Aspect* in the *Pulpit*. They shall condemn the *Discourse*, let the *Divinity* of it be never so good, and the *Doctrine* never so sound under all those *external Disadvantages*. They shall pretend to give their *Opinion*, I say, who, perhaps, know neither the *Chapter* nor *Verse* where the *Text* was. I have heard a pert Fellow of an *unlearn'd Lay-man*, pass Sentence upon an excellent *Exposition* of an abstruse Passage in *holy Writ*, enucleating the very *Sense* and *Soul* of the *Words*; I have heard him *cavil* at, and *detract* from it, though he scarce knew a *Letter of a Book* out of his *Geneva-Bible*,
and

and could hardly either *read* or *write* his Name. Now, this is exceeding his *Last* with a Witness, and he falls under the *Last* of this severe *Reflexion* for't.

In *Seculars* also, a *Self-conceited Pretension* of Men, to *judge* of Things above their *Understanding*, foreign to their *Employment*, and out of the Way of their *Business*, is the Mother of all *vulgar Errors*. How ridiculous would it be for a *Fidler*, that plays only by the *Ear*, and *scrapes* about the Country for *Corn*, or some other *Gratuity*, to find Fault with the Muses's Favourite, and to reprove a *profess'd Master of Musick*! When PAN challeng'd APOLLO to a Contention, who was the best *Piper* of the two, MIDAS was not a *proper Judge*, though he foolishly gave it for the *former*, and has ever since had *Asses Ears* for't. 'Twas witty enough of STRATONICUS, an eminent *Musician*, trying *Masteries* in his own Way with a *Blacksmith*: Why, *Sirrah*! says he, you do not perceive that you talk beyond your *Hammer*. What have *Porters*, *Water-men*, or *Coblers*, *Vulcans*, or *Under-layers*, to do with *Poetry* and *Painting*? Are they *Judges* of *Number*, *Proportion*, or *Symmetry*? Are they *Masters* of *Harmony*, or of *Life* it self in other Men's *Performances*, far above the *Ken* of their *Faculties*, and the
Judgment

Judgment of their ordinary Professions. In former Days, the impertinent MARSYAS had his Skin stripp'd over his Ears for a *Presumption* of this Nature. There goes a notable *Story* of APELLES, the celebrated *Painter*, which first gave *Authority* to this very *Proverb*. Why, a *Cobler*, it seems, condemn'd a famous *Piece* he had drawn, and expos'd to publick View, because he had made *too few Latchets to his Golo-shoes*: [Now he lurk'd behind the *Picture* all the while, to *hear* what was *said* on't by People, as they pass'd along; as no Man is a fit *Judge* of his own *Work*.] He *mends* it accordingly; and the *Alteration* was no sooner made, but the *Cobler* comes again the next Day, and finds huge Fault with the *Leg* too, over and above the *Latchets*. Upon this, APELLES peeps out: And well! *Cobler*, says he, get you gone; *keep to your Last at Home*, and mind your own *Business*. How *judicious* was this *Expression*, never to be forgotten; and the *Reprimand* worthy of an *absolute Master* of the *Art* he profess'd!

The *moral Instruction* therefore of the whole, will be this; to believe those that are *skilful* in their own *Art*; not to *meddle* or *make* with Things out of our own *proper Sphere*; and not to presume to *correct*, or to *mend* what we do not *understand*.

No

No Man ought to judge for himself in Matters of Moment; beyond his *Ability*, his *Parts*, or his *Knowledge*, lest he should be misled, misinform'd, or mistaken by his own *private Phancy* and *Suggestion*. Men are always too *wise* in their own *Opinions*; *wise* even to a *Fault*, to *Folly*, and *extravagant Surmises*. But if *Artists* were only to judge of *Arts*, or *Scholars* of *Truth*, *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, we should be troubled with fewer *Whimsies*, as well as labour under a less Burden of *Errors*; and not have Occasion for so many *Shooing-borns* to pull on one *Mistake* upon the Back of another, among a deluded, ignorant, credulous *Populace*, 'till we are cramp'd and confounded in our *Judgment*, and have got *perplexing Corns*, or the *Gout* in our *Heads*, instead of our *Toes*. There would be no *disputing* then about *temporal* or *spiritual Affairs* with unskilful *Mechanicks*, that understand little or nothing of the *fundamental Constitution* of the Government. There would be no contending with pretended popular *Ignoramus's*, *Opiniators*, what shall I call 'em? who should be *uppermost*, or have the *highest Interest* in the *Common-wealth*, the *Learn'd*, or the *Illiterate*, the *Honest*, or the *Perfidious*. There would be no *Faction*, no *Piqueering*, no *Party-making* among

among wise *Patriots* ; lest the *Church* should become a *By-word* to her Enemies, either by secular *Policy*, or by modern Ecclesiastical *Polity*. Then HIC—GILL would be *punish'd* one for All ; ST——NS would be *degraded* for ever ; P——GE, the ill-tongu'd lying *Almanack-maker*, would have his Mouth stopp'd for calling that a *Brimstone-Church*, which is *establisht* by *Law* ; T——IN, the late foolish *Observer*, would have been finally *silenc'd* ; and DANIEL DE FOE, the paltry *Reviewer* of whiggish Lies and Stories, would be utterly depriv'd of *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, for the *Benefit* of the whole *Kingdom*, as well as the *Orthodox Clergy*, or this *Proverb* in particular. Then every cobling, botching, busy *Trifler*, durst not go beyond his *Last*.

P R O V. XXXIV.

Every Man thinks his own Geese,
Swans.

Reflexion.

AND every Crow thinks her own Bird
the fairest, though it be never so
black and ugly. The Owl in the Fable,
set

set up her *young Ones* for the greatest *Beauties* that ever flew; as if they had been so exquisitely *fair, comely, and rever'd*, that they never appear'd by Day for Fear of being *Sun-burn'd*. No otherwise do the *fulsome Ladies*, that are all *Feathers*, sometimes conceit themselves to be the *finest Creatures* of the Creation, and the perfectest *Paragons* of their whole Sex. No otherwise do some *foppish Gentlemen*, that are meer *Mag-pyes* in Colours, Dress, and Language, phancy themselves the *handsomest Persons* that the Sun shines upon; with no little Shame at the Reflexion of their *gawdy Splendor*. They say, the *ÆTHIOPIANS* have so good an Opinion, and are so great Admirers of their own *Complexion*, that they paint the *DEVIL white*, lest he should be thought like them, I suppose, or esteem'd as *dark and beautiful* as they are in their own Con-
ceits; for the *blacker, the fairer the MOOR*.

Self-Love is the Mother of *Pride, Vanity, and Mistake*. It turns a Man's *Geese* into *Swans*, his *Dunghil-Poultry* into *Pheasants*, or his *Lambs* into *Venison*. It makes him crack of every Thing he has about him, to the Skies; whether of *Eating, Drinking, wearing Apparel, Ornament, Goods of Body, or of Mind*; whether of

Wit or Beauty, of Parts, Knowledge, or Performances, he still cries them all up for superlative Excellencies, next to the Miracle of changing the very Nature of 'em for the better, and making them all at last the best of every Sort in the World, by the imaginary Transmutation of his own fantastick Brain. No Body has any Thing like his, Forsooth: His Geese are all Swans. Another Person's Fruit, Fish, or Fowl, are not to be compar'd to his, either for their Largeness, Sweetness, or Delicacy. His Gardens are as fine as those at VERSAILLES; not to say finer, out of good Manners. His Birds, and his Beasts, his Hounds, his Hawks, and his Horses, his Ponds, his House, and his Land, his Contrivances, his Projects, his every Thing, from a Dog or a Cat, or the making of a Mouse-Trap, to his daily Food, are all the finest of the Kind still; the most admirable, handsom, or ingenious, and incomparably the best in the Universe, either for the Eye, the Ear, or the Tooth; either for Service, Diet, or Diversion. This is the self-conceited Coxcomb, that, over and above all those other peerless Perfections he boasts of, thinks himself the wisest of Men too by his own good Word, and in the over-weaning Opinion of his own short-sighted Faculties.

How

How many People are pointed at by this **Proverb**? There is no Man so great, so learned, or so good, so genteel, fair, beautiful, bold, brave, and courageous, but he may have his *Fellow*, or meet with his *Match* in the World; and in no wise his *Inferior*, but as well accomplish'd in all *Respects*, as his *High* and *Mightiness* himself: *Another* may be equally qualify'd with as considerable *Endowments*, and as valuable *Blessings*, both of *Nature* and *Fortune*, as he that phancies he *scent* *Frankincense*, or that brags of a *Perfume*, as agreeable as *Musk*, in what he leaves behind him upon *Necessity*. 'Tis true, no one ever *stinks* in his own *Nostrils*, but another Man may be as *sweet* as he to the full, in the *Sense* of all indifferent and unprejudic'd Persons; those, I mean, that are not *partial* to themselves, their *Friends*, or their *Fautors*, nor prepossess'd with the *Flatteries* of *Sycophants* and *Smell-Feasts*. There are such false *Parasites* and fawning *Favourites* entertain'd in all Places, that I cannot but believe every *Body* loves to be *flatter'd*, more or less, if my Master ARISTOTLE is not quite *mistaken*. An *inbred Philaity* runs through the whole *Race* of *Flesh* and *Blood*. They are wonderfully *fond* of hearing their own *Praises*. They delight to be sooth'd in their *Vices*,

as well as applauded for their *Vertues*. They are mightily pleas'd to have their very *Infirmities* and *Imperfections* complemented. But the *fair Sex* especially, is most subject to this *Weakness*. 'Tis a *Woman's* Character all over, to be cajol'd into a better *Opinion* of her *Parts*, *Beauty*, and *Knowledge*, than she really deserves; or to believe *her self* a *Saint* and an *Angel* before her Time, from the obliging Mouth of an *hypocritical Adorer*. Nothing can gratify her *Curiosity* more at *Church*, than a fine complaisant smooth-tongu'd *Parson* in the *Pulpit*, or engage her *Phancy* more at *Home*, than a genteel, gallant, coaxing *Courtier*. *Young Ladies*, generally speaking, are the greatest *Admirers* of *themselves*; while they have the *Briskness* of *Air*, *Mein*, and *Address* on their Sides, they think every Man in *Love* with them, that looks at 'em; and if they are not charmingly *fair* in their own Eyes, the *Glass* is *false*; it misrepresents their *Faces*, and belies *Nature*: Or, perhaps, they have the *Vanity* to imagine, that the *Handsonness* of their Persons, the *Proportion* of their Features, and the *Beauty* of their Complexions, are far above the *Expression* of *Art*, and cannot be *reflected*, to their *just Perfection*, by any *Mirroure* of human *Invention*. But
what

what is worst of all yet, neither does this *selfish Idolatry* always wear off with *Youth*, or abate by *Wrinkles*; nor can either *Time* or *Age* secure some decay'd, wither'd *old Women*, from the Error of their own *Admiration*. How did old Mother Acco foolishly *dote* on her own *Ugliness*, 'till a true *Discovery*, and an absolute *Conviction* of her *Deformity*, cost her all her *Senses*, her *Reason*, and her *Life* at once, for her *Simplicity*! But I blush at the Name of *NARCISSUS*, that *beautiful Fool of Fools*, that a *Man* should pine away with a *Womanish* *Passion*, and *admire himself to Death*, as well as to the *Dishonour* of his *Sex*!

Such a *Self-Love*, as this of *Credulity* or *Ostentation*, is a *Mote* in every *Man's Eye*; it *byasses* the *Mind*, *blinds* the *Understanding*, *perverts* the *Judgment*, *depraves* the *Will*, and *corrupts* the *Reason* of the most *modest*, and otherwise, the most *perspicuous Distinguishers* of *Truth* from *Fallhood*. It utterly destroys all *Impartiality*; it renders every one ridiculously *selfish*, *singular*, and *opinionative*; it makes him so fondly *conceited of himself*, that he *prefers* his own *Art* for its *Excellency*, his own *Skill* for its *Perfection*, his own *Compositions* for their *Wit*, his own *Productions* for their *Beauty*, his

own *Children* for their Handsomness, his own *Servants* for their Fidelity, his own *Country* for its Pleasantness, and every *Thing* else that is his own, for its incomparable Fineness, far before all others of equal, if not of higher Merit, superior Quality, and the noblest Accomplishments: Whereas all Things, *his* or *mine*, on the contrary, ought to have the Preference, according to their intrinseck Worth, not Possession, or Opiniatrety. In fine, it even makes a Man's Vices, Deformities, and ill Manners, please himself, how much soever they may displease or disoblige the rest of Mankind. This Selfishness of Affection also taints Religion, and puffs the Fanaticks up with an enthusiastick Conceit of their own Purity, to the last Degree of Rage, Envy, and Madness, against loyal Churchmen. How censorious are some pretended Pharisaical Saints, that think all other People Devils, but themselves, and yet have not Charity enough to deserve the Name of Christians, for all their vaunted Piety and Goodness!

But to moderate the Matter a little on the other Hand: There's no Reason but every *Bride* should seem to be the fairest of Women in the Bridegroom's Eye; and that every *King* should believe his own Queen to be the handsomest, the finest, and

and the most *admirable lovely Lady* in the World, according to the Merit of her *Virtue*: As indeed we have one is at present the most glorious *Example of Conjugal Affection and Happiness*. Every *Bird* likes its *own Nest*, but the *Cuckoo*, that scandalous Creature, which lays its *Eggs* elsewhere to be *hatch'd* by *another's* Warmth, Care, and Indulgence. Every *Man* therefore ought to love his *own Wife* best, if she be *vertuous or honest*; and to prefer her *Embraces* above any *other Women*, let 'em be never so *beautiful or bewitching*. Let his *lawful Spouse* be what she will, lame, crooked, blind, ill-shap'd, or ugly, 'tis a *favourable Case* yet for him to be fond of her, to a Fault, to think her a *Phœnix*, and a *None-such*, or to *admire* her, even to the *Contradiction* of his Eye-sight, for the Sake of some internal *Graces* of inestimable Value. *True Love* hides all personal Disadvantages, and external Irregularities, either of *Make, Carriage, or Aspect*, from the *kind Husband*; and he cannot perceive his *Wife* to be so *hard-favour'd, or deform'd*, as to cause an *Aversion* against his own *Flesh and Blood*. Well! and after all yet, *one Ass* will seem *fair* still in the Eye of *another*, and a *Sow* will appear *beautiful* enough in the Sight of a *Boar*; for *Love and Likeness* com-

monly go together, and *Lovers* can never *dislike* what they blindly admire. But I forbear pursuing any *Odium* of the Comparison further, or interpreting it upon *human Lusts*; which are able to transform the most *beastly Hag* into a *Lady of Pleasure*.

However, in one Word more: When *Scholars*, of all Men living, that have the least Reason to overshoot themselves, become gross *Opiniators*; when they magnify themselves with monstrous *Conceits* of their super-excellent Qualifications, or Performances: When every *Author* sets up for the *best Writer*, of the first Rank, in his own Judgment, and will not allow any other to come in *Competition* with him, for *Stile*, *Wit*, or *Learning*: When such *high-flown Gentlemen* as these, I say, think no Body's *Works*, but their own, *Rarities*, or as well worth the reading, they verify this *Proverb* in the worst Sense of it, and make good my *Reflexion*, to the Disgrace of their affected *Pretensions*.

PROV.

PROV. XXXV.

After Meat comes Mustard.

Reflexion.

I Have seen *this* actually verif'd at many *Tables*, through the *Negligence* and *Oversight* of thoughtless *Servants*. When the *Beef* was all eaten up, in came the *Mustard*. When the *Guests* had done sucking their *Thumbs*, the *Napkins* were brought in to *wipe* their *Fingers*. When the *insipid Entertainment* was over, the *Pickles* and the *Sauces* were serv'd up. When *Grace after Meat* was said, the *Apple-Pye*, or the *Pudding* was thought of, to *tantalize* the *Company*: So that this *Proverb* is a quick *Reprimand* to all such forgetful, giddy-brain'd *Huffies*, that do not mind their *Master's* Business upon *entertaining* his *Friends* at *Dinner*, as they ought to do with *Order* and *Decency*; whether the *Mistress* or the *Maid* be in *Fault*, to serve their *Guests* so preposterously with *Mustard after Meat*, by a careless Sort of *Accommodation*.

But it is a *general Failing* in other Affairs, that we commonly begin to *think* too late. *Procrastinating*, and putting Things

Things off 'till to *Morrow*, argues the highest *Presumption*, as well as *Imprudence*. 'Tis not to tell what *Danger*, what *Damage*, or what *Disappointment* may proceed from *Delay*, and being *tardy* in our *Business*. If we do not take *Time* by the *Forelock*, we may bid *adieu* to the fairest *Opportunity*, either of doing our selves *Justice* upon a *critical Juncture*, or of serving a *Friend* upon a *dead List*, and a *Necessity* of doing it *now* or *never*. There's no catching hold of *Occasion* BEHIND; whether its *Baldness* (as the *Poets* phancy) or the *Swiftiness* of its *Flight*, puts it out of our *Power* to *recal* what is *past*. The *wisest* *after-Thought* can never make *Amends* for an *irrecoverable Slip* of *Vertue*. *Virginity* is brittle *Ware*, and *crack'd Maiden-heads* cannot be set together again, like *broken China*, or *Venice-Glasses*, without *discovering* the *Fault*, by *unwishing* the *Misfortune*. *Religion* it self suffers extremely by being *postpon'd* to *worldly Affairs*. Some People either cannot take *Time* from looking after their *Business*, or will not, out of a *Scruple* of *Conscience*, go to Church on *Sundays*, 'till *Prayers* are over, as if they were to be say'd by the *Sermon*, upon the *Neglect* of their *Devotion*.

We often come a *Day after the Fair*, with our foolish *Apologies* and *Excuses* for Loss of *Time*, *Credit*, or *Honour*. We rarely *think* of preventing a *Debauch* over-Night, before we are *Crop-sick*, and our *Heads ake* the next Morning. We seldom or never *consider* of preserving our *Health*, 'till it is in *Danger*, or quite *lost*. When the *Patient* is past *Recovery*, we are as busy as can be in sending for the *Doctor* to cure *Death*. But such *after-Wit* seems to be the most ridiculous *Folly* in the *World*. 'Tis *too late* to unbend the *Bow*, when it is *broken*, by a violent *Intention*. 'Tis *in vain* to fetch *Water* to quench the *Fire*, when the *House* is burn'd down to *Albes*. 'Tis the *Proverb*, to proffer a *Kindness*, when the *Danger* is over; to talk of sending *Relief*, when the *Battel* is ended; or to prescribe a *Medicine* for a *Man*, when he is *deod*. *Dispatch* is the *Soul* of *Business*, both in *Peace* and *War*, in *private*, as well as in *publick*. The *Soldier* and the *Physician*, of all *Men* living, ought to let no *Time* slip in Cases of *Life* and *Death*. A *friendly Office* must be done out of *Hand*, to *nick* the present *Extremity* of *Occasion* for't. There's no *Recovery* in the *Coffin*. The *slow*, *stoutish*, *silly* *TROJANS*, never lay'd their *Heads* together about restoring *HELENA* to the *GRECI-ANS*,

ANS, before they had experienc'd the dismal Calamities of a *ten Year's Siege*, and had lost their *Country*, or their *Lives* and *Fortunes*, for a *PUNK*; which a little *Forefight* of future Events, and the fatal *Contingences of War*, might have timely prevented by mature *Consultations* and deliberate *Resolves*, from being recorded in the *Rolls of eternal Folly* as well as *Fame* to *after-Ages*.

'Tis *biting Mustard* indeed after *Meat*, to have eaten to a mortal *Surfeit*, to have drank to a poysonous *Excess* of Intemperance, or to have done any Thing for want of a prudential *Forecast*, that we may be the *worse* for, and *repent* of having done all the *Days* of our *Lives afterwards*. *Jollity*, *Feasting*, and *Junketing*, are shrewd *Temptations* to an *unthinking Freedom*, or a *ridiculous Merry-making*; such an indiscreet *Bout*, that may prove as *fatal* as eating the notorious *Herb*, which causes a *foolish Kind of Laughing* with *Sorrow* or *Destruction* in the *End*. There's a *Sting* in the *Tail* of all unlawful *Pleasures*, *Satisfactions*, or *Delights*. When we have spent all the *Money* that we are worth, there remains still a miserable *after-Reckoning*. The most prosperous *Lewdness* never fails of an *after-Clap*, to embitter a *rash Enjoyment*. How many *Peo*

ple daily dig their own Graves, either with their Teeth, their Tongues, or their Tails, for want of good Conduct, Government, and Foresight, before they are ever aware of the ensuing Mischiefs! They do not dream of future Consequences, nor think of to Morrow, let it be never so late at Night. They cannot be persuaded to repent of their past Follies, or of their present Desperation, till they are a dying, with the Remorse of this Proverb upon their Consciences: But, as a jolly ingenious Friend of mine has this Expression often in his Mouth, 'Tis too late to pray, when the Devil's come.

P R O V. XXXVI.

Good Wine needs no Bush.

Reflexion.

Virtue is valuable for it self, and internal Goodness stands in Need of no external Flourishes. If the Wine be good, who will not commend it, in a corrupt Age of adulterating all Sorts of potable Liquor? Why, it will sufficiently recommend it self, without any BUSH, to the Palates and Custom of all those ever after,

after, who have once drank it, or have lately tasted the *true Juice* of the Grape, without Tricks of *Balderdash* and *Sophistication*. The *Vintner* needs nothing, but a *Leather Apron*, to make him a good *Cellar-man*; and then his *Wine* will be never the *worse* for Want of a jolly *BACCHUS*, a *FOUNTAIN*, a *CROWN*, a *KING'S HEAD*, or a *DEVIL* at the *Door*: If he has but *Honesty* enough, to be so ingenious as not to impose upon his *Countryman*, his *Friend*, or his *Customer*, that cannot distinguish *French* from *Spanish*, *Lisbon* from *Canary*, or *Port* from true *English Cyder*. The finest *Bunch of Grapes* that ever was hung upon a *Sign-Post*, is no infallible *Token* of a *Glass* of extraordinary neat good *Wine* within *Doors*; while the *intrinsick Worth* of a *Bottle* of *Genuine* and *Generous* never fails of pleasing a *noble Gust*, without *extrinsick Paint* and *Pageantry*, under all the *Disadvantages* of *outward Show*, *Splendor*, or *Invitation* in the *Street*; nay, even without any *Temptation* of a *fair Bar-Keeper* in the *House* over and above to force a *Trade*. But not to *preach* too long over this *Liquor*, the *Moral Sense* of the *Proverb* is for the most *Part* to be found out of *Taverns*.

'Tis no *drunken Metaphor* neither, but carries a good *sober Meaning* along with it; namely, that *excellent Persons or Things* are to be lov'd, prais'd, and admir'd, for their *own Sakes*: And it holds forth a just *Reflexion* also under the same Cover, upon our *undervaluing* those that are really good in themselves, for Want of *outward Graces*, *false Airs*, or a *gawdy Aspect*. *Counterfeits* have commonly the *finest Looks*, and make the most tearing *Figure* on the *Outside*: For the *Cheat* would never take else with any tolerable *Impression* upon the *Beholder*, if it was not dress'd up to the best Advantage of *Gaiety* and *Admiration*. But in Opposition to the fantastical Humour of emulating *Butter-flies* in the *Glorie* of external Dress, we commonly say, **A GOOD FACE NEEDS NO BAND**: And what Necessity of *Set-offs*, to a perfect *Beauty*? *Patches* do but hide the *Features*, and *deface Nature*, as if the fair *Lady* study'd *Deformity*, was industrious to make herself *ugly*, or *less charming*, and had resolv'd to wear the *Blemishes* of her *Mind* upon her *Forehead*. Such artificial *Fanshions*, as *Spots* and *Spangles*, painting the *Cheeks red and white*, and all the Colours of the *Rainbow*, or the *Peacock's Tail* in Apparel, are the livelyest *Emblems* of *inward Frailties*, and only display our *Vanity*

nity, of the secret Vices of the Soul, to publick View. Good Women, like good Wine, need no Bush of false Hair, and no superficial Allurements to render themselves either agreeable or happy; they want no Fallals, no Washes, no Plaistering like whited Walls, to make their Fortunes upon the Cheat of a forc'd unnatural Complexion, a perfum'd Breath, or a stolen Beauty. When a young jaunty Widow appears with so much borrow'd Lustre in her joyful Mourning, as Pride, Art, and Money, can furnish, she might as well have hung out the Sign of a second Marriage, with a tempting Motto upon it, of her first Husband's being quite forgotten in a Month's Time; or have put up a Bill at the Door, to tell the World, that *this House is to be let, enquire within, and know farther*, to your Satisfaction; for, GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH. Such a gay flaunt'ring Appearance of our faithless Relict, will be as good as a NOVENT UNIVERSE, that the Widow is a Woman still every Inch of her, and a Wanton into the Bargain.

But we ought to look farther than the Surface of Things, and not so lightly skim over the Water like Swallows, to find whether it is fordable; we ought to dive deeper into the Breasts of People, and search
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out the *inmost Recesses* of their *Hearts*, to discover their real *Dispositions* of Mind, as to *Temper* and *Merit*, or *Faith*, *Goodness*, and *Vertue*. There's no trusting to a fine *Frontispiece* ; no believing of *external Embellishments*, without knowing what *Order*, what *Furniture*, and what *Excellency* is in that stately *Edifice*. The *Gods* may be *without*, while the *Devils* are *within* ; a *Saint* in the *Face*, may be a *Fiend* at *Heart* ; the *Out-houses* may be fair to look upon, but the *inner Rooms* unadorn'd, ghastly, or disagreeable. *Painted Sepulchres* are always full of *Rottenness* and *Corruption*. So that to come nearer to the Point in Question, the *visible Ornaments* of the Body, how glorious soever, are no true *Criteria* of the *invisible Worth*, *Honour*, and *Nobleness* of the Soul. The *Church of Rome* is no better for her *Haughtiness*, and *Ostentation* of a pretended *Visibility*, or setting up her *Candle* so *high* ; for *Humility* (and, I had like to have said, *Obscurity* too ; but we are not so much in the *Dark* yet) is the best *Mark* of a *good Christian*, or a *true Catholick*. A Man may be *learned*, without a *long Wig* : *False Hair* cannot make any one *wise*. He may be a *moral good Man*, without *swaggering* about like a *Mountebank* in *rich Cloaths*, all over *lac'd*, perhaps, to shew his *Foppery*

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pery, and expose the Vanity of making
 his *Back* indebted to his *Pocket*, for all
 the *Gold* and *Silver* he carries about him.
 He wants no fulsome *Beau-Neckcloth*, to
 be in Fashion still, and countenanc'd a-
 mong Men of Sense and Sobriety, of
 Knowledge and Literature, or of Gene-
 rosity, Probity, and Reservedness. His
Conversation will always be singularly
taking, and highly agreeable for its own
Worth alone. He has no Occasion to put
 his *Head* upon a *Sign*, to make himself
 known by exposing his *Picture*, or to pro-
 claim the *Simplicity* of his Mind, as well
 as the general *Approbation* of his natural
 Parts and Endowments. HERMES, SE-
 NECA, and ERASMUS, are not so much
 oblig'd to our *Chymists*, *Apothecaries*, or
Book-sellers, for perpetuating their Me-
 mories, by putting *them* up to distinguish
 and countenance their *Shops*; for *they*
 have been so famous through all Ages for
 profound *Wit* and *Learning*, that they ne-
 ver stood in need of those Helps to make
 their Works *vendible*. Their excellent
Writings will be had in everlasting *Esteem*
 and *sell*, without giving publick Notice
 to put us in Mind of 'em, 'till *Ingenuity*
Knowledge, and *Morality* it self, shall be-
 come a *Drug*, and no Body will take their
 inestimable *Books* off-a-Hand. St. GEORGE

on Horse-back, before an Inn-keeper's Door, is no certain Argument, that a brave national Champion lives there, or that Travellers shall have any better Accommodation, and civiler Usage, for his trampling upon the Dragon. Kings and Princes did not use to keep their Courts at Ale-Houses, though their Heads are up there, in my Opinion, to the great Disgrace of their high Birth and Quality: For that popular Custom does no Honour to their Memories, and cannot excuse the Affront, or the Indignity, which looks like posting them only for Cowards, Drinkards, or Whore-masters: Neither can we, upon that Account of Royal Pomp, and Parade in Effigie, expect the more noble Treatment, either from the Tap or the Table of the little pimping Master of a Tippling or a Victualling-House. I would say one Thing more upon this Head, by the By, without Censure, that the SOVEREIGN LORD OF THE UNIVERSE needs no Orator, wants none of our Praises, Prayers, or Harangues, none of our lively Representations of Happiness, either to meliorate or magnify HEAVEN. All our Services are unprofitable still; no Addition to Infinity; no Obligation upon the supreme Goodness. Some Men are too familiar with our Saviour, as if they were his

Chronies, or his intimate *Acquaintance*. A Person that should drink a *good Health* to GOD ALMIGHTY, would be look'd upon to be either *drunk* or *mad*, or ignorant to the very Height of Stupidity.

In short, *he* that sells a *good Commodity* in any Kind, whether he be a *Merchant*, a *Mercer*, a *Haberdasher* of *small Wares*, a *Vintner*, or what you please, will never want *Customers*. People need not much *courting* to *buy* there again, where they have once made a *good Market*. There's no Occasion for any *Ceremony* at the *Shop-Door*, to invite them in. They will certainly go *thither* of themselves, where they have been faithfully dealt with upon the *Word* of an honest Man; and his *Chapmen* all know, that he verifies the *Proverb* of *good Wine needing no Bush*, to all Intents, Principles, and Purposes, by his own just Way of Trafficking, or in *selling* that, which will both do the *Buyer* good Service, and get himself great Credit in the Commonwealth. In a Word, such a *trading Proverb* as this, requires no farther *Descant* upon it; but must needs pass *current*, without any other *Certificate* or *Credentials*, than *Experience*, throughout the whole World.

P R O V. XXXVII.

It is good to make *Hay*, while the
Sun shines.

Reflexion.

HOW many People have got *Estates* by this ~~Proverb~~, and made an excellent *Harvest* on't! It is as plain as the *Sun*, that *Summer* does not last *always*. It is not always *fair Weather*; which, methinks, may pass for a very good Argument, that we ought to make the best *Use* of our *Time* in an honest Way, when it serves our *Turn*, when it is *seasonable*, when the *Sun shines*, and seems to *smile* upon our *Affairs*, or to *favour*, if not also to *flatter* our *Enterprizes*. Every *Undertaking* ought to be *tim'd* according to the nice *Punctillo's* of nicking the *Opportunity*, that fairly offers it self to our *Consideration* and *Interest*. If we let the *Sun* slip into a *Cloud*, or discharge a *Shower of Rain*, the *Business* of *Hay-making* will be over for that *Bout*. We must quit the *Field* then, upon neglecting the *Serenity* of the *Day*: And if we *loiter* away the *Light*, or spend our *Time* in *Vanity* and in *Idleness*, upon such pressing and inviting Oc-
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casions;

casions ; if we stay too long any where by the *Avocation* of *Drinking*, or good *Company*, and lose an *Advantage* by unnecessary *Delay*, improper *Satisfaction*, or impertinent *Delight*, we may then thank our selves for it at *Leisure* ; we may then bid *good Night*, NICHOLAS, (according to the jocular *Phrase* of a certain jolly *Toper*) the *Moon's* in a *Flock-Bed*. Indeed, we may repent of the *Omission* ; but the *Proverb* does neither *pardon* our *Mistake*, nor *forgive* our *Imprudence*, upon a serious *Reflexion* of the *Immorality*.

Time is so ticklish a *Point*, that it demands the most *critical Observation*. The *Story* of *FRYAR BACON'S Brazen Head*, is well enough known, whether it be believ'd or not, for saying, *TIME WAS, and TIME IS, and TIME WILL NEVER BE AGAIN* : But, true or false, I am sure the *Moral* of it cannot but be well worth our *Attention* and *Practice* ; that is, to watch the silent *Motions* of *Time*, and make a *seasonable Use* of our *swiftest Minutes*, in all the urgent *Affairs* of our *Lives* ; which, perhaps, may require an immediate *Dispatch* before the *Sun sets*, to prevent all *Disappointments* and *Miscarriages*, that may happen by a *dilatory Carelessness* e'er it rises again in our *Hemisphere*. Forty *Virtuoso's* fancy they had got the *PHILOSOPHER'S*

SOPHER'S STONE, but for this Oversight, through some unlucky Neglect or other, and either some Misunderstanding, Mismanagement, or Misfortune of the PRESENT TENSE: That golden Juncture, in the Opinion of our credulous, as well as sedulous Alchymists, when SOL appears to glorify the Operation of their Hands, and reward their Labour with inexpressible Riches, by no less a Miracle than the Power of transmuting all imperfect Metals into Gold and Silver. O wonderful Mystery! strange Magick indeed! This is more than making Hay while the Sun shines. But however that be, there's no dallying with Now or Never, and no deliberating upon a downright Duty. It must be done out of Hand, like firing a Piece; we must not flash in the Pan only, but make the Gun go off, and discharge a good Conscience ipso facto, without Hesitation, humming and hawing, or wavering in the least from a positive Obligation. FELIX ought not to have put off the great St. PAUL to another Time, but to have given him a present Hearing, upon the Voice of divine Inspiration, as well as his own trembling Conviction at the Truth of the Apostle's powerful and perswasive Doctrine. Delays argue the unmanly Chagrin, either of a Fool or a Knave; and are as dange-

rous to the full, as they are *imprudent* or *cowardly*. *Dilatory Proceedings* seldom ever prove to be *sincere* at the Bottom. *Deferring* our Obedience to a lawful *Command*, looks like shuffling with the *higher Powers*, and halting betwixt *Duty* and *Interest*, in Hopes to play *our own Game* in the *Event* of a dubious *Affair* : But these politick Practices and *Put-offs*, are as rarely *successful* in the *End*, as they are *honest* or *honourable* in the *Beginning*. Let the *Sky* fall, *Justice* ought to be *done*, without *doubting*, *lingering*, and *disputing*, whether we should trust *GOD* with his *Providence*, and *MEN* with their *Rights*. Heaven loves no *demurring* in *Religion*, and allows no *controverting* of *Principles of Faith* to be necessary to *Salvation*. What signifies human *Deliberation*, and groping in the *Dark*, when the *Deity* hath said it, and the *Light* of the *GOSPEL* shines in our *Faces* ?

But this *Proverb*, after all, is too often taken by the wrong *Handle*. The unconstant *Temporizer* interprets it in Favour of his own *snister Ends* and *Designs*, of making his *Fortune* upon a prosperous *Revolution* at *Court*. The cunning *Trimmer* calculates it to the *Humour* of shifting *Scenes*, and changing *Principles* upon *Occasion*, for his own *Security*, *Preservation*,

or *Preferment*. The corrupt *Ambidexter* of a *Lawyer*, expounds *it* for his own *Lucre*, upon making a *good fat Term* on't, *right or wrong*. The mercenary *Courtier* fills his own *Pockets* and his *Coffers* with *it*, upon a favourable *Opportunity* of *embezzelling* and *purloining*. The unjust *Steward* thrives upon *it* in the *Summer* of his *Prosperity*; reaps a plentiful *Harvest* from his *Lord* and *Master's Gleanings*, and grows as rich as a gathering *Pismire*, that abundantly provides against the *Adversities* of a coming *Winter*, or the *Miseries* of *Poverty* and *Want*. The common *Filt* manages her easy *Cully* by't, and makes the most she can of the *Milk-sop*, while he is in a good *generous* *Humour*, in a *giving* *Temper* of *Mind*, and has any *Thing*, either of *Money* or *Goods*, left to *ruin* himself, to *purchase* the *Pox*, and to *pay* for his own *Destruction*. They must all *make Hay* (*Forfooth*) *while the Sun shines*, or NEVER; never meet with such a glorious *Opportunity* again of *enriching* themselves with the *Spoils* of other *People's Estates*. And thus this good, honest, industrious *Proverb*, is made a *Stalking-Horse* to the grossest *Villanies*, and wire-drawn to countenance a thousand base *Practices* of the *temporizing* and *trimming* of *Turn-Coats*, of *Bribery*, *Subornation*, and *Perjury*, of
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Cheating and Fraud, of Extortion and Theft, of Oppression and Injustice, of Adultery, Fornication and Murder, which is the Consummation of all Iniquity upon Earth. I had like to have forgot *one* more, among the many *others*, and that is, the *diligent Debauchee*; who makes it his sole Business to wrest this vertuous *Sentence*, to the carrying on of his own dishonourable *Intrigues*; he loses no Time in Pursuit of his Prey; he lets pass no Moment, either of *Opportunity* or *Importunity*, to gratify his *Lewdness*; he watches all *Hours*, studies *Night and Day* to gain his Point upon a deluded *Innocence*, and to find out the *critical Minute* of a favourable, filthy, fatal *Compliance*. But notwithstanding all these Misapplications of our ADAGE, the true *Meaning* of it, on the other Hand, is highly *moral*. It is rather a great Encouragement to *Vertue and Goodness*, than to *vicious Pranks*. It teaches us to let no *Time* of doing our selves good Service, slip through our Fingers; and to lose no *Opportunity* of preserving our *Reputation* in any difficult Streights, which often seems to be put into our Hands by a *providential Care*. There must be no *If* or *And* in the Case; no *Delay*, no *dallying*; no *deferring* of the Matter, no *rambling Thoughts*, no *following of false Fires*; but

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to stick close to the *Text* of our *Duty*, and never launch out into *Ambiguities*, or *doubtful Resolves*. I appeal to all the unfortunate *Ladies of Pleasure* about Town, at this *present Juncture*, who have generally been *undone* by their fickle *Deliberations*, and foolish *Doubts*, concerning the happy State of *Honesty*, for the Truth of the following *Affertion*. *Vertue* is gone, when it comes to *capitulating*, and talking of *Terms*, or *another Time*. *She* must stand to't, in all *critical Conjunctions* of *Temptation* or *Attack*. *She* is impregnable, and fears neither *Storm* nor *Tempest*, to make her *surrender*. *She's* Proof against *Corruption* or *Violence*, and wants no *Time* to consider of the Defence of her *Innocency*. *She* defies the *Assault*, and vanquishes the *Assailant*, both at once. *She* triumphs, without *any more ado*, like the victorious *Sun*; and without any other Ceremony, disperses the flying *Cloud*, that would have *overshadow'd* her *Glory*. *She* never pleads a *Demurrer* against her *Adversary*, but baffles him upon the *first Hearing*. *She* knows, that *Modesty* once lost, can never be *recover'd* in any *Court of Justice* or *Conscience*: No; such *Jewels* cannot be found *THERE* again, nor even in those very *Places of Pastime*, where they were formerly lost; lost only for want

want of a little *Resolution* or *Resistance*; for want of exerting a Point of Honour upon the *fairest Opportunity* of conquering with Ease, in the Struggle, and of making *Hay while the Sun shines*.

We have a very notable old Country-Roundel, to this Effect:

*He that will not, when he may;
When he will, he shall have nay.*

It is but good Manners for every Man, Woman, and Child, to take what is given them by their *Betters*, for Fear of being deny'd after, when they have a Mind to't. He that will not accept of an *Opportunity*, either of doing himself *Justice*, or an Honour, when it is once kindly offer'd, may at length, perhaps, find his own Error and Repentance in the *Refusal*, as well as lose the *Benefit* of this **Proverb** for ever afterwards, in a total *Eclipse* of his Fortune. We must *strike while the Iron is hot*, if we would make any *Work* on't, even from *Mechanicks*, or hammering a *Horse-shoe* in a *Smith's Shop*, to higher Things, nobler *Employments*, and the *Sun's shining* in the Heavens, for far more illustrious *Undertakings* also than *Hay-making*. The *Sun* will not stand still for *Us*, as it did in *JOSHUA's Time* upon *GIBEON*;

nor *slacken* its Course for such slow, negligent, idle, trifling, insignificant Mortals as *we* are, upon little *Occasions* of Husbandry, Livelihood, Learning, Ambition, or Preferment; nor upon any *other* neither of less Moment, than where the Glory of *Omnipotence*, and infinite *Veracity* or *Goodness*, may be highly *concern'd*. And yet we ought not to let the *Sun* go down upon our *Wrath*, or our *Impenitence*; neither ought we to let it conclude our *Sluggishness*, by a violent Presumption of promising our selves an uncertain *to-Morrow*. We do not deserve to *eat*, before we have done our *Duty* for't; we should not *sleep*, before we are reconcil'd to this **Proverb**; and never lead such *lazy*, or *unactive* Lives, as not to *make Hay while the Sun shines*; not to be doing something still, that is either proper to the *Occasion* of the Day, the *Invitation* of the Weather, or the *Exigency* of human Affairs. The great APELLES, how *assiduous* was he! who thought his *Time* lost, without some excellent *Line* to crown his *daily Labour*! Who can doubt this notorious *Truth* then, that a Man of any honest *Calling*, or *Profession*, would do well to be *industrious* in all *Weathers*, either *foul* or *fair*? It becomes him to be all *Life*, *Action*, and *Vigour*, to be active as the *Light*, busy as a laborious

laborious or a laden *Bee*, and as diligent as any toiling, tann'd *Hay-maker* in the Field, upon a *Sun-shiny Day*, for the *publick Good*. In short, he that will not *WORK* when the *Season* serves, and the *Fineness* of the Weather invites him even to a *Blush* at his own *Laziness*, will *want*; and there's an *End* of the *Sluggard's Idleness*. Go to the *Ant* then, thou *Sot*, and learn more *Wisdom*; for *Winter* will come.

Well! and therefore, O ye charming *Birds*! leave your airy *Notes*; begin to make your *Nests* in Time, upon the approaching *Season*; for it will not always be *Summer*. O ye blooming beardless *Youths*! leave your wanton *Gayeties*, prepare to improve your *Parts* upon a growing *Reason*; for *Age* will not always be green and flourishing. The *Fall* of the *Leaf* will come on apace. Do not *sing* and *dance* away either the *Spring*, or the *Summer* of your *Lives*, like the lazy *Grass-hopper*; but provide at *present* something that is solid and substantial for *Future*, not to be upbraided with *Beggary*, or *starving* upon the Declension of your *Years*. 'Tis a miserable Thing to *want*; to *want* in *Winter* too, and to *beg* up to the *Knees* in *Dirt* and *Mire*. *Winter* lasts a long Time, and *old Age* must be
main-

maintain'd ; for the *hoary Head* does not melt immediately, like *Snow*, nor dissolve into *Mortality* upon every Change of Weather. This, this, ought to be deeply imprinted upon the *Minds* of young Men, or worn upon their *Breasts*, for a perpetual *Memorandum* of a *provident Industry*, in laying up for themselves a competent *Maintenance* against the *evil Day* ; a *Day*, when the *Sun* does not shine, and they are past their *Labour*. This is also a proper *Lesson* for Parents to teach by Experience, and for Children to learn by Example. 'Tis a *seasonable Hint* to give our *Sons* and *Daughters* good Education in their *Minority* ; to breed them up betimes to *Learning*, *Vertue*, and an *honest*, as well as a *genteel Character* in the *World* ; and to fortify them, *Body* and *Soul*, at last, with the truest Principles of *Philosophy*, against all the *Casualties*, either of Adversity, Affliction, or Infirmary, because we cannot promise them, that they shall always be *healthful*, or that *Fortune* will always be *prosperous* and *benign*.

P R O V. XXXVIII.

Need makes the old Wife trot.

Reflexion.

TROT to Market, and *trudge* farther a-foot too for the *Necessaries* of Life, for *Food* and *Raiment*, or to fetch *Fire*, as far as CUMBERLAND, to keep Body and Soul together, to support *old Age*, to satisfy *Hunger*, to prevent *starving*, for want of the comfortable *Subsistences* of human Nature.

Need also makes the *young* and *lusty*, as well as the *old* and *infirm*, go a *trotting* apace, to relieve their *Wants*. It forces *Men* too as well as *Women*, and *Maids* as well as *Wives*, to stir their *Stumps*, in order to get their *Living*, and procure their *daily Maintenance*. But I do not mean, that they should run *bare-foot* to LORETTO, on Purpose to *pray for Bread and Cheese*; neither do I believe, that the doing of the *Pennance of a Goose*, would afford 'em any better *Support*, or bestow upon 'em any greater *Blessing of Relief*.

But the Power of *Necessity* must needs be very *great* indeed, when it puts *old People*, that have one Foot in the *Grave*,

to their Trumps; when it makes the *Cripple* walk, the *Weak* strong, the *Decrepit* active and nimble, notwithstanding the Infirmities of *Fourscore*, and the languid Decays of their *aged Bodies*. It gives *Vigour* and *Life* to the most languishing, or feeble *Starvling*. It makes the *Laziest* find his Legs. It forces the *Lame* to travel without a *Leader*. It compels the *Blind* to go a begging without a *Guide*. He excites the most *Obstinate*, either to lead or drive at the Will and Pleasure of his *Master*. And, as this *Phrase* is otherwise comically express'd, *Need makes the naked Man run*, or *the naked Quean spin*; I suppose, to cover their *Nakedness*. And it is well done, both to *hide* their *Shame*, and to *keep out* the *Cold*.

NEED likewise (and more the Pity) often puts *indigent* People upon doing ill Things; as *Robbing on the High-way*, *House-breaking*, *Shop-lifting*, *Pilfering*, and other such *unlawful Pranks*; which seldom or never fail of carrying them on to the *Place of Execution*, that takes *Care* of such *Offenders* once for all. And farthermore, it transports them beyond their *Duty* of being *diligent* only, and *industrious* in their several Callings, upon a very *false Argument*; for, they say, *Necessity has no Law*. Now, this is a gross *Mistake*, as they interpret

interpret it, on Behalf of their *unjustifiable Practices*; for the *Law* it self has sufficiently provided *Relief* for the *Poor*, the *Oppress'd*, the *Necessitous*. Besides, it has also set *Bounds* to all the villainous Transactions of supplying our *Wants*. It has prepar'd *Gibbets* and *Halters* for *Thieves*, *Traytors*, *Murderers*, and such like *Malefactors*; so that it will never be a good *Apology*, to plead our *Necessities* against the *Punishments* either of our *Idleness*, or of our *Iniquity*. For, in short, there is no *Necessity* but this, not to do Evil upon any urgent *Necessity* whatsoever, where by a Man may soon *forfeit* his *Livelihood* and *lose* his *Reputation of Honesty*, which would otherwise *maintain* him handsomely in some publick *Business*, or private *Concern* of the *Commonweal*. No Mortal was ever yet *forc'd* to do *Injustice*, but by the *Impulse* of his own *Wickedness*, or for want of a good *Conscience*. But where *Need* meets with an ill *Inclination*, though it may make *Provision* enough for a Family at the present, yet it generally *suffer* for't in the End, and finds at last, that the most plausible *Necessity* must be govern'd by the *Law*.

The *Ancients* have taken this *Proverb* in another Sense, over and above the *Hardships* of *Necessity*, or *Indigence*; e

ther upon a mistaken Notion of an irresistible *Fatality* in all sublunary Affairs, or upon a wrong understanding of what the *Philosophers* call *Fate*; which is the eternal, immutable, uncontrollable Course, and Coherence of Things, necessarily falling out so or so, and not otherwise, in Spite of all human Opposition, Providence, or Prevention. They thought that the Gods themselves were not able to resist this Force, or grapple with this Necessity; and that they were all Slaves to the invincible Decrees of *Fate*. There was no avoiding the Judgment, no awarding the Blow, no contending with the direful Darts, no conquering the potent Arms of Destiny. 'Twas in vain, they imagin'd, to controul its unalterable Dictates, or to contradict its arbitrary Commands. There could be no tampering with the insuperable, and no prevailing with the inexorable Goddess, to surmount the Difficulties of a condemn'd Life. I wish some of our modern Authors have not misconstru'd this Opinion of the ancient Moralists, and made a wrong Use on't, by wresting of it to a *Fatality* in Religion, as well as a *Reprobation* in Manners, upon enslaving the Will, which ought to be as free as the Air is, for Action. But it would be a hard Saying, a *durum telum* indeed, a Weapon of Despair; who

could bear it? To ascribe *Poverty* and *Want* to *Fate*, and to make Men *miserable* by an *inevitable Decree* of Heaven. Whereas the *divine Goodness* seems plainly to have left us the greatest *Liberty* of being *laborious*, and given us the *freest Powers*, as well as the *propereſt Faculties*, to be *industriouſly* happy in this World. And where's the *Doubt*, when *Providence* hath ſo manifeſtly eſtabliſh'd a *Free-will* in all the *Actions* of our *Lives*? There's no *Fatality* in the Caſe of being *needy*, or of living in *Neceſſity*. But every Man has the *Freedom* of getting his *daily Bread*, if he will but take Pains for't; though he *earn* it with the *Sweat of his Brow*, under the moſt tiresom Difficulties of *Toil* and *Fatigue*, or the moſt preſſing Exigencies of this *Proverb*. Suppose this *Liberty* then, the very *Prerogative* of Reason, attended with the Bleſſing of *Health*, as well as the *right Uſe* of our *Limbs*, and *Labour overcomes all Things* in the common Vogue of the whole World.

PROV.

PROV. XXXIX.

No longer Pipe, no longer Dance.

Reflexion.

NO longer *play the Fool*, no longer please some People. Dancing to the Tune of *Hey-go-mad*, is a wonderful *Diversion* among both Sexes, in this *frisking Age* of a mistaken Gallantry; when *Fashion* intrenches upon *Learning*, *Foppery* jüstles out good *Education*, and the *Gesticulation* of the *Body* is preferr'd far before the more noble *Instruction* of the *Mind*. No; and so passionately fond also are young Folks of turning themselves into *Anticks*, with the ridiculous *Motions* of their Hands and Feet, that they can make a Shift to dance sometimes *without a Fiddle* too, rather than fail: Which is more than the *Proverb* ever intended.

But so much for the Musick of the *Pipe*, or the Formality of *dancing* to't; the familiar *Allusion* of which, will carry us on to the Consideration of *higher Things* couch'd under this gamboling Emblem. While a *Gentleman* lives in *Prosperity*, he shall be surrounded with little *humble Servants* innumerable to *dance Attendance* to his Com-

mands ; especially, if they have any *Dependence* upon being the *better* for his *Friendship*, or his *good Fortune* : But if a *Cloud* comes, and overspreads his *Glory* ; if his former *Splendor* chances to be overcast with the thinnest *Veil* of *Adversity*, they are all gone in that *Instant*, like so many flying *Shadows* ; and he is left *alone*, at last, as much *forsaken* as the *Bird* in the *Fable*, upon the forlorn *Hope* of ever *overcoming* his *Affliction*. This puts me in *Mind* of the famous *NAT. LEE*'s unfortunate *Song* (as I have heard) in *Bedlam*, than which I never saw a better, or a more ingenious *Translation* from the *Latin*, to this Purpose ; viz.

*If Fortune wrap thee warm,
Then Friends about thee swarm,
Like Bees about a Honey-Pot :
But if Dame Fortune frown,
And cast thee fairly down,
By Jove, thou may'st lie there, and rot!*

Vulgar Friendship seldom lasts longer than the *Pot* boils, according to the *Poet*. As long as the *Spunger* can be kindly entertain'd upon *free Cost*, so long he's your *Friend*. Where he finds himself *welcome* to a good *Dinner*, he is infinitely *oblig'd*, and acknowledges a thousand hearty *Returns*

turns of the Lip for the mighty *Favour*; though, perhaps, his *Gratitude* does not out-last the *Digestion*. If he *smells* the next *Feast*, no Doubt but he will make as good a *Guest* again, as any of 'em all at the *Board*; he'll be as *complaisant* to the full, as if he had never *din'd* there *before* in his *Life*; and it may be, not think of his *Thanks* for that *Bout*, 'till the next Opportunity of *stuffing* his Carcass at the same Table. However, he'll shew an *inexpressible Regard*, at least, for his present *Benefactor*, while the *Meat's* in his Mouth; but after the Repetition of never so many *Entertainments*, his *Respect* and his *Victuals* will both go down the same Way into the *Draught*, and forthwith either *stink* on the *Dunghill*, or grow *stale* in *Oblivion*. In short, the *Friendship* of those we call *Trencher-Friends*, will never survive an *empty Plate*, nor approve of the *Voider*, 'till the next *Bill of Fare* is appointed, and an immediate *Rendezvous* of Drinking, Revelling, or going to see a *Play*, stops their Mouths, and prevents any farther Enquiry for a *new Repast*, or another *Assignment*. But such *Smell-Feasts* and *sharping Parasites* as these, in the *Days of Tore*, have been always honourably *discarded* by judicious Persons from the common *Benefits of Hospitality*.

'Tis a *precarious* Thing now-a-days to do a Man a *Kindness*; and there is no *Insurance-Office* for *Gratitude*. The shaking of Hands with *Belly-Friends*, and keeping open House for *Sharks*, will not intitle the hospitable Person to their Help and Relief, against the sudden *Misfortunes* either of *Fire*, or of any other calamitous *Accident*. But this is the best Way to distinguish a *Friend* from a *Flatterer*, and to discover a false-hearted *Hanger on*. There's no *Credit* now to be given, without this *Proverb's* answering for't. No longer pay, no longer *trust*, is the Word. *Honour* signifies nothing, if a Gentleman does not keep *Touch* to the Day. But a Principle of *Honesty* is not so strictly ty'd up to a *Point of Time*, as that it may not often *out-last* the Date of an Obligation, and *out-live* the longest Delay. *Ready Money* truly seems to be the great *Cement* of modern *Friendship*. It makes all our *spunging Hangers-on* stick closest to their Pretensions, and cling the longest about their generous *Supporters*, in Expectation of more additional *Kindnesses*. Whence came this comical Saying, *No Penny, no Pater-noster*, but from *pecuniary Indulgences*? As if a Person could not say his *Prayers*, without *Money* in his Pocket to keep out the *Devil*. And yet so it frequently

quently falls out, in a *religious Sense*, among the *Romish Priests*, that a *poor Penitent* shall not have half so many *Masses* (if any) said for his Soul upon a *monyless Departure*, as a *rich Benefactor* to the Church; either to *absolve* him from all his Sins, upon a *bountiful Confession* while living, or to *pray* him out of *Purgatory*, in a Trice, when he is dead. A *mercenary Religion* indeed, to think of purchasing *Salvation* with *Money*, and of *buying Heaven* at so cheap a Rate!

But, all *sacred Ceremony* apart: True *moral Friendship* does not depend, either upon *Complement*, or *Flattery*. A *Friend* will be always best known in *Adversity*; which is the sole *Touchstone* of a real *Fidelity*, or an unfeign'd *Kindness*. 'Tis no *Tryal of Sincerity* and *Truth*, to *dance* only while the *Pipe* plays; to profess an *infinite Obligation* no longer, than the *Favour* lasts; or to protest *Myriads* upon *Myriads* of good *Wishes* for a kind-hearted *Fautor*, just so long as he is able to continue his *Liberalties*: And no longer, than while the *thankless Receiver* sees that *Fortune* still smiles upon his *bountiful Benefactor*, and seems to *pay the generous Piper* plentifully enough to make *Amends* for the *Ingratitude* of an *oblig'd Hypocrite*. No *Memory* can be so *treacherous*, as to forget

get an *everlasting Bounty* receiv'd of a Person in *Prosperity*; but the *Mind* may be so *ungrateful*, as not to *acknowledge* it to him in *Distress*, nor study any *Requital* for it, upon the *unfortunate Change* of his Condition. But however, *he* that is so much *oblig'd* in Conscience, ought to accompany his *real Friend* in all *Fortunes*, as well in the *Bad* as the *Good*, and to stand by him in all *Afflictions*; never to leave him in the *Lurch*, nor to let him want *Assistance*, as a *faithful Confederate*, to conquer his avow'd *Enemies*, and force them to an *honourable*, as well as a *lasting Peace*: For a *Friend* in Time of *NEED* (and no *other*) is a *Friend* in *DEED*.

And yet so it is, that this *Proverb* appears to be *true* still on the contrary. An *adverse State of Life* shall rarely be attended with any kinder *Companions*, or meet with more grateful *Acquaintance*, than such as *JOB's Comforters*, to pervert his *REASON*, to advise him to deny his *GOD*, and to *send him sooner out of the World*. *MISFORTUNE* will ever have few or no *Friends*. Unthankful People, though they have had *twenty good Turns* done 'em formerly, will *dance* no longer, than they have the *Musick of the Proverb* to oblige 'em still for their *Pains*; and *budge* no farther neither, than they have *Money* to pay

pay 'em for their *contin'd Services*. In a Word, the *Troubles of OVID* under Banishment, forc'd him to weep and lament the hard Fate of this *Proverb*, for want of a *fast Friend* at Court, upon the *Silence* of his *Muse* there; though his *Sorrows* were ingenious still under all his *Sufferings* in Exile, and only made him *sing* the more *sweetly*. To say no more then; a *true* and *faithful Friend* is scarce to be found any where in a *doubtful Matter*, or a *difficult Misfortune*.

P R O V. XL.

After *sweet Meat* comes *sowre Sauce*.

Reflexion.

THE *Physician* will vouch for't, both in *Sickness* and in *Health*. It has every one's *Probatum* to't. *Poets*, *Orators*, *Pedagogues*, and all use it, as an approv'd *Maxim* of *Welfare*. 'Tis an excellent *Precept*, as well as a *moral Caution* of living *temperately* and *prudently* in the *World*.

Every *Boy* that is *whipp'd* at *School* for playing *Truant*, finds *this* experimentally *true* upon his *Posteriors*. After all his *Sports*,

Sports, his Mirth, or his Sweet-Meats, he is sure to come off yet with Sorrow and sowre Sauce, at last, for his Wagery. If his tender Parents indulge him at Home, to the taking of any such unlawful Liberties Abroad, he nevertheless generally meets with a second Busby, for Integrity and Justice, in the Management of School-Discipline, who cannot in Conscience spare the Lash, and spoil his Scholar, to gratify either the faulty Fondling, or the Fautors of his Offence. He could not but know the Proverb better, than to be tardy out of Ignorance, or hope to escape the Severity of it upon the Conviction of his Crime, as well as the sowrest Correction for't: Since no Lesson is more frequently inculcated than this, or sooner learn'd by various Repetitions of it to the same Effect; as, after a Sun-shine comes a Cloud; after fair Weather comes foul; after Joy comes Sorrow. 'Tis as common a Rule of Vertue and good Manners, to make an idle Boy smartly sensible of his Error, after some unallowable Recreations and Diversions, how agreeable soever they may be to his negligent rambling Humour for the present, as it is of Cookery and good House-keeping, for sweet Meat to have sowre Sawce, if it must not be insipid to the Guests: And all his kind MOTHER'S Sugar-Plums shall

shall not prevent, sweeten, or allay the Bitterness of his just, angry, offended Master's Punishment.

This Proverb is not so purely scholastic yet, nor so boyish neither, but the biggest and oldest of us Men may go to School again, to hear the Wisdom of its Instruction, and to learn more Discretion by it, than we daily practice in one Passage or another of our Lives. But after all the Sowness of the old Saying, it admits of some Comfort and Consolation of Amendment for the Time to come, or of better Things for the Future; as it is often inverted on the other Hand, and holds as true also vice versa; that, *The Sun shines bright after dark Clouds; The Sky clears up after rainy Weather; and Joy succeeds Grief in Course*, as commonly as a profound Calm follows a violent Storm: Which ought not however to set us upon Tip-toe for the next Opportunity, nor encourage us to a second Transgression, lest we should soundly smart for our Confidence afterwards, and consequently turn the Proverb the other Way again upon our own Backs. SOLOMON had a Rod for the greatest Fool in Nature; and it is our own Fault if we suffer by't in our old Days. Young Fools are excusable, now and then, through Inadvertency, or want of Judgment

ment and Deliberation ; but old Folks that should know better Things, are never to be pardon'd for stumbling upon this Proverb, and swallowing it whole ; nor pity'd neither, when they come to chew the bitter Cud of it in a sad after-Thought, and a relenting Memorial.

I shall venture to say then, whatever is *excessive and unreasonable*, either in our *Actions*, or our *Passions and Appetites*, to a *Surfeit* ; either in *eating or drinking*, to *Gluttony* ; either in *Point of Mirth, Wit, or Wantonness*, to *Intemperance* ; of *Lust, Lechery, or Lewdness*, to *Iniquity*, will certainly make the *sweetest Meat* we can eat, rise as *sowre as a Crab* in our *Stomachs*. It *turns the Blood*, *sharpens it into Pins and Needles*, and *poisons the whole Constitution*. How many *lamentable Instances* of this *Truth* are dying daily in the very *Gall and Bitterness* of their *Souls* after the most *delicious Enjoyments* of the *World* ; when *Life* only lingers upon the *Disgust* of those *nauseous Satisfactions*, which have now *enhanc'd the Smart and the Torment* of their *Miseries*, to the *Despair* of surviving them ! What *sorrowful Remorse* then ? What *sharp Compunction* ? What *severe after-Reckoning* ? *Sad Thoughts, sober Reflexions, and a serious Repentance*, but *too late*. Loathing the
very

very *Medicine* that should do 'em good; loathing even *Life* it self, under a *fore Disease*, and a *languishing Suspence*.

Be it as it will, there is rank *Poison* in the *Tail* of all *unlawful Pleasures*, a *bitter Sweet*, or a *deadly sowre Dreg* in the *Bottom* of the *Vessel*; *Wormwood*, and worse than *Wormwood* in the *Belly*. Let those false *Allurements* be never so *tempting*; let 'em make an *inconsiderate Man's Mouth* *water* never so much for *Enjoyment*, and seem never so *luscious* to a *lascivious Taste* of *Things*, the will certainly, at last, *intail* some woful *Experience* or other of endless *Dissatisfaction* and *Misery* upon the rash *Profligate*, for the *Loss* of his *Estate*, or his *Livelihood*. *Alas!* poor *Libertines!* how *fleeting* are those *Joy*s, which we so greedily pursue, as if they were some precious, permanent, and solid *Jewels*; while indeed they vanish like the *Morning-Dew*, in the actual *Fruition* of them, as soon as the *Sun* opens our *Eyes* to behold our *Mistakes!* *Ab!* how *airy* and *empty* are the voluptuous *Gratifications* of *Sense*, which no wise *Person* can *entertain* in common *Sobriety*, but will reject them for *fantastick Bubbles!* *Oh!* how *short-liv'd* are such mistaken *Delights*, which pass away upon the *first Salute*, and leave only a lasting *Remorse* of

of Mind behind them, for the *Farewel* of a good *Conscience*! Give me no such regretting *Pleasure*, that is so dearly purchas'd with an *after-Sorrow*. After such *Joy*, comes a fullen *Grief* to imbitter it with *Discontentment* and *Melancholy*. After the most delightful *Merriment* of this *Quality*, a sudden *Quarrel* usually arises, or some other *sad Accident* happens, to quash the *Follity* of the Company, and sowre their *Conversation* with a ruful *Regret* of their *Frolick*.

What shall I say of the *Rashness* and *Inconstancy* of *sensual Delights*? How easily is the *Voluntary* impos'd upon by *fallacious Appearauces*, and drawn into ill Company, or Inconveniencies, by *superficial Allurements*; dallying upon the *Surface*, 'till he sinks into an *Abyss*, or is suck'd into a *Whirlpool*; chow'd before his *Eyes*, cheated to his *Face*, and not only the helpless *Spectator*, but the active *Promoter* also of his own *Deception*! He admires his own *Fate*, wantonly sports upon a *Precipice*, and is in *Love* with his *Ruin*. How agreeable may *Poison* be to the *Gust*; but it presently tears the *Bowels* in Pieces with griping Pains, and destroys the Body upon swallowing the *gild-ed Cheat*! How pleasant and relishing to the *Palate* may that *Dose* be in going
down,

down; which only makes Way for a violent *Convulsion* of Nature in the End, and carries the *Debauchee* off in a Pang! The *Honey* is *sweet* indeed, but the *Bee* stings; and when the *Mischief* is done, away flies the envious hurtful Creature, and the *Satisfaction* perishes. The *Smartness* of the *Pain* takes off our former *Pleasure*, and leaves a dismal *Damp* upon our *Sensuality*.

Well! and therefore, O *voluptuous Youth*, shun those pernicious SIRENS, who would delude thee with their inviegling Harmony, and, by the *Sweetness* of their Voices, only *charm* thee to thy *Grief* or *Distress*! Act the Part of wise ULYSSES; stop thy *Ears* against dishonest, or alluring *Filts*, and rescue thy self from their enticing *Snares*, for Fear of an *after-Clap*, for Fear of being *tickled* into *Captivity*, and made a *Slave* for ever, past *Redemption*. Fortify thy self against their fatal *Incantations*, who study only to *trepan* their *Admirers* into unwarrantable *Liberties*, or to *flatter* Men out of their *Security* and *Happiness*; to *rob* 'em of their *Peace*, *Health*, *Wealth*, *Lives*, and *Fortunes*; and, by their wanton or insinuating *Treacheries*, utterly to *ruin* them with some mortifying *Disasters* in the Conclusion of their *Mirth*, *Gallantry*, and good *Humour*: And is not this *Sawce* *sowre* enough

nough after the *sweetest Meat*, or the most *ravishing Enjoyments* of Sense? If the *Brute* did not foil the *Man*, who'd *indulge* himself to a *mortal Repast*? Who'd *regale* himself with his own *Destruction*? But, O miserable MARK ANTONY, who didst not avoid the false and unfortunate *Embraces* of CLEOPATRA! How lamentable was thy *Fate* under that *Petticoat-Government*! Thy gross *Delusion* convinces me at once, both of the *stinging Vicissitude* of carnal *Pleasures*, and of the severest *Turns* of this *art Proverb*.

If *Sadness* then, or *Sorrow* and *Perdition*, be the *Consequence* of all our *joyful Delights*, and *unthinking Follies*, give me *Leave* now to *bewail* our *merriest Vices*, *mourn* our most *joyful Calamities*, and *deplore* the dangerous *State* of those *Youngsters*, who (like hungry *Fishes*) greedily swallow this *deadly Hook*, that lurks under the most *delicate Bait*, and are ignorantly captivated, *insnar'd*, and *undone*: *Undone* beyond *Recovery* and *Recollection*, after all the cautionary *Admonition* of this *Proverb* to the *contrary*. Behold MARS and VENUS intangled again in VULCAN'S *Net*, and expos'd to the *Derision*, *Scandal*, and *Contempt* both of *GODS* and *MEN*! See! What follows such *salacious Amours*, and *lewd Entertainments*, but inevitable *Disgrace*?

Disgrace? A direful *Chagrin*, for the most Part, accompany'd with *Lamentation* and *Tears*, *weeping* and *wailing*, and *gnashing of Teeth*? Look ye now, if HERODIAS'S Daughter *dances* once again to please HEROD, and unman her wanton *Admirer*, what can be the *Issue* of it, but St. JOHN BAPTIST'S Head in a Charger, or *Adultery* back'd with a barbarous *Murder* upon the frolicksome *gamboling Bout*? This is the unhappy *End* of all our ungovernable *Jays*, intemperate *Fooleries*, or insatiable *Desires*. The *Scene* changes, after our unadvised *Pursuits* of effeminate *Pleasures* are over; and then our former *Mirth* starts into *melancholy Prospects*; then our merriest *Notes* are soon turn'd into *mournful Ditties*; then our *comick Pleasantry* goes off the *Stage* presently in a *tragical Exit*, a *Fit* of *Horror* and *Amazement*, which leaves not so much as a *comfortable Word*, a *contented Expression*, or a *cheerful Countenance* behind it, among the *dejected Actors*. In short, our *Play-Houses*, the DEVIL'S ANTI-CHAMBERS, are the chief *Nurseries* where the vicious *Miscarriages* of this *Proverb* are most frequently committed; where Men and Women are often *deliver'd* of their base *abortive Satisfactions*, or from *thence*, by *Assignment*, are afterwards finely brought to Bed of such *Monsters*,

sters, as make 'em rue the very *Conceptions* of their *Actions*, and asham'd of their own *Productions*.

But to conclude this *sorrowful Topick*: Do you *bemoan* any young *Gentlemen* debauch'd with *Wine*, and bury'd in a fordid *Intemperance*? *Pleasure* debauch'd them to the *Grave* of their own making. Do you *bemoan* any *ingenious Persons* languishing with the *Love* of *Luxury*, and destroy'd by the *Wantonness* of *Women*? *Pleasure* destroy'd them effectually upon the *Relapse* of their *Fortunes*. Do you *bemoan* any *Drunkards* and *Adulterers* snatch'd away in their *Cups*, or in the *Flower* of their *Age*, *Vigour*, and *Alacrity*? The same *mortal Pleasure* snatch'd them away from you in the *Bloom* of their *Lives*: That *Pleasure* which is my *Aversion*, and kills its *Lover*. Away then *painted Falshood*, with all thy *perfidious Charms*: Away; touch me not; Fly; leave no *Remembrance* behind thee, and let me never feel thy *fatal Sting*.

PROV

PROV. XLI.

*One Bird in the Hand, is worth two
in the Bush.*

Reflexion.

POSSESSION is a mighty Matter indeed; and we commonly say, 'tis *eleven Points of the Law*. It goes a great Way to the giving of *Security*; but not any *Right*. 'Tis not always *true*, that the BIRD I have in my *Hand*, is justly my OWN: But if no Body else has a *better Claim* to't, I would not *part* with it for *forty Birds* that are in the *Bush* only, and far enough out of my *Reach*. A Person may be pretty *sure* then of the Thing he *possesses*: 'Tis *safe* in his *keeping*; but if he once lets it *slip* through his *Fingers*, by grasping at more *airy Prospects*, he may bid *adieu* to the ever having of it any more in his *Clutches*. There will be no *catching* of the *Bird* again, after it is once *flown* out of his *Power*: And he'll find, upon this *Escape*, to his Sorrow, as well as the Conviction of his Folly, that *one such Gold-finch* in the actual *Custody* of his Hands, or a Cage, was *worth two* (not

to say ten times more) at their own *Liberty* in the *Hedges* or *Fields*.

This valuable *Proverb* has a higher *Allusion* yet, to direct us in our *Choice* and *Exchange* of Things : As certainly, *he* that grasps at too much, or too many *CHIMERA's*, holds fast nothing ; but lets go what is *solid* and *real*, for every gilded *Phantom*, rising *Bubble*, or delusory *Skit-tle-cock*, that strikes his wandering Eye. This is the *fickle* Man, whom *catching* of *Flies* will soon take off from a *Pursuit* of *Glory*, and turn his *wavering* *Head* another Way from any serious *Resolution* of Mind to make himself *SURE* of the *Enjoyment* of a *substantial* *Happiness*. While the *sagacious* Person, on the contrary, fixes his *Thoughts* upon more certain *Foundations*, than to build *Houses* in the *Air*, *Palaces* in the *Sea*, or to raise his *Hopes* upon visionary *Whims*, and expected *Uncertainties*. This is *he*, whom we find so *tenacious* of his settled *Purpose*, as not to *part* with his *Felicity* upon any *Terms*, or *Temptations* of a precarious *Promotion* in the *World*. This is *he*, that will not *shake* *Hands* with the *Principles* of his *Conscience*, upon the most splendid *Probabilities* of secular *Honour* and *Greatness*. This is *he* again, that will not *change* a quiet *Cottage* in *Possession*, for a
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turbulent *Kingdom* of Noise and Bustle, and Perjury in REVERSION. This is also he at last, that thoroughly *understands* the Truth of the wise *Proverb*, and *securely* practices his own *Welfare*.

But to come a little closer to our Business of shewing, that *one Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*: All Men, I suppose, whether GREEKS, LATINS, ITALIANS, FRENCH, or ENGLISH, who ever read or wrote of *Proverbs*, will readily grant me, that it is *better to have an Egg to Day, than a Hen to Morrow*; that the *present Pleasure is more eligible than a future Enjoyment*; that it's *safer to stick to Certainty, than to Chance*; that *what's in the Fist, is worth two in the Fenn*; or that *one Horse in the Stable, is more useful for present Service, than three in the Pasture*. And thus have several *Authors* so ingeniously explain'd this old ADAGE of the *Bird in Hand*, that it needs little more Illustration to make it *instructive* to all Mankind; as it advises us in short, not to run the Hazard of a *certain Loss*, for an *uncertain Advantage*. INSURANCE or ASSURANCE-OFFICES, will none of them relieve us against an *Imprudence* of this Kind, when we are not able to pay their exorbitant PREMIUMS or Demands, for the Preservation of a *desperate CARGO*. However,

honest People, in their right Wits, do not use to go to *Market*, to buy a *Pig in a Poke*. They do not lay their *Money* out, at a *Venture*, upon what they do not see, handle, and know very well, before the *Bargain* is struck. They do not deal like *LONDON-STOCK-JOBBERs*; among whom there is hardly ever any *TRANSFERR* made, or any *visible Stock* to be found, 'till some or other *breaks* at the *Bottom* on't, and the *Cheat* falls heavy upon a *Fool*, and his *Money* soon parted thro' *chimerical Expectations*.

Who will not be very *careful* of the *Bird in Hand* then, and *cautious* of trading upon a *solid* and *sound Bottom*, for Fear of throwing his *personal Estate* away upon the *uncertain Hopes* of becoming as *rich* as a *JEW*? In short, who will not discreetly *manage* his *Affairs*, by a wise *Distrust* of *Fraud* and *Fallacy* in most *Dealings*, according to the *Prudence*, *Resolution*, and *Reservedness* of this infallible *Proverb*? However, by the Way, I do not speak this in the least to discourage our *Commerce*, but only to confirm my own *Sentiments* of the *Wisdom* of acting upon *sure Grounds* in all our *pecuniary Correspondencies*; for I am fully convinc'd, that there are many *honest People* left still in the *World*, who will never fail of doing the *fair Thing*

above.

above-board. Notwithstanding yet, our facetious ADAGE is *certain* and *safe* after all; for who but a silly *Fop*, as foolish as the *Dog* in the FABLE, would not prefer the *Substance* before the *Shadow*? Who but a *Mad-man*, would not chuse a well-grounded *Certainty* at *present*, sooner than a Romantick *Uncertainty*, out of *Sight*, perhaps, and that may happen a *hundred Years* hence? In fine, who but a *Knight-Errant*, would not accept of a *real competent Estate* in POSSESSION, and hug himself in the *Enjoyment* of it, rather than live fictitiously, expecting the imaginary MONARCHY of the *World of the Moon* in REVERSION? What signifies *that* which is to *come*? Give me the *present Time*. FUTURITIES are liable to *Disappointments*. There's no trusting to-*Morrow's* Prospects, or Promises; no depending upon *shall* or *will* HEREAFTER, and no commanding of *Things out of our Hands*, five Tenses distant from *Fruition*. Now is the Time for *Performance*, *Enjoyment*, or *Dispatch* of Business. In a Word, *one Piece of Money* that a Man has in his *Pocket*, is better than *twenty* in the BANK OF ENGLAND, EXCHEQUER, or any other *Fund of Futurity*, to answer his *present Exigences*.

P R O V. XLII.

The Belly has no Ears.

Reflexion.

THere's no *arguing* the Case with *Hunger*: It is the Mother of *Impatience*, *Anger*, and *Wrath*, not to be appeas'd with *Lenten Logick*, or the *jeune Arguments* of *Fasting* and *Mortification*. The *hungry* Person may well be *deaf* to all *Reason* or *Rhetorick*; for the *Ears* are not plac'd in the *Stomach*; neither can People's *Bellies* be fill'd with *fair Words*, and much less will they ever be *satisfy'd* with *foul Language*.

Hunger makes a Man uneasy, peevish, and passionate, to the last Degree of *Unreasonableness*, even to the *Belly's* Distraction of thinking his *Throat* cut. 'Tis *Death* to him to stay for his *Dinner*. He could fight with a *Feather*, quarrel with the *Sun* for shining; and is disturb'd with the *Flies* for coming to kiss his Hand, without robbing him of his *Victuals*. It provokes him sometimes to fall out with his *Devotion* at *Church*, and to find Fault with the *Sermon* for its *Length*, how learn'd soever, as if he could have eaten the *Par-*

son for detaining him so long: And when he comes home, his *Family* cannot pacify him; but the whole *Parish* shall hear on't, if the *Pudding* is not enough to nick his craving Appetite. Besides that, if all Things happen to be ready to gratify this hungry Soul, 'tis ten to one yet, whether he will not think it too tedious, and Time lost, to say *Grace* before Meat at *Table*; too formal and ceremonious out of the *Church*, to ask a *Blessing* of the bountiful Giver of his daily Bread. And yet Bread! that blessed Name, the Support of human Life, that harmonious Sound, would be the best *Musick* to the EAR, if the unsatisfy'd *Belly* had any, to be charm'd into *Patience*, *Reason*, or *Thankfulness*. But the Force of *Hunger* is so great, so refractory, and obstinate, that it can bearken to no Arguments of *Honour* or *Obligation*; it can admit of no *Capitulations* of Health, Interest, or Authority from above; and it only feeds its own Phancy of Satisfaction and Security from below, 'till the *Belly's* full, and puts the Body in Tune again to maintain the Man in his Senses.

The *Hungry* love to talk of nothing but the *Pot* and the *Spit*, or of *Belly-Timber*. They have a grumbling in the *Gizzard* still against all other Conversation, but that which tends to the regaling of their
eager

eager *Appetites*, and the stuffing of their empty *Guts*. The best *Language* of the *Brain* only intrenches upon that of the *Belly*, and disturbs their *Entertainment*. And indeed I am so far an *Advocate* for this *Proverb*, that I look upon all unnecessary *Table-Talk* at *Victuals*, to be both *indiscreet* and *unmannerly*, as if the *Meat* could not stop our *Mouths*. How indecent is it for a *Man* to *chatter*, while he is *chewing* his *Food*; or to *sputter* about the *Table*, while he is *eating*? Which seems to be little better, than charging the *Company* with a *mouthful* of ill *Breath*, or something *worse*, without having any *Regard* to the *Nicety* of the *Guests*! It can neither please the *Eye*, nor gratify the *Ear*, to eat our *Words* after the *Manner* of *minc'd Meat*, in a *chopping* or a *mumbling* *Way* of *speaking*; for the *Pronunciation* suffers extremely in the *Discharge* of a *Gobbet*: Besides that, my opposite *Neighbour's Face*, or his *Plate*, is in *Danger* of being *disoblig'd* into the *Bargain*. And yet after all, though *one Man* be as *deaf* and as *dumb* as a *dead Flounder* at *Table*, *others* are not therefore oblig'd to sit as *mute* as *Fishes*, for fear of *calling* decently for what they *want*.

The *Belly* wants *Eyes* too, as well as *Ears*; for a *Man* is as *blind* as a *Beetle*

in a hungry Mood. The fairest Object cannot take him off from the Pursuit of his Prey; and Anger makes him insensible of his Duty, as well as of Respect, either to Beauty, Honesty, or good Manners. Lions have stopp'd here; but Men a-hungry have often made no Bones of Innocence and Vertue in their Way. However, it is notoriously observable, that People are never so irreconcilably angry and quarrelsome, as when they are hungry. "Nothing makes the Vulgar more untractable, fierce, and seditious, than Scarcity, or want of Bread: It fills a Land with a Rabble of Mendicants, Malecontents, and Rebels: Infomuch, that in some late dear Years, I have heard a Promoter of Infurrection and Mischief, cry out in the Crowd; Why should the LORD MAYOR have a Shoulder of Mutton to Dinner, and MOE TOM not a Bit on't?

In short, Hunger is a huge Temptation; and the Devil himself made Use of it, as an Argument to disprove our blessed Saviour's Divinity, and Power of turning Stones into Bread; but that diabolical Test of our Lord's Veracity and Goodness, at last turn'd to the Tempter's own Confusion in the Answer. Now, he that gives Ear to this single Reflexion, might with Ease (methinks) govern his Passion, appease
his

his *Wrath*, and make a *Virtue* of his *Necessity*, under the most pressing Instances of *Poverty*, the most seducing Incitements of *Hunger*, or the most alluring Temptations of *Flesh and Blood*, to gratify his *Lust*, indulge his *Luxury*, and execute his *Licentiousness*, in a *Pet*, perhaps, only for the Disappointment of a *Dinner*, or the Loss of his *daily Food*. However, let the *Necessity* of *Hunger*, or *Hardship*, be never so urgent on the *one Hand*, and the *Opportunity* never so fair and tempting to the Commission of a *Theft*, or an *unfair Thing*, to support Nature on the *other*; there is yet no *Apology* at all to be made for *stealing* to satisfy the *Belly*, in so plentiful a *Country*, where People are not forced to live by *Rapine* or *Iniquity*, and needed not to go to the *Gallows* for want either of *Work*, of *Employment*, or of *Bread*, if they were but commonly *honest* and *industrious*.

But if *Corn* should grow so *scarce* again here, as it has been in former Days, (*which Heaven avert*) we should soon find, that the *Belly* had no *Ears*, with a *Witness*: And if our *Estates*, either of *Land*, or of *Money*, were to be more *equally* divided over again, to bring them to a better Proportion of *Limit* and *Allowance*, it would puzzle the *wisest* of our *English Politicians*,

to perswade *particular People*, by his Eloquence, to give any *Ear* to *Reasons* of *State*, or to *bearken* to *Authority* upon such a *Project* for the publick Good. The great and the grave *Cato* made an admirable *Oration* formerly to the *Romans*, against the *AGRARIAN LAWS*; and yet thought it a *difficult Task* to plead his Cause with *Success*, upon the Account of this very *Proverb*.

'Tis natural for *Hunger* to breed *Choler* in Abundance, which raises the *Passions* to an exorbitant Degree of *Dissatisfaction* and *Madness*. And since the *Belly* has no *Ears* then, I cannot but blame some careless giddy-brain'd *House-wives*, by the *By*, that never mind how to please their *hanging Husbands*, whose *Callings* and *Confinements*, perhaps, oblige 'em to an *Hour*; that never consult either their *Interest*, or their *Health*, in getting their *Dinners* ready against a *set Time*, to prevent *Quarrels*, and preserve the *Peace* of the *Family*: Not considering, all the while, what *Uneasiness*, what *Disadvantage* such an unkind *Negligence* may produce in *Affairs* of Moment, when the *good Man* is put out of Humour, upon the *Disappointment* of his *Expectations*, and the balking of his *critical Stomach* for the whole Day. But, be that as it will, this *Proverb*, in fine, seems

seems to be a most prudent Caution against contending with *hungry Persons*, or contradicting their *quarrelsome Tempers*, by ill-tim'd Apologies and Perswasions to Patience. It is also, on the other Hand, a sharp *Reflexion* upon those *Greedy-guts*, who are so much addicted to the Pleasures and Satisfactions of the *Belly*, that they will hear of nothing in *Conversation*, but what is agreeable to the luscious Gust of *Gormandizing*. In a Word, 'tis a *Lecture* of Civility, as well as Discretion, not to disturb a *Gentleman* of a craving Appetite from his *Repast*, nor to trouble him with *unseasonable Addresses* at *Meal-Times*; which is as *rude*, as it is *imprudent*, to expect the *Attention* of *his Ear*, to a Matter of Discourse by the By, when he is engag'd, *Tooth and Nail*, in the Business of the *Belly*, and a more *necessary Affair* of *Life*.

PROV

P R O V. XLIII.

Kissing goes by Favour.

Reflexion.

I Do not know, whether the *Man that kiss'd his Cow*, was in the *Right* on't; but every one to his own *Phancy*: For People naturally *love* what they *like*, and greedily embrace what *pleases* them *most*, whether it be *Milk* or *Mackrel*, *Flesh* and *Blood*, or any other *Favourite-Creature*; even from the ridiculous *kissing of a Cow*, to the scandalous *bugging of a Cat* or a *Dog* now-a-days in their *Bosoms*.

Favourites always *fare well*, and live the *best*. They are sure to be much made of in all *Regards*, both at *Bed* and *Board*, let who will else *want* in the *Family*. They are still distinguish'd with *particular Marks* of *Kindness* and *Bounty* every where, both at *Home* and *Abroad*, whether they *deserve* it, or not, by the strictest *Rules* of *Friendship*, *Justice*, and *Impartiality*, to the *Prejudice* of all *others*, that are far more *meritorious*, perhaps, than themselves, though less in *Favour* with their *partial Superiors*. *Parents*, *Masters*, and *Mistresses*, are but too often guilty of
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the *Proverb*; and they unreasonably make it *good* in a *wrong Sense*, either as to their *Children*, their *Scholars*, or their *Servants*, in a different *Respect*.

'Tis a Piece of the grossest *Partiality*, not to *prefer those Persons* in our *Affections* and good *Graces*, that are most *worthy* of a just *Indulgence*, according to the *Laws* of right *Reason*, or common *Prudence*. I take it for granted, that the *Church* deserves better of *MONARCHY* for supporting it, than any *Conventicle* does, that would pull it down, and level it with the *Ground*. And I hope it is not to be doubted, but that *Royal Favour*, and the *publick Establishment*, are still on our *Side*, and will countenance *real Merit*, to all *Posterity*; notwithstanding this *Proverb* seems to be so much *prejudic'd* in Favour of the *Fanatics*, or on the Behalf of *Hypocrites* and *Occasional Conformists*.

If *intrinsic Worth* and *Merit* always took *Place*, either in the *Court*, the *Camp*, or the *Country*, we should enjoy *Halcyon-Days*, and have *fine Times* in a prosperous *Scene* of a profound lasting *Peace*: For then *Truth* and *Sincerity*, *Justice* and *Integrity*, *Honour* and *Honesty*, would for ever flourish and abound. But *Phancy* so much governs the *World* on the *one Side*, and *Interest* over-rules it so much on the
other,

other, that there is little or no Room left for *absolute Merit* to come in Play, or in Competition with *either* of them for *Preferment*. I do not say what *Changes* there would be in the *State* then, if *Kissing* did not go by *Favour*. I do not mean, that we should not have the same LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, the same LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, the same GENERALISSIMO OF ALL HER MAJESTY'S FORCES, and so forth; but some *inferiour Officers*, of little Worth and Vertue might, perhaps lose their *Places* for't, to make Way for the *Promotion* of Persons of *greater Merit*, and *better Qualifications*.

However, *Phancy* passes *Beauty* still in all Affairs, either of *preferring* or *admir- ing* our *Favourites*; and *Beauty* it self has no other *Prerogative*, than what proceeds from *meer Phancy*. The *Imagina- tion* is struck with a singular *Idea*, which captivates the *Mind*, seizes upon the *Judg- ment*, and leads *Reason* in Triumph. Love is quite *blind*; and while it sees no *Imper- fections* in the *belov'd Object*, it *kisses* in the *Dark*, and *judges* only by *Favour*. FAVOUR, that unaccountable *Fondness*, which is sufficient to make *Black* white, and *White* black; to recommend *Deform- ity* it self to an *Affection*, to think a *silly Coxcomb* fit to be made a *Privy-Counsellor*,

or to phancy a *dirty Drab* at last well enough qualify'd to become a *Lady of Honour*. Who but the fond foolish *PARIS*, would have given the *GOLDEN APPLE* to *VENUS*, upon a Contention for it with *JUNO* and *PALLAS*? Who would have adjudg'd it to an *airy Crack*, rather than to a *majestick*, a *graceful*, or a *chast Goddess*? But when we find fantastick *Beauty* preferr'd before *Dignity*, *Wisdom*, and *Vertue*, we may verily believe, that *Kissing goes by Favour*.

By the By then, every Man must be allow'd to love a *pretty Woman*; but not better than she *deserves* by her *Beauty*, and the *Fairness* of her *Complexion*, which are only visionary, perishable, outside *Ornaments of Body*; nor so well neither in Comparison of *another Lady*, though not half so *handsom*, who is endu'd yet with far more durable *Excellencies of Mind*. How fortunate are *some People* to be *admir'd*, even for their *Uglinesss*, others to be *prais'd* for their *Follies*, and *some* again to be *belov'd* for their *Faults*, and *kissing* other *Women* besides their own *Wives*! These are the Effects of a *rash Judgment*, in a *partial Respect* of Persons. The *Passions* of the *Mind* are *prejudic'd*, and an over-weening Affection *favours* the *wrong Party*.

This phanciful **Proverb** has also crept into our *Schools*, as well as *Church* and *State*, and has almost absolutely discarded SOLOMON'S Rule of an *impartial Correction*. It has so far blinded our easy *Pedagogues*, as either to give up, or to forfeit their *Authority*. It has quite *cancell'd* the fundamental Constitution of inferiour Discipline, and abrogated the very best Laws of the *Birch*; which injoin an *equal Distribution* of Rewards and Punishments, without any *Favour* or *Affection*, or *Regard* to the Quality of the dull *Delinquents* in the *one Case*, and of the diligent *Well-doers* in the *other*, according as they fairly *deserve* for their *Performances*, good or bad; so *negligent* on *that Hand*, or so *ingenious* on *this*, as to baffle the **Proverb**, and to make *Kissing go* (as it ever ought to do) by downright *Merit*. In the mean Time no *Respect of Persons* can be *lawful*, where the *Worthier* does not take *Place*, and obtain the *Preference*, as well as the *Precedency* of the more *Unworthy* in our *Favour*.

P R O V. XLIV.

Give him a ROWLAND for his Oliver.

Reflexion.

YOU shall have as good as you bring, at *Billingsgate*; not to say, worse. *You're a Whore, and you're a Whore*, is the Language of all *Scolds*, from an *Oyster-Hussy* to a *Lady of Pleasure*. 'Twas pleasant enough to hear two *Tongue-Pads* a-scolding once, and giving one another the *Lie*: *Why*, says the one, *Thou ly'st like a Punk, a Thief, and a Witch*. Well! but you *Bitch* you, says the other, you lie like an *Almanack-maker*, that lies every *Hour of the Day*, and all the *Year* long: No, you *Fade*! you out-do the famous *Bully P——TRIDGE*, and the infamous *Doctor O——TS*, in *Lying*. Now, this is the *Quintessence* of all *Female Quarrels*. Like for like, is the *fundamental Constitution* of *Ribaldry* and *Detraction* among the *foul Sex*, who are naturally peevish, froward, and ungovernable in the *Liberty* of their *Tongues*.

A Couple of brawling *Skrews*, well-match'd in a *Tongue-Duel*, out-do all the *Bells* in a *Parish*, or *Bull-baitings* in the *King-*

Kingdom, for unmanly *Noise* and *Barbarity*. Two such jangling *Clappers* out of the Church-Steeple, are enough to turn all the *Drink* in the Neighbourhood, and sowre the very *Society* of the World. The Loudness of their *Rattle*, and the Violence of their *Contention*, like a Peal of Thunder, is sufficient to disturb the *four Elements*, and raise such a *Storm* at Land, as requires the *Prayers* of the Church. If they could but speak *Broadsides* of *Bombs* and *Carcasses*, they would do well in a *Line of Battel* at Sea, and give the best Account of the *French Fleet*, after an *Engagement* in the *Mouth* of the *Streights*. However, happy is the *deaf Man*, that has a *scolding Wife*; happy he, who is *insensible* of her boisterous *Clack*, and cannot ply her with the *Proverb*, in Return of her *Rallying* and *Clamour*! For otherwise, she would give him ten *Olivers* for one *Rowland*, assert the *Breeches* at the Expence of her *Duty*, *Obedience*, or *Breeding*, and endanger all his *Senses* at once, by *Distraction*.

But this *Proverb* is more *masculine* and *manly* yet, than to *authorize* the Use of *ill Language* upon the most *disingenuous* Treatment of *Obloquy* or *Slander*. It would argue a *womanish Weakness* in a *Man*, to *call Names*, or to return as *base Words* as

are given, upon the greatest Provocation of *Invective, Asperſion, and Calumny*, either of the *Lip*, or in *Print*. *Female-Differences* only, are to be manag'd and decided by the *Dint of Scolding, or Railery*; but the *Controversies* of *MEN* ought to be more *mannerly* adjusted, and brought to an amicable *Accommodation* upon *civil Terms* and *good Language*, rather than enflam'd by *foul Expressions, personal Reflexions*, and *unpardonable Reproaches* on both Sides, into endless *Confusion* and *Scandal* of the Matter in *Debate*. How scandalous would it look for two zealous hot-headed *Party-Doctors*, to fall from *disputing* about a *Point of Learning*, to downright *Logger-heads*! To *bully* one another in *Knowledge*, fight it out in a *Tavern*, and make the *Church* ten Times more *Militant*, than it would be in *triumphing* over its avow'd *Enemies*, by enjoying a profound *Peace* in its own *Bosom*, and being *unanimous* in *Convocation*, as well as *Coffee-Houses*! An *Affront* is not to be repay'd with an *Indignity*, among *Men of Sense, Letters, or Sobriety*, without *Loss of Credit* on *one Side*, and *Danger of Reflexion or Infamy* on the *other*. To give a *Man a Slap on the Face* for a *Box on the Ear*, is only enhancing the *Quarrel*, confounding the *Question*, and vilifying

vilifying the *Profession* of the *Combatants*, whether they be *Divines*, *Lawyers*, or *Physicians*; among whom, neither *ill Words*, *Blows*, nor the *Sword*, ought to determine the *Contest*. *Fisty-Cuffs* are the fittest for *Car-men* or *Porters*; *calling of Names*, for *Water-men*, — the foul-mouth'd *OBSERVATOR*, or *REVIEW*; and *Duelling*, for *Pimps*, *Sharpers*, *Hectors*, *Bullies*, or bloody *Butchers*: All excluded the Benefit of this *Proverb*, in Point of *civil Conversation*, and *honourable Treatment*.

In fine, this Saying is not always to be taken in a *bad Sense*: It does not discard an innocent *Reparty* out of human *Society*. A witty quick *Reply*, upon a *Question* started among *Friends*, if it does not favour too much of the *Banter* and *Jest*, is wonderfully *agreeable* in Company; for it seasons all *Discourse*, like *Salt*, with a grateful *Gust*, garnishes all our *Talk*, and makes it *entertaining* to the last Degree of *Relish*, *Splendor*, and *Diversion*. It sharpens the *Taste* of the most insipid *Palate*, and quickens the *Company* into *Gaiety*, good *Humour*, and *Admiration* of its *Elegancy*. And then again, a *smart Answer* within the *Compass* of good *Manners*, how quaint or severe soever, to a *scandalous Libel*, either against the *Church* or the *State*, may very well

well plead the *Privilege* of this *Proverb*, without arguing the *Licentiousness* of the *Press*; if *good Manners* in writing against *Buffoons*, *WHIGS*, and *Republicans*, with *Candour* and *Civility*, be not *dead* with the late facetious and complaisant Sir R—*L' Estrange*: For why should not *loyal Authors*, or *TORIES*, have the *Liberty*, upon all *Occasions*, to give those rebellious *Fanaticks* an honourable *ROWLAND* for their infamous *OLIVER*?

The main *Stress* of this *modern Adage*, seems to be couch'd under the *ancient Law* of *Retaliation*; and *old* as it is, it is not yet *obsolete*, nor out of *Use*, at this *Day*, among *People* that act up to the *Rigour* of a revengeful *Requital* upon every *Turn*. *An Eye for a Eye*, and a *Tooth for a Tooth*, says the hard-hearted *Jew*; but a *Christian* ought to be of a better *Temper*, of a *peaceable*, or a *forgetting Disposition*, and to *forgive* his *Enemies*, *Persecutors*, and *Slanderers*, in *Spite* of the *private Revenge* either of *hard Words*, or *rude Actions*: Neither does it become his *Character*, always out of a *Spirit of Vexation*, to cast the *Cause* of an *opprobrious Affront*, or a *contumelious Injury*, upon an *Issue* of publick *Justice*. A little more *Charity* practis'd among *Men* with common *Prudence* and *Discretion*, would prevent a great deal of

Wrang

Wrangling in the World. However yet, a passionate *Love of Loyalty* in former Days, first broach'd this honest *Expression*, of giving a sawcy *Roundhead* a ROWLAND for his OLIVER; as certain as that noble Cavalier MONK did in vindicating that Right, by returning the *Dissenters* as good as they brought, in the happy *Restoration* of an injur'd MONARCH: If the *Mercy* of the restor'd Prince had not over-sway'd his *Justice*, confirm'd to the plundering *Sequestrators* their ill-gotten Estates, and crown'd his Return, at last, with *Ingratitude* to his best Friends, and the *Beggary* of his most faithful Subjects, through a too generous *Oblivion* of their Crimes, Rebellion, Robbery, and Sacrilege, and an ill advis'd *Indemnity*, both of their *Persons* and *Pockets*, without being oblig'd to refund a Farthing towards the Relief of many poor *Sufferers*, whom they had utterly ruin'd by Oppression, Rapine, and Pillage. This was not *Like for Like*, according to the Law of those *Republican Rapparees* under OLIVER's *Protection*. This was not requiring the Kindnesses and good Services of the *TORIES* on the one Hand, nor *retaliating* the Injuries and Iniquities of the *WHIGS* on the other. In short, this was not acting up to the Character of Row-

LAND

LAND in the *Proverb*, nor to the Reason of a *just Retribution*. To say no more then, though *Losers have Leave to talk* at large, this *loyal Sarcasm* was not calculated to create a *Civil War* in the Kingdom; but intended rather to put honest *Cavaliers* upon their Guard against such a growing *Usurpation*, or a prosperous *Faction*, and to crush the *Cockatrice* in the Egg upon its first hatching of *Mischief*; to espouse their *lawful Prince's Cause*, and to restore a languishing *Monarchy* to its former Vigour and Glory. And this may, at all Times, serve instead of a *Proclamation* to awaken the sleepy *Church*, and rouse the drowsy *State* out of the *Lethargy* of a *passive Moderation*, in Opposition to those *Oliverian Projectors*, that would at any Time limit, mix, and mince the *establisht Government* into a *Commonwealth* again, by inverting the *Proverb*, and imposing an *ignoble PROTECTOR* upon the Nation, instead of a *ROYAL SOVEREIGN*.

PROV.

PROV. XLV.

'Tis an *ill Wind* that blows no *Body*
Good.

Reflexion.

SOME *Body* will always be the *better* for other People's *Miscarriages*, either in Point of *Manners*, *Instruction*, or mending his own *Mistakes* for the Future. One loses, and another wins; one falls, and another rises; one's beggar'd, and another is enrich'd by't; and so the *Game* of the World goes round. In short, it is as natural for *some Persons* to profit by the *Calamities* or cross *Accidents* of others, as for the WIND to blow upon the Earth, let it come from what Quarter soever of the Universe. 'Tis true, the *Eastern Corner* was ever reckon'd the *worst* for ENGLAND, both as to *Man* and *Beast*; but when all's done, it never fails yet of blowing *some Body* Good at last, in the various *Revolutions* of Fortune, Traffick, or the Times; either by *Wracks* at Sea in a Storm, or by *better Weather* at Land, than *Hurricanes* of State and *Contrasto's* of Government.

The late terrible TEMPEST, which happen'd November 26 and 27, 1703, was attended

attended with the most *dreadful* ill Consequences that can be express'd; and yet it *made well* for the *Carpenters, Bricklayers, Glasiers, and others*, in *their* Way of Business, or in *their* Sense of Things: Inasmuch, that I believe *some* of 'em made a Banter of the JUDGMENT with this Proverb; and it was a *common* Saying among them, at the same Time, as I have heard, that it was an ill Wind blew no Body Good. However, there will always be particular Advantages in a general Calamity, what Use soever such sorry People make of it, whether Good or Bad. But it is ill sporting with the angry Powers Above, and only like blurring against the THUNDER.

To bring Good out of Evil, is GOD ALMIGHTY'S own great Work. That STORM was as remarkable for the Death of several extraordinary Persons, as dismal in the Conclusion of its heaping up Houses together in Rubbish: But nothing makes it more memorable to me, by the By, than a windy Harangue I heard upon that Occasion, before a numerous Assembly, from a thundering Preacher, who ascrib'd the JUDGMENT of it, out of the Pulpit, in a great Measure, to NOCTURNAL POLLUTIONS: His Text was the 4th Verse of the 4th PSALM: Stand in Awe, and sin not: Commune with your own Heart,

Heart, and in your Chamber, and be still. Now, *Chambering* and *Wantonness* are horrid Sins indeed; but how well or ill this Notion answer'd for the Character of SOME of those very Persons that perish'd in the common Calamity, I am not able to determine: Only, I think, we are lost in our Reason, if we either bring down a decreeing Providence to every Skip of a Flea on the one Hand, or if we attribute a judicial, divine, national Vengeance to the Crimes of any particular Whore-master, on the other, not excepting the most publick, as well as private Debauchee.

But let that be as it will, all religious Controversy a-part, we shall find some Benefit still even in Misfortune; for it generally makes us either wiser or better, than we were before in the full Career of our PROSPERITY. Affliction is the Mother of Vertue: It teaches us the Art of Patience, Perseverance, and Contentment: It calls us Home from the most extravagant Ramble, and tames the wildest Temper in the World. In a Word, it gives us a Glimpse of the PROMIS'D LAND in the Wilderness of our Vagaries. If the learned ZENO had not been shipwrack'd, he had never betaken himself so close to the Study of Philosophy; which afterwards prov'd his chief Happiness, and the Honour of his whole

whole Life. No Man can deny, but that it is a *prosperous Voyage*, to be *cast away* even at Court for a *good Conscience*, or to *suffer* the Punishment of *Poverty* and *Contempt*, for an honest *loyal Principle*: So that this *Proverb* turns all for the *best* still, to the faithful *Moralist*, and bears him up through all *Misfortunes* triumphantly. Besides, *Adversity* is commonly accompany'd with this *good Effect* too, that, when we are *forsaken* by our *false Friends*, we have a more *particular Regard* then to *our selves* upon the *Experience*; and let who will gather up our *WIND-FALLS*, or take our *Places*, we find our selves little *worse* at long Run, for the *Loss* of those gawdy unconstant *Trumperies* of Fortune, as *Riches* and *Honour*.

The true *State* of our *ADAGE* then, will be *this*, that there is a *Remedy* in *Poison*; and that *Diseases* themselves, as well as *other Misfortunes*, are *good for something*. There's *some Benefit* to be reap'd still, either of *Health* and *Devotion* from the *one*, or of *Prudence* and *Integrity* from the *other*; if we do but make a right *Use* of our *Tryals* in all *Cases*, *Casualties*, and *Incumbrances*, either of *Body* or of *Mind*. In fine, we are often *getting* something or other also, by the very *DEATH* of our *dearest Friends* and *nearest Relations*; though

though I would not have *this* taken by the wrong Handle neither, as if I meant to have such WIND-FALLS of Fortune reckon'd among the *Blessings* of our own wicked over-hasty *Desires*, and undutiful longing *Expectations* to see *them* in their Graves, for the *Lucre* of what is left *us* by their LAST WILLS and TESTAMENTS. There are *bountiful Disasters* enough in the World, besides such unnatural and ungrateful *Hopes* of *inheriting* all the Advantages of this misinterpreted Proverb with a *Jest*.

Let the *Wind blow* never so *hard*, where-soever it *lifts*, I am well satisfy'd it is always appointed for *some good Purpose* or *other*; for 'tis GOD ALMIGHTY's *Weather* still, and *that* must needs be the *best* for us; or else JUPITER's bold *Farmer* had never repented of his *Bargain*. Such Seasons of *Sorrow*, *Want*, or *Disappointment*, are sometimes highly *profitable* for our *Correction*: We should otherwise forget whereabouts we are, and what we are a doing. They put us in Mind of our *Duty*, our *thankless Practices*, and our *unbounded Wishes*, as if we were to govern every *Blast of Wind* for our own Ends, without any *Reformation* of Matters in the World. But I would not launch out too far neither, for fear of a *Storm*; and be-
R
ing

ing *safe* in the Port still from any *Malignity* of the *Proverb*, I shall only mention a particular comical *Story* in *Defence* of it, all *Misconstructions* a-part: I went once to see an *old Acquaintance*, and to condole with him for the *Loss of his Wife*, who had been *dead* about a Month, I think. *Well! Man*, said he, *Puff! never trouble your self for that: 'Tis only a BENEFIT-TICKET.*

However, *some vulgar People*, after all, often make an unmannerly Use of this *Proverb*, and are apt to apply it rudely to every *PUFF* of the *Posteriors*. I do not know how far *KING JAMES the First's Law* may justify a Man's *breaking Wind backwards* in Company; but I am sure, though it may, perhaps, disoblige a *Neighbour* at second Hand, yet it may do *himself* a great deal of *Good* in the *Cholick*: So that even *this* also verifies the notable *OLD SAYING* still, either in Point of *Health, Ease*, or some other *Advantage*.

PROV.

PROV. XLVI.

Look not too high, lest a Chip fall in
your Eye.

Reflexion.

TWAS *Pride* first threw LUCIFER out of Heaven; and sent him presently a packing to a *Hellish* Place of endless *Misery* and *Punishment*, for his audacious *Insolence*. His *high* and *mighty* Looks were soon taken down, and his *aspiring Impudence* chang'd into woful Torment, for attempting saucily to *rival*, to *insult*, or to *ungod* his CREATOR: So that even *Angels* themselves would *look too high*, if they should not be contented with the *beatifick Vision*, and act within their proper *Sphere* of a due *Distance*, or an appointed *Subordination*. Such bold and big Pretensions exceed the Bounds of a celestial Humility, Piety, or Perfection. But this is too *sublime*, perhaps, by the By, for the Business of a *humble Proverb*.

Pride, however, is undoubtedly the great Blind of all our *inferior Actions* in the lower World. It turns *Men* into *Monsters*, *Giants*, and *Rebels*, both against Heaven and Earth. It cost our *first Pa-*

rents Paradise, and the Pleasure of their primitive *Innocence*; as their *Ambition* was complicated with a disobedient Search after *Knowledge*, to become as *wise* and as *good* as their MAKER. It also brought *haughty* HAMAN to the Gallows at last, in the midst of all his *Pomp* and *Preferment*, and mounted him *fifty Cubits high*, only for an Example of a dangerous *Presumption*, or a Spectacle of an offending *Arrogance*.

This same *Pride* again gave PHAETHON a dreadful *Fall* for his *ambitious Foolery*, in meddling with what he was not able to manage. The *Height of Ambition* turn'd the Brain of this youthful, giddy, arrogant *Hotspur*; and down he came head-long with a *Thunder*, for fear of burning what was only to be *warm'd* by the enlivening Beams of a well-govern'd *Sun*: And though the Story be *fabulous*, yet it is abundantly *moraliz'd* over and over now-a-days, among thousands of presumptuous, aspiring little People upon Earth, who are so puff'd up with *Promotion*, and swoln with *Insolence*, that they burst into *Ruin*, *Shame*, and *Nothing* in the End; or what is worse than *Nothing*, they either get an *ill Name* living, or suffer a *monumental Scandal* and *Disgrace* after Death. They *soar* too near the *Sun*, to be *safe* in their
daring

daring Flights, and sink at last into an *Abyss* of *Pride* and *Perdition* of their own seeking and Courtship. In short, *proud* imperious Persons will always be *climbing so high*, till a *Chip falls in their Eye*, as the *Proverb* jingles; and then they must *tumble* of Course, *blindfold*, God knows whither, in the Event of a fatal *AMBI-TION*.

What is *Pride*, but the *Precipice* of Destruction? Does not the *ambitious Man* stand all the while upon the *Brink of a Fall*? There's no sure Footing upon the *Top* of so steep a Hill, the *Pinnacle* of Honour, the *Monument* of Glory, or the *Weather-cock* of Fortune. *Aspiring* too high, looks like going up the *Ladder*, only to be *turn'd off* genteely. *Height* it self commonly begets *Giddiness*. It creates an *Unsteadiness* of Mind, produces strange *Apprehensions*, makes the *exalted Man* stagger upon the *Danger* of a *false Step*, and seldom or never fails of bringing his *lofty Head* down at last to the *Bottom*. The *highest Station* is but *precarious* and *uncertain* at best: And I question whether there are not some ill-dispos'd, sawcy, high-minded People watching daily, if not wishing also, for the *Fall* of GREAT GENERALS, who, they think, stand only upon *slippery Ground* with a Witness, because

they are not of *their* Kidney, Council, Faction, Interest, or Promotion. Such *Arrogance* deserves to be exemplarily punish'd in the *Expectation*.

However, the *Proverb* is no Fault, but reproves even *prond Kings* for their Sakes, who do not *look too high*, do not imperiously *fly* in their Faces for *Revenge*; do not, like usurping bloody-minded Traytors, barbarously *murder* their sacred Persons, at the Foot of the Account: While those arbitrary and domineering *Princes*, on the other Hand, perhaps, uncontrollably tyrannize, insult, and persecute their *faithful humble Servants*, and *obedient Subjects*. But a popular petulant *Contention* with our *Superiors* and *Severigns*, out of meer Haughtiness, Malice, or Mischief, is never like to fare better, than to be baffled with the utmost *Confusion* of Face, as well as the *Loss* of Life, Fortune, or Liberty. The insolent *Competition* is *unnatural*, and the *Arrogance* highly imprudent. Every such irregular *Advancement*, in Defiance of *Royal Power* and *Prerogative*, is a large *Step* towards a *desperate Downfall*.

We have many excellent good *Lessons* of this Kind, besides the comical *Proverb* of not *looking too high*, for fear of the *worst*, given us against the haughty Practices

pieces of *Ambition*; as particularly, *Hasty Climbers have sudden Falls*. And this may serve as an incomparable *Caution*, or *Reproof* rather to some *proud Upstarts*, lest a sudden Change should happen in the twinkling of an *Eye*, and humble their *HIGH AND MIGHTINESSES*. It is likewise a discreet *Check* upon several *high-flown Court-Favourites*, who may rise on a sudden, perhaps, from a *low Condition*, to a *large Estate*, or the highest Pitch of *Glo-ry*, and in a little Time, fall as fast again into their *original Obscurity*, or dwindle into *nothing* of *Extract*, *Honour*, and *Commendation*. *Fallen Stars* lose all their *Brightness*, and become contemptible out of their *shining Orbs*; their *Lustre* goes off as soon as they are down, and the *worthless Thing* is *despis'd*: So when *Beauty* fails, the *Admiration* ceases, and turns either into a downright *Disrespect*, or an unregarding *Indifferency*. This seems to be the *Danger* then of *aspiring* to great *Dignity*; namely, that all the *hasty Advancements* of ambitious Persons, are apt to beget *Pride*; and that *Pride* never fails of raising *Folly* in *themselves*, as well as *Envy* in *others*: So that what with the *sawcy Impertinence*, or presumptuous *Security* of the *one*, and the vigilant *Censoriousness*, or malevolent *Insinuations* of the *other*,

they must needs be *crush'd* between *both* off-hand, and hurry'd out of *Favour* with an insulting Kind of *Precipitation* and *Triumph*.

But this *Proverb* turns upon another *Foot* also, besides taking *Heed* how we *climb up too high* to come at *Court-Preferments*, or to grasp at *inconstant Riches* and *Honour* : Though it is *Matter of History*, with what *Success* the famous *SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH* ventur'd at last to *im-bark* upon this rotten Bottom of *Ambition* ; what *Course* he *steer'd* to *Royal Favour*, and what came on't in the End of his *Elevation*, and *great Services*. Why, 'tis a *Wonder* his *Heart did not fail* him to *climb at all*, upon this single *Consideration*, that the *highest Flood* always has the *lowest Ebb*, and the *highest Standing*, the *lowest Fall*. But be it as it will, this good old *Saying* teaches us, over and above yet, the *Happiness of a contented Life in a mean Station*, without hazarding our *Heads*, by *aiming at too high Things*, without hurting our *Eyes* by *arrogant Prospects*, without lessening our *Estates* by *prodigal Presumptions*, without prejudicing our *Persons* by *insolent Practices*, and without endangering our *Lives* at last by any *high-flown Ambition*. Happy be then, thrice happy, that can adjust all his *Actions*,
Under,

Undertakings, or Attempts whatsoever, to this standing Rule of Moderation, and the modestest Maxim of Morality! He, I mean, whose Projects are carry'd on no higher than the Proverb prescribes, with Safety to his PERSON, and the Security of his FORTUNE, upon this comfortable Experience in a Country Retirement, that the tallest Tree bath the greatest Fall.

PROV. XLVII.

Fast bind, fast find.

Reflexion.

TIS a loose Age we live in, and lewd to the last Degree, in Point of good Faith, as well as good Manners. Many Men are so mad, even out of Bedlam, that there is no dealing with them, except they be bound. Knavery seems now to be in its Zenith, and looks giddy with its own Height; but we may despair of its Declension yet, 'till an universal Reformation of Fraud, Interest, and Falshood brings it down lower, upon a Level with common Honesty.

There's no Faith in Man, quoth COLEMAN, upon the Disappointment of his Expectations

pectations at Tyburn ; where he was ty'd fast enough from telling of Stories, and making of Plots or Discoveries. Court-Promises are not to be rely'd on, without a wise Distrust, till they are perform'd, and we can BRAG of them in the Enjoyment. If Policy or Interest makes the Favour necessary, perhaps it may be granted ; for the Courtier is bound in Conscience then to do Wonders. I remember an Address made to a Great Man, several Years ago, by a poor Relation, for some Preferment : Why, says the DUKE, if you hear of any Thing worth your While, I'll give it a Lift. Now, something considerable was found out accordingly ; and the mighty Lift begg'd for't ; but nothing ever yet done in it, to this Day, nor any other Kindness bestow'd upon the Petitioner's Family, after all the Obligations of Honour, Friendship, and Veracity : So that Words are but Wind, at this Rate, be they never so sedate, fair, and calm about the inconstant Weather-cock. It looks as if no Faith was to be kept with Inferiors, or as if Great Men were of another Religion, and little People to be reckon'd Hereticks.

After many such Disappointments, and false Practices of this Quality, who would believe the fairest Pretences and Professions of Affability, Courtesy, and Kindness ?

Who

Who would take a Place of Preferment for *granted*, upon Honour, before he was actually put in Possession on't? Who would expect to find a Gentleman as good as his Word, true to his Trust, fast to his Promise, firm to his Protestations, or faithful to his Friend at last; a Man, I mean, that is no faster bound to this Behaviour, than by a little Flattery, Complement, and Dissimulation? When *Apello* made Love to *Cassandra*, she would not yield to his Desire, and yet countenanc'd him so far still, as to keep on the *Amour*, till she had got the Gift of Prophecy from him; but then she rejected all his *Addresses* Point-blank, and broke Faith with her Friend: Upon this, *Apello* finding it inconsistent with his Honour and Majesty, to reassume the Grant, he resolv'd to lay a Punishment upon't; so that whatever *Cassandra* should prophecy for the Future, no Body should ever give any Credit to't. This is the Fate of all common *Liers*, not to be believ'd when they speak Truth; of all notorious *Cheats*, not to be trusted, when they would deal honestly; and of all general *Lovers*, not to be receiv'd, when they are really in earnest, or sincere. Lying, Cheating, and Inconstancy, must needs find but few *Confidants*, *Customers*, or

humble

bumble Servants, after so fair a *Warning* to the World.

And since so it is, that People are so *loose* and *perfidious*, in general, what can be a greater Point of *Prudence*, than to be upon our Guard against *Treachery* and *Imposition*, in all our Dealings and Transactions of Affairs, either in *buying* or *selling*, *borrowing* or *lending*, *giving* or *taking*, in order to preserve a good Understanding, and a lasting Friendship among mutual Correspondents? 'Tis a wise Way to make a *Bargain*, as sure as *Earnest*, *Obligation*, or *Testimony* can *bind* it, for fear of meeting with a *Sarper* in the Multitude of *fair Dealers*, that will play *fast* and *loose* with his *Word*, and flinch from his own *Agreement*: For there are *Pick-pockets* in all *honest Crowds*, and they creep into the very *Churches* too, when they are *full*. However, a Man's *Word* ought to be as good as his *Bond*, to all Intents and Purposes; and he that has no more *Conscience*, than the *Law* will oblige him to have, shall take none of *my Money*: But for all that, to prevent Vexation, Trouble, and Wrangling in *Westminster-Hall*, five and twenty or thirty Years together, for an Act of Kindness, 'tis the *safest Way* to have good *Security* under *Hand and Seal*, to shew for the *Performance*

mance of his Promises. And *that* will not do neither, neither hinder, nor make an End of a Quarrel, unless the Clerk be a Person of Integrity, without the least Fault or Flaw of a Caterpillar, that neglects signing Releases upon the Conclusion of an old *jaded Cause*, on Purpose to *prolong*, and multiply everlasting Suits into a Plague, and entail the Infection upon the Posterity of his Client.

It is a hard Matter to find a Person now-a-days, that is fit to be trusted with a Secret, and much less with our Money or Goods, without some previous Obligation of the Law, as well as Fidelity, Justice, and Conscience. Conscience! (said a certain bad Pay-master to his Creditor, that demanded a Debt justly due to him, for Conscience-sake;) WHAT'S THAT? THE ITCH? So that there's no taking such a Fellow's Word for a Farthing, unless he do formally squeeze Wax for the Payment on't. In short, we should live in a dissolute State of War and Rapine, without Laws to govern the Licentious, and preserve the Peace of the World: HOBBS's Ghost would rise up in Judgment, upon such a lawless Confusion. But there is no Law yet to prevent the Growth of Hypocrisy, both in Church and State; and nothing less than the Power of an Act of Parliament, can make

make *some Men* just to either *Church* or *Conventicle*, and bind 'em fast enough to their Duty, under the unrestrain'd *Liberty* of conforming to both, upon *Occasion* of *Freak*, *Interest*, and *Advantage*.

This old *Jingle* holds true yet, from the *Obligations* of *Law*, to the *hooping* of a *Hogthead*. It preserves the *Wine*, and makes the *Vintner* and the *Cooper* fast Friends. It reflects upon all *slippery Tricks*, that are play'd the *credulous*, the *easy*, and the *negligent Manager* of Affairs, and reproaches him with his own *Loss*, *Disadvantage*, or *Imprudence*, in the End. It brings the *careless Keeper* to the *Stool* of *Repentance*, upon the *Escape* of a *Prisoner*, for want of a strong *Chain*. It puts the gull'd *Husband* in Mind of his *Folly* and *Shame*, upon the *Elopement* of his *Wife*, for want of strict *Confinement*. It touches the chow'd *Creditor* in the most sensible Part, upon the *Despair* of a round *Sum* of *Money*, for want of good *Security*. It makes a wild extravagant *Apprentice* serve out his *Time*, lest he should lose his *Indentures*, or be disappointed of his *Freedom*. It induces an unwilling *Offender* to appear in *Court*, for fear of forfeiting his *Recognizance*. It secures the *Bird* from leaving its *Cage*, the *Horse* from forsaking his *Rider*, and the *Dog* from slipping his Neck

Neck out of the Collar. It is concern'd in all *Contracts of Marriage*, and hinders a *Match* from breaking off, for want of a *firm Resolution* or *Constancy*. In a Word, it ties the *true Lovers Knot*, which nothing but *Death* can *unloose*.

PROV. XLVIII.

A Man is a Man still, if he hath but a *Hose* on his Head.

Reflexion.

There's no judging of *Men* by their *Cloaths*, or their *Outsides*. *Innocence* was originally *naked*, and *Truth* keeps the same *Dress* still, in Spite of *Fig-Leaves*, or *Furbelows*. The *Face* is but a false *Index* of the *Mind* at best. *Hercules*, they say, is known by his *Foot*; but the *Brains* lie *two Stories higher*, tho' our *upper Rooms* are not always the *best furnish'd*. However, a *Person of Learning*, with a *Hose on his Head*, now-a-days, would look very odd, and ridiculous among the *Beaus* of the *Town*, when *long Wigs* and *false Hair* are so much in *Fashion*: I had like to have said, *false Heads* too; for their very *Brains* are *borrow'd*,

row'd, and their *Thoughts* are none of their own.

But the *Proverb* does not distinguish People by their *external Figure*. A *Man* is not to be undervalu'd and despis'd for his *Habit*; for we may sometimes chance to meet with a *DIOGENES* in *Rags*, and a *Philosopher* in *mean Apparel*, with his *Stockins out at Heels*, or the *forlorn Hope* of a *Shirt* on. Let his *Coat* be never so *Tbread-bare*, he's a *MAN* still, and, perhaps, a *Man* of Honour too, without ever appearing at *Court*, either in the *Quality* or *Equipage* of an *EMBASSADOR*.

I could never yet like a *Scholar* the worse for having a *long Beard*; because I am convinc'd, that his *Soul* does not grow out at his *Chin*; and neither *Deformity* nor *Poverty* can scare me from an *ingenious Conversation*. 'Tis common *Prudence* only, to esteem a *Man's Qualifications* and *Parts* more than his *Person*; and to set the highest *Value* upon an inestimable *Jewel*, in what *Dungbill* soever it is found. *ÆSOP's Wit* might very well atone for his *Shape*, and deservedly recommend him to the *Company* and *Admiration* both of *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* at *Court*. Can any Thing be more *enter-taining* in *Conversation*, than a *Man of Sense*, though he has not a *Shoe* to his *Foot*,
nor

nor a *Hat* to his *Head*? Riches, Splendor, and Beauty, are not comparable to a good *Understanding*, and ought never to come in Competition with Knowledge, Virtue, and Honour, for *intrinsic Worth* and *Excellency*. Men are not to be measur'd by their *Purses* or *Pockets*, but by their natural Gifts, and acquir'd Parts, by their extraordinary Endowments of Mind, and Improvements of Knowledge: For there are a great many *golden Blockheads* in this Age, and *Fortune* sometimes sticks the finest *Feathers* in the *Fool's Cap*.

Every *Man* of us all ought to act up to the Spirit of this *Proverb*. A Principle of *Generosity* well manag'd, and luckily exerted, upon a seasonable Occasion, is sufficient to ennoble a *Beggar*, and make him a *King's Companion*. *Virtue* can never fall under a *Cloud*, nor be totally eclips'd; but still breaks through all *Obscurities* and *Disadvantages*, with the greater Lustre, Influence, and Glory. It generally grows stronger upon a *Struggle* with *Misfortunes*, and displays its *Power* most upon *Opposition*. *Adversity*, *Calumny*, and *Contempt*, can never unman the noble Person in the *Proverb*.

There are no *personal Distinctions* after this *World*; which single Consideration is enough to take down the *Pride* of the most

imperious SULTAN among *Christians*. We ought not to insult upon our *Inferiors* in Goods of Mind, Body, or Estate: And, for any Thing I know, to tread upon a *Worm*, is an Injury to the *Creation*. Let a *Man* be never so *low*, he may *rise* again, get better *Cloths* to his Back, and make a greater Figure in the World: But whatever becomes of a GOOD MAN *here*, with a *Hose* on his Head, tho' slighted into the Grave by GREAT MEN, he is sure yet *hereafter* to receive all the Benefits of a glorious Resurrection, and to be crown'd with Immortality. And then the uncharitable DIVES, that inhospitable Wretch, will have the sad Remorse of seeing LAZARUS in Abraham's Bosom, and his Preferment infinitely beyond the Pomp and Haughtiness of this World.

PROV.

PROV. XLIX.

Reckon not your *Chickens* before they
are *hatch'd*.

Reflexion.

NEither ought we to *reckon our Eggs*
before they are lay'd. We may count
our Poultry when we *have them*, well and
good, to keep the *Tale* of 'em; 'tis pru-
dent *Huswifery*: But we ought not to
compute upon them in the *Shell*. 'Tis not
common *Discretion* to crack of our *Chic-*
kens, to talk of our *young Turkeys*, and
to feed our selves with the Phancy of
our *Goslings* or *Cygnets*, before they are
HATCH'D. And yet *this* is no more, than
what Thousands of People do every Day
in *other Affairs* of their Lives.

What a fine *Crop of Corn* shall I have,
says the covetous HUSBAND-MAN, before
ever the Seed *peeps* out of the Ground, or
is *grown up* to any Maturity? What a
World of *Apples, Pears, and Plumbs*, with
Cherries in Abundance, shall I have, *says*
the forward GARDENER, before ever the
Trees are well in *Blossom*, or the *Fruit set*
against black Winds and Blights? What
a vast Stock of *Sheep and Goats*, besides
S 2 other

other *Cattel*, shall I have, *says* the confident SHEPHERD, before ever any *Lambs*, *Kids*, or *Calves* are come to Light, and the Danger of *miscarrying* is not yet over? Well! but I shall have a *brave Estate*, when my *Father* dies, *says one*; I shall be in *deep Mourning* for my *old Mother*, and have *new Cloths* in a little Time, *says another*; and I shall be LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ere long, if such, or such a Thing happens, *cries a Third*: When GOD knows, who shall live to see *that Day*; for these are but vain *Wishes* in EMBRIO, ill *conceiv'd*, and as likely not to go out half their Time, or not to last 'till their Accomplishment. Now, what is all *this*, but the *Folly* of bragging, of the *Larks we shall catch*, when the *Sky falls*, or rather, only the *Hastiness* of reckoning *our Chickens before they are HATCH'D*?

This is a reigning *Vanity* also among many noted uppish *Authors*, and *Hero's* of the Age. They commonly talk *too fast* of Things; both of them, by a Kind of BRAVADO, anticipating their own *Exploits* and *Performances*. The *one* affects an *Applause* before his *Work's done*; and the *other* thinks himself *Cock-sure* of *Preferment*, before he *deserves* any. This expects to be made a *Great Man*, some *GENERAL* or other, and *that* reckons himself

as good as a BISHOP already ; but *both*, perhaps, before their *proper Turns* of meriting such *Employments* : Which seems to be the worst of a precipitate *Foolery*, and a more ridiculous *Forwardness*, than the very *Proverb* condemns ; for it is even *hatching of Eggs*, that were never yet *lay'd* : That is, the fond *Conceit* has no Manner of *Foundation* to work upon in our Brains. 'Tis to be wish'd indeed, that we could *knock at the Gates of PARIS* in *Arms*, as well as in *Print*, or *Discourse*, and the sooner the better ; but it does not become us to be *over-hasty* in harbouring such *glorious Thoughts*, such *illustrious Confidences*. — ALL in good Time.

We are always *brooding* in our *Desires*, and *hatching* in our *Minds*, what we would have *come to pass*, before Things are ripe for't. Every one of us *talks* as he *wishes*, even from the telling of *Lies*, *Stories*, and *News* about Town ; *magnifying* our *Advantages Abroad*, and *multiplying* our *Successes at Home*, to the very HEN's having brought forth a *vast Number* of CHICKENS, before ever she had *sat* upon 'em. It must needs *be*, as we would have it, or else we are offended ; and nothing but TIME can convince us of the Error of our *rash Conjectures*, or *hasty Conclusions*. *Hastiness* begets *Blindness*, as the

Bitch brings forth her *Puppies*. It oftentimes makes us over-shoot our *Reason*, and forfeit our *Prudence*, in reckoning that our *own*, which is not yet so much as in *Being*. It puts us upon speaking confidently of our having, or as good as having, *Things* in our *Power* and *Possession*, which are far off still, only in *Expectancy*, and depend wholly upon *Providence*. In short, such *over-hasty Reckonings* proceed from *false Conceptions*. They are meer *Impositions* upon our *selves*. They are good *Signs* of our *great Hopes*; but no *Arguments*, that we may not be *disappointed*. There are many *Casualties* betwixt the Egg and the Bird; betwixt a Woman's being with *Child*, and its Birth. We do not know what *Miscarriages* may happen, to render our *biggest Expectations* abortive. However, there's no Doubt, but SPAIN will be *recover'd* at long Run by our Assistance; and yet at present, it is only one of the CHICKENS in the Proverb, not to be crack'd on 'till it is quite hatch'd, and thoroughly fledg'd with the House of AUSTRIA's Feathers.

Farther yet, this jocular *Saying* has another *Meaning*; namely, against *reckoning without our Host*: For, *they say*, he that *does so*, must reckon twice; which argues either a great *Imprudence*, and down-right

right *Folly* in the *one*, or a cunning *Knave*, and a manifest *Cheat* in the *other*. However, I have been well assur'd by *Travellers* of good Credit, that a *DUTCH* *Reckoning* never loses any Thing, by being carry'd in *twice* upon a *Scruple* of the *Guests*. In fine, all People would do well to consult their *LANDLORD's* *Conscience*, as well as their *own Purses*, before they make any *Computation* of what is to *pay*, for Fear of being *out* in their *Accounts*.

But the main *Interpretation* of the *Proverb* belongs chiefly to the wise, gallant *SOLDIER*, as a *Word of Command* how to behave himself, with *Honour* and *Discretion*, in the *Field of War*; not to triumph too soon, before *Victory*; not to glory too hastily, 'till the *Battel* is won; not to insult too rashly, before an *entire Conquest* is made; as the *FRENCH* were lately routed at *RAMELIES*. Now, both the *GRÆCIANS* and the *ROMANS* formerly, were always bountifully *grateful* to thier *successful* *GENERALS*. They had their *ENCOMIUMS*, both in *Prose* and *Poetry*, presented to 'em publickly, in *Praise* of their noble *Actions*; they were highly honour'd in open View, with *Triumphs* and *Trophies*, in Token of their *Valour*, besides other *Rewards* of their brave *Exploits*; and they were, in a *Manner*, extoll'd to

Heaven at last, and DEIFY'D with universal Acclamations of *Immortality*, for their great *Services* upon *Earth*. But it was both a *popular Shame*, and a *Scandal* for 'em to expect any such MIGHTY DOINGS, 'till they had absolutely conquer'd the GRAND ENEMY of their *Country*: And this very *Proverb* was the *Reflexion* upon those *unfortunate Warriors* of *Old*, who behav'd themselves with the utmost *Fidelity*, *Gallantry*, and good *Discipline*; although they could not finish a CAMPAIGN, perhaps, according to the *People's Minds*, nor accomplish the *Work of the War* with an EVERLASTING PEACE. Infomuch, that if such an *one* came *Home* at any *Time unsuccessfully*, and could lay never so just a *Pretension* to *Merit*, and to ROYAL FAVOUR: What! said the MOB of him, do you *crow* now like a *Dung-hill Cock*, before ever you've engag'd, or defeated your FOE?

PROV.

PROV. L.

Curs'd Cows have short Horns.

Reflexion.

THIS, perhaps, makes the FRENCH KING live so long, upon our *Threats*; Not but that *he's* as mortal as another Man, though he may not die before his Time, by the Hand of a second RAVILLIAC, or such *curs'd Villains* as cut off King Charles the First's Head in our own Country. We have lampoon'd him with our Pens, bespatter'd him with our Tongues, and pay'd him off with our Arms in several Battels; but he seems ne'er the more to thrive upon our Curses and Triumphs, than his own Miscarriages or Misfortunes. On this Side of the Water, he has been often threaten'd with Destruction, and sent to Hell for his Falshood, Tyranny, and Oppression, with a Pox to the Rogue and the Rascal of a FRENCH BOUGRE; and if our Horns had not been so short of our *Wishes*, the Wound had prov'd mortal too, in Spite either of Fate, or of MADAM DE MAINTENON, to preserve the MOST CHRISTIAN TURK. However yet, on the other Side, the FRENCH TYRANT had bid fair for Universal

versal Monarchy long before this Time, if *he* himself had not labour'd at last under this *Proverb*, as well as his *Neighbours*, and his *Will* had not languish'd for want of *Power* either to execute, or accomplish his *ambitious Designs*. He might have *push'd*, perhaps, into the Heart of *GERMANY*, and the Bowels of *ITALY*, as well as made himself *Master* of some of the Riches of *SPAIN*, if his *Horns* had been *LONG* enough, and no *English Champion* had stood in the Way to his *accurs'd Conquests*. But *cursing*, or *undervaluing* an *Enemy*, is not the Way to *beat* him; and it only either *lessens* our *Victories* in Success on the *one Hand*, or reviles *Providence* in Distress and Disaster on the *other*: For *GOD* will interpose still in the Vicissitude of human Affairs, and govern the World in both Fortunes, for the best, as *he* thinks fit, to controul the *execrable Force* either of *Man* or of *Beast*, in the Field of *Battel*, and in Times of *Affliction*, as well as in the Day of Peace, Plenty, and Prosperity.

But, *publick Revolutions* apart, the *private Grudges*, and *ill Will* of inveterate *Enemies*, are couch'd under this ridiculous *Emblem* of *curs'd Cows*; which either have not the *Power* to do us a *Mischief*, as they would do, if we lay at their *Mercy*,

or whose barbarous *Designs* are often frustrated, and their violent *Attacks* disappointed, by the Prevention of an *overruling Providence*. There's no *Security* in the *Lion's Paw*, without a *Miracle*. 'Tis the Nature of the *Beast* to destroy whatever comes within his Reach. Thus DANIEL, in all human Probability, had not escap'd untouch'd in the *Den*, nor outliv'd NEBUCHADNEZZAR's savage *Intention*; but an *Almighty Power* interfer'd for the *Prophet's Deliverance*, restrain'd either the *Liberty*, or the *Appetite* of the most hungry, fierce, cruel Creatures living, and convinc'd the *brutish Man*, at once, both of his *Infidelity*, and the *Impotency* of his *curs'd Attempt*. Nothing less than *Omnipotence* it self, can correct the natural Bent of *Inclination*, or cramp the arbitrary *Clutches* of *Inhumanity* from a mortal Grasp. Nothing less can disarm the *Will* of a bloody-minded Man of *Power*, to play all the Engines of Destruction, tame the *Tyger* in Pursuit of his PREY, and save the *Lamb* in the very Jaws of the *Wolf*. Nothing less again can stop the Mouth of a *Gun*, suspend the Force of a *Bullet*, or prevent *Execution*: And, without Banter, if a *Cannon-Ball* grazes upon a Man's *Shoulder* in a *Fight*, without hurting his *Person*, we may very well believe

lieve the *Wonder* was by *divine Commis-*
sion.

Now, since so it is, that *Providence* can easily *defeat* all the Measures of our most *implacable Adversaries* to hurt us, we may very well *defy* the *Devil* upon this Confidence, and believe that *curs'd Cows have short Horns*; that *unmerciful People* are commonly either baulk'd of their mischievous *Intentions*, or depriv'd of the *arbitrary Power* of executing a compleated *Injury*, though their wicked ungovernable *Wills* be never so rampantly set agog upon't. For otherwise, what a *Wilderness* would the *World* be in a little Time, upon cutting of *Throats* without *Controul*, and taking honest Men off at a Dash, which stand in the Way of a *prosperous Villainy*, upon a Distinction of *FACTION* or *PARTY*; through *Nick-Names*, *Aspersions*, and *Calamities*! A *confederate Malice* sticks at nothing of Iniquity, to gain its Point, 'till it is disabled and overpower'd by *Justice*. If the *Hands* of some *profligate Wretches* were not ty'd behind their *Backs*, they would set the *Malefactors* upon the *Bench*, and hang up their *JUDGES*. They would put *TYBURN* in *Mourning*, for the Death of a *true-blew Plotter*, or a *Papish Assassin*. They would ring the *Bells backwards*, and turn the Nation *TOPSY-TURVY* into *Anarchy*

by and Confusion. In short, *they* would do every Thing that *ought not to be done*, to hinder all honest People from doing what *they ought* in Duty.

But, thank GOD, we have both *divine* and *human Authority*, for the Establishment of this *Proverb*, to prevent the *direful Mob* from disordering the World: And the *Moral* of the whole Matter will be *this*, in short; *Providence* so wisely disposes on the *one Hand*, and the *Law* provides so well on the *other*, that *they* who have the *ill Will*, want either the *Power*, or the *Means* to wreak their *Malice* upon those that live under the *Protection* both of *Heaven* and *Earth*. For when these *predominant Powers* interpose for our *Preservation*, they soon shorten the *Horns of cur'd Cows*, whether they be *foreign* or *domestic*, that *push* at us; and *baffle* all the *diabolical Councils* of our *Enemies*, either at *Home* or *Abroad*, in Combination to contrive our *Overthrow*, and intail the *Curse of Conquest* upon our native Country.

In fine, not to press this *Proverb* too far upon *National Concerns*, it is a smart *Satyr* against the *little Piques*, *virulent Threats*, or *execrable Resolutions* and *Appointments* in *private Families*. We cannot, *must not* do whatever we have a *Mind* to do in a *Passion*, to the *Prejudice* of

of our Neighbour. *Revenge* is not so sweet, but this single Consideration might be sufficient to embitter it, that it is not within our own Power to accomplish. All private Vengeance is positively decry'd for unfair, cowardly, and unlawful; and it generally deserves the very self-same Punishment too, that it seeks to inflict upon another by Surprise, Disadvantage, or Inequality: For if I dare not act in the *Light*, and bring an Affair of Dispute bare-fac'd upon the publick Stage, I am about some dark Deed or other, in Disguise, that is afraid of the Sun, and cannot stand the Test of true Courage; which ought to be argu'd fairly in the open View of the World, and before proper Judges too, for fear of foul Play, false Weapons, and an unequal Match upon a Tryal of Skill. Satisfaction above-board, is honourable; but a clandestine Injury, below a Person of Worth, or a publick-spirited Gentleman.

This Proverb also justly lampoons the detestable Execrations of impotent Sinners, or disabled Offenders. It reflects upon the Infirmities of superannuated Whore-masters, that are wicked still, to the utmost of their Power. It reproves the insufficient Love of an old Letcher, who has a Month's Mind to a young Girl, and is only vertuous by Decay. It checks the Intemperances of a languishing

guishing Lewdness, a feeble Passion, or a deprav'd Appetite, for want of *Ability* to commit a *Debauch*, or offer Violence to *Nature* and *Virtue*, according to *Inclination*. Besides, it is enough to put all untoward People, of a *revengeful Spirit*, quite out of Countenance, to be thus ridicul'd and banter'd with *Brutality*, *Insufficiency*, and *Contempt*; or, in a Word, to be so HORNEFY'D for curs'd Cows, and made a *Jest* to all Mankind of a *better Temper*, and a more *peaceable Disposition*.

PROV. LI.

Give a Man *Luck*, and throw him into the *Sea*.

Reflexion.

HE'll not be drown'd, if the *Proverb* is true, and can help it: But he will be sav'd still, by one lucky *Providence* or another, from the imminent Danger of the *Waves*; whether he be brought safe to Land, as poor ARION, the *Musician*, was, upon the Back of a *Dolphin*, or miraculously preserv'd, as JONAH, the *Prophet*, was, in the *Whale's Belly*, beyond all human Expectation.

But

But this ~~Proverb~~ has a farther *Entend* yet, besides the *Letter* on't. *Luck* is a *Lord*, we say, which looks, as if it rais'd a Man sometimes to great *Honour* and *Dignity*, from a *low Estate*; or made him a *Peer of the Realm*, from a *mean Degree*, upon a surprizing Change of *Fortune*. Give a Man but *Luck*, and he'll run through all the dangerous *Difficulties*, both of *Sea* and *Land*, with *Success*, and seldom or never fail of being *happy*, even beyond his own *Hopes*. 'Tis wonderful how some *Persons* thrive an-End in the *World*, and seem to prosper upon their very *Losses*.

Some People are so *hardy*, that they would live upon a *Mountain*, feed upon a fruitful *Crab-Tree*, and grow fat upon *Haws* and *Husks*, or the meanest of ordinary *Fare*. Others become unaccountably *rich*, from little *Concerns*. They have the *Luck* on't. *Riches* flow upon 'em; *Money* tumbles into their *Laps*, and *Estates* drop (as it were) into their *Mouths*, without any farther *Trouble*. And some again are such *lucky Gamesters*, as to make their *Fortunes* at *Play*, upon the *Ruins* of other Men's *Wealth*: For we have a smart *Saying*, to this Effect, *Hit or miss, Luck is all*; especially when the *Prodigal* shakes his *Elbow* at *Dice*, ventures his *All* upon the *Hazard* of a *Throw*, or stakes an *Estate* down at a *Game at Cards*.

FOR-

FORTUNE is the *Mistress of the Field*, says the *Poet*: And if so, QUEEN ANN seems to be her chief *Favourite*, by the inexpressible *Victories* obtain'd lately every where in the *War* with the *FRENCH*. But let us not mistake; *Justice* is not to be measur'd by *Success* only, nor *Success* to be ascrib'd to a blind giddy *Chance*; for Things of so vast a Concernment, as *Conquests*, must be owing to a *higher Power*, and the *Glory* of them acknowledg'd to the *Wisdom of human Conduct*, under the Goodness or Direction of *divine Providence*: That *Providence*, which is too often miscall'd *Luck* by the *Vulgar*, and *Fortune* by some of the *Learned*. However, a *permissive Providence*, or *worldly Prosperity*, can be no *Rule of Practice*; for the *Righteous* do not always flourish.

The *World's a Lottery*, crys the *losing Gamester*; and he that wins one while, perhaps, may have nothing to brag of at the Foot of the Account. The *Tables* may turn again, and then he must come off a *Loser*, notwithstanding all his former *lucky Hits*. 'Tis a common *Saw*, that *Time and Chance* happen to all Men: But when we see a Person prodigiously *fortunate and prosperous*, we are apt to make a *Banter* of the *Blessing*, and jest upon *Providence*, with the *Romance of Fortunatus's*

Cap, Luck in a Bag, and what says Pluck? Thus is *Heaven* foolishly insulted; and the *Success* either of living happily, of marrying well, or of making one's *Fortune* fairly any other Way in the World, *chances* to be often ignorantly lampoon'd, and falsely *attributed* to a mistaken *Deity*. No; rather than fail of *misapplying* this *Proverb*, some Folks will have it, that *Fortune* favours *Fools*; as if *Providence* had no *Kindness* for the *Wise*, and bestow'd all her *Benefits* upon the *Ignorant*; or as if a Man could not be *fortunate*, without being reckon'd an *Idiot*, or a *silly illiterate Fellow*, in their rash *Conjectures*, as well as ridiculous *Reflexions*. I grant indeed, the *honestest Man*, the *worse Luck* sometimes, in the Eye of the *Vulgar*, upon a *misunderstanding* of the Matter; but the *Little* that a good Man has, *honestly got*, will last the longer, in *Spite* of all *Misfortune*, or ill *Luck*.

Well! I shall beg Leave now only for one *Digression*, to take Notice of a *PACK OF PROVERB-CARDS*, lately printed, and curiously *engrav'd* with *FIGURES*, representing them to the *Life*; sold under the *Cover* of a fine *Frontispiece*, and couch'd under the *Motto* of *HIT OR MISS, LUCK'S ALL*: Which is near enough a-kin to this *jocular Saying*, of giving a *Man Luck*, and *throwing him into the Sea*. But the *Col-*
lection

lection appears to be so miserably manag'd with *indecent Language*, and spell'd false too; so *nasty*, so *smutty*, or so *obscene* in general; besides, that *one* of the **Proverbs** is so unmannerly and improperly adapted to the **QUEEN OF HEARTS**, and *another* so grossly reflecting upon the *Clergy* over and above; in all Respects such *Proverbial Indecencies*, not to say *Untruths*, that I cannot recommend them as fit to be *play'd* withal, neither do I think them capable either of *instructing* Children, or of *diverting* Youth into good *Manners*. Young People may *laugh* at 'em; but not *learn*, by practising them, any great *Civility*, *Virtue*, *Breeding*, *Learning*, or any Thing else that is worthy of *Observation*, and much less of *Imitation*, in the Uphot of the *Game*. Mean Time, I must needs imagine, at least, without *Vanity*, that THIS **PACK OF SELECT ENGLISH Proverbs**, with *moral Reflexions* upon them, would be far better *Diversion* in *Families*, as well as more deserving of their *Perusal*; especially, if the *reading of Books* be preferable at any Time to *playing at Cards*.

P R O V. LII.

All is *well*, that *ends well*.

Reflexion.

THere is a *near Relation* betwixt the *Beginning* and the *End* of all Things; and the *Distance* of the *one* from the *other*, in common Prospect, can be no Argument against their Affinity, their Friendship, and Contrivance towards the accomplishing of their *Designs* through all Difficulties, Delays, and Impediments, either of *Time* or of *Place*: For that which cannot be *done* effectually in *one Day*, as *ROME* was never built so *soon*, may with Patience, perhaps, be *finish'd* in a *Tear*, or more, according to the *primary Intention* of the Undertaker: And *he* that cannot gain his Point according to his Wishes at *Home*, in his *own Country*, or in *England*, may yet peradventure make his Fortune *Abroad*, by travelling beyond *Hercules's Pillars*, or in the *Indies*. He's a *short-sighted Author* indeed, that does not know his *whole Drift*, or his *ultimate Scope* of Writing, before ever he sets Pen to Paper; like an unskilful *Archer*, who does not see the *Mark* that he aims at, before the bending
of

of his Bow : For the *final Resolution* ought to be thoroughly well understood, and taken in a *full View* of the Matter in Hand, upon the *first Attempt* of any Affair.

But as *Things* are now-a-days generally measur'd by *Success*, which is a very false mobbish Argument of their *Goodness* ; *All must needs be well, that ENDS well* in the Eye of the *Vulgar*, not discerning the notorious *Fallacy* and *Deception*, that often lurks under the most specious Cover of a *good Intention*, or an *honest Atchievement* : For, by the Way, such *wicked Means* of *Lying, Cheating, Robbing, Perjury, or Murder*, may be us'd in the *Execution* of it ; that, let the END seem never so *plausible*, and prove never so *successful*, those *base Practices* will blast all its *Glory*, and discredit its *Accomplishment* amongst Men of better *Judgment, Honour, or Conscience*. Upon this Account, I have taken such *Measures* in the Management of the *foregoing Work*, from the *Beginning* to the *End* on't, as are all of a Piece, *ingenuous, faithful, just, equal, and honest* ; to undeceive the World of its *Sophistry*, and credulous, bigotted, partial *Rate of judging of Events* by PROSPERITY, as well as to convince People of my own *Integrity* and *fair Dealing*, throughout the whole Performance, Let the *Fate* of it be what it will upon

the *Upsbot*, whether it be *done well* or *ill*, with *Applause*, or *Dissatisfaction* and *Contempt*.

As to the *Letter* of the *Proverb*, it is plain Matter of *Fact*, that the *END* crowns *all Things*. Only, as the *Westminster-Scholar* wittily observ'd in *OLIVER's Time*, there was no *CORONATION* upon the *Event* of that preposterous *Revolution*; no *Cross*, no *Crown*, no *Bishop*, no *KING*, but a confus'd *Hotch-potch* Kind of Government, accomplish'd and consummate enough in *Rebellion*, *Regicide*, and *Roguary*: And the happy *End* of that *Commonwealth* too, restor'd a *Crown'd Head* to *ENGLAND* again; whose *lawful Successors* may, by *GOD's Blessing*, sit for ever on the *Throne*, and reign at *last* undisturb'd by *Republican Spirits*, and *Commotions*; which are as *endless*, as they always prove *unsuccessful*. But to proceed to my *Purpose*. The *Evening* crowns the *Day*. A *happy Death* is the never-failing *Portion* of a *well-spent Life*; which always *ends* in *eternal Bliss* and *Glory*, and only changes its *mortal Condition* *here*, for a blessed *State* of *IMMORTALITY* *hereafter*. As for my *Part*, all that I court in *this World* by *Writing*, *Industry*, and *Labour*, is, to make an *honourable Exit* out of it, by being in some *Measure serviceable*, in my *Life-Time*, to
my

my *native Country*: And I cannot but imagine, that Men must needs be the *better* for *Learning* and *Instruction*, when I consider the Story of an *illiterate Country-Fellow*, that formerly wonder'd a long Time who this *FINIS* was; and concluded, at last, *he* might be some *great Scholard* or other, that had written *Abundance*, because his *NAME* was at the *End* of so many *Books*. However, we are all but *Pilgrims* upon Earth, and must draw *home-wards*. The *first Step* of our *Lives*, is so much advanc'd towards the *Grave*; and the *next Breath* of Air we draw in any Climate, may be our *last*, for ought we know, of our *Deaths*: So that poor Mortals would do well to *live well* every where, if they desire to *die well*; for they will certainly *die* sooner or later, in such a Manner as they have *liv'd*, to fulfil this *Proverb*.

In *fine*, the best Way of *judging* of Things beyond *Mistake*, is by the *Issue*, or the *Event* of them; for as we say commonly, *The Proof of the Pudding is in eating*, so we ought to *speak* as we find only upon the *last Tryal* and *Experience*, either of its *Goodness*, or its *Distaste*. Every Man's *Work* must stand or fall, according to this *Test*; and we ought to *suspend* our *Judgments* rather, than pass a *final*

Sentence rashly upon its Usefulness or Vanity, its Credit or Disesteem, its Excellence or Insignificancy, before it has receiv'd the finishing Stroke of the Maker's Art. Who can, with common Justice, condemn an AUTHOR, upon reading his Title-Page, or upon an imperfect cursory Perusal of two or three Leaves, here and there, sacrifice the whole Volume to the Fury of his Scorn, Calumny, and Contempt? For, without Equivocation, or Sophism, Spite, Prejudice, or Revenge, All is well, that ends well, in reforming the Vices of the Age, either by lashing Prophaneness and Immorality out of Countenance, or exposing Whores and Rogues, both to Shame and Punishment in this Life, as well as to Disgrace after Death: So that, when all is done, this Proverb, in a literal Sense, is true still to all Intents and Purposes; and I wish again, as I did in the Beginning, that it may be my Case now in the Conclusion of this Book.

FINIS.

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PAGE 23. Line 5. for *impudent*, read *imprudent*. P. 24. l. 14. f. *hurts*, r. *hurt*; f. *strikes*, r. *strike*. P. 54. l. 12. f. *brough*, r. *brought*. f. P. 64. l. 2. a. r. *as*. P. 116. l. 30 and in other Places, f. *Grandure*, r. *Grandeur*. P. 127. l. 19. f. *in World*, r. *in the World*. P. 155. l. 15. f. *is Evidence*, r. *is the Evidence*. P. 165. l. 23. f. *perspicuous*, r. *perspicacious*. P. 169. l. 16. f. *entertaining*, r. *entertaining*. P. 171. l. 21. f. *deed*, r. *dead*. P. 171. l. 22. f. *Bmsiness*, r. *Business*. P. 176. l. 22. f. *flauntring*, r. *flaunting*. P. 193. l. 11. f. *He*, r. *It*. P. 207. l. 13. f. *the*, r. *they*. P. 208. l. 15. f. *voluntary*, r. *voluptuary*. P. 246. l. 5. f. *is no*, r. *is in no*. P. 268. l. 11. f. *compleated*, r. *complotted*. Some Literals have escap'd, which the Reader is desir'd to excuse,

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The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the Government of the State of New York, for the year 1890.

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F I N I S.

ADDITIONS.

PROV. LIII.

The Master's Eye makes the Horse fat.

Reflexion.

AND good Reason the *Horse* should thrive under the *Master's Eye*; who, it cannot well be suppos'd, will ever let him want his *Hay*, or cheat him of his *Provender*, as the knavish *Hostelers* do (and are now nick-nam'd *OAT-STEALERS* for that very Fault) in some Parts; unless he has a Mind to starve the poor Beast, after all his good Services, either of *Diversion*, or *Drudgery*. True, 'tis none of the *Master's* Business to feed his own *Horses*, or fodder his own *Cattel*; but, and if he does not see them well fed, or does not look strictly after the *MAN*, himself in Person, it is ten to one, whether they will ever grow fat under the other's Negligence, Roguery, or riding them out too hard

hard sometimes for his own Pleasure, in the *Gentleman's Absence*. And if *Horses* could tell *Stories*, they would certainly complain to their *Masters*, either of their own *Servants*, or of the *Livery-Stables* in *LONDON*, or of *both* in Combination to defraud those poor dumb Creatures of their *Due*, and their just *Allowances* of *Hay* and *Straw*, or of *Oats* and *Beans*. The lazy *Dog* in the *Manger*, deserv'd hanging for serving the weary'd *Ox* so barbarously, and keeping him from his *Crib*, after the laborious *Toil* of the Day. Let the hard-hearted *Groom* ruminat upon this *Reflexion*, and he will find the *Moral* in his own common *Practice* of taking little or no Care of his *Master's Horse*, when he is just come off a long Journey. However, it will not be improper, nor impertinent in this Place, to take Notice of a fat *Man's* riding once along the Road, upon a starv'd, thin-gutted *Fade*; who, being ask'd in a Banter, *Why* he himself was so jolly and good-like, and his *Pad* so scragged and lean? Reply'd very pat to the Purpose, *Why*, I feed my self, you must know; but my *Servant* looks to my *Horse*. In short, the lean *Nag* (you see) was no little Reproach to his *Master*, notwithstanding his own fat *Carcase*, though he blam'd the *Man* for't: But observe, the *Fault* of the
one,

one, will never excuse the other's Folly from Disgrace. And this brings to Mind another pleasant Story, which seems to have some Allusion to the Matter in Hand, of a Country Carter, driving his Team, upon a Time, along the High-way; the foremost Horse, it seems, was in very good Case, and the rest could hardly crawl after him, without the Crack of the Whip: Why, how now, honest Man, cries a Counsellor, how comes it, that your first Horse is so fat, and the others are so lean? Ho! Sir, says he, smartly enough, the Leader is a Lawyer's Horse, and those that follow him, are but his Clients. The short of the Matter will be this, to say no more on't: To be sure, the former wanted for no good looking after, in one Sense; he had his Fees paid him, and every Thing, and was well fed with Money to carry on the Suit: But the latter, who were his very good Clients too, perhaps found their Cause starv'd, their Business neglected, and the whole Affair left to the Management of his wild, careless Clerks, who would ride a free Horse to Death, and never mind what becomes of him afterwards; any more than if he was an Ass; or else the Complainant's might have been fatter, more fortunate, more regarded, more pitty'd,

or have had better Estates, both in *Law* and in *Equity*.

However yet, besides the jocular Import of this Proverb, either as to the Gentleman, or his Jockey of the Stables; it also seriously calls in Question the Prudence of all giddy-brain'd, idle House-keepers, and highly condemns their Negligence, for leaving their *Domestick Affairs* at Sixes, and Sevens, to the sole Care and Management of their thoughtless Servants; whether Cooks, Butlers, Clerks, Grooms, Gardeners, Footmen, or Stewards, and so forth, without ever overlooking them at all, as to the faithful Discharge of their Duty, or examining into the Honesty and Frugality of their Service; besides, having hir'd 'em, perhaps too, without any Security for their good Behaviour, or so much as enquiring after the Character of their former Lives, Liberties, and Conversations in other Places. 'Tis a common Calamity, and a general Complaint now-a-days, that there's no trusting to SERVANTS, without the Master's or Mistress's Eye over 'em; and that will not do neither, when they have a Mind to cheat 'em before their Faces. They are most of 'em, Men and Maids both, grown so dissolute, disobedient, and saucy; so lazy and lewd; so careless and wasteful; so malicious, impudent, and ungrateful;

grateful; and so apt to *pilfer*, *purloin* and *imbezil*, to support their own *Pride*, and *Wantonness*, and *Extravagance*, over and above all their other *ill Qualities*: That they let slip no fair Opportunities of doing their best *Benefactors* the worst *Dis-services* they can think of, either by flying in their *Faces*, slandering their *Conduct*, squandering their *Goods*, neglecting their *Business*, or by carrying off at last more by *Stealth*, than their bare *Wages*, which they never *deserv'd* half so much, as they do *Bridewell*, or a House of Correction, for their Pains. Insomuch, that *SERVANTS*, in short, are become now the very *Pest* of Mankind, and the *Plague* of the Nation, beyond any other *Remedy* than a *PARLIAMENTARY Redress*: For so many *Whores* and *Rogues* of *THIEVES* as we meet with among 'em, of both Sexes, make the *DISEASE Epidemical*, and the *CHARGE just*, as well as the *CURE necessary*.

In a Word, upon the whole Matter, it greatly behoves the *Master* and the *Mistress* of a Family, that keep *SERVANTS*, to have their *Eyes* about 'em in every Corner of the House; not to intrust others, without a narrow and nice *Inspection* into their *ACTIONS*; but to take particular Care of their own Concerns *THEMSELVES*, accord-

according to the good Direction of this Proverb. For 'tis *their* EYES that must make the *Horse* FAT ; *their* Heads that must manage all for the best ; *their* Hands that must carry on the Work towards procuring a Livelihood ; *their* Prudence that must preserve what they have got ; and in fine, *their* Frugality and Discretion that must emprove every Thing else to the greatest Advantage in the Family. The Truth on't is, all People should mind their own Business THEMSELVES, in Person ; or else look better after their SERVANTS : So that this careful ADAGE is not confin'd only to the HORSE in the Stable ; it holds good also, as an excellent Lesson in SCHOOLS ; where *Usbers* will never take half the Pains with the Boys, that the MASTERS do, to instruct 'em in Learning and good Manners : In NURSERIES, where *Maids* will never be so careful of the Children as their *Mistresses* and *Mothers* are, to attend 'em, feed 'em well, and bring 'em to their Feet : In SHOPS, where *Apprentices* will never look so well after the Business of the Trade, as, it is to be believ'd, the KEEPERS always do for their own Interest, to prosper and flourish in the World. And therefore, the PRESENCE of *Masters* in all Cases and Capacities, and upon all Accounts, will be absolutely

olutely necessary to adjust their Affairs to the Wisdom of this Proverb.

PROV. LIV.

He holds with the Hare, and runs with the Hound.

Reflexion.

WE shall find more than a meer Hunting Match, here in this diverting Proverb, upon enquiring into the Character of the PERSON chiefly concern'd, who gave Occasion to the witty Expression, and first brought it into common Vogue by his own partial Practices. For under this Mask of a Man's holding with One, and running with Another, we may easily perceive the TRIMMER personated ingeniously enough by a HUNTER; and by the Hare and the Hound, we are, in Course, to understand the PARTIES between whom he was to play his Game.

A TRIMMER then is a Double-Tongu'd Fellow, that has the Art of Wheedling at his Finger's End. Fair Words are his PATER-NOSTER, and Hypocrisy his CREED, in Point of Religion, if he has any. As for his Politicks, he appears to be of all Parties,

Parties, but the *Right* : That is, an ANY-THING-ARIAN. He plays the cunning *Ambidexter*, or is on *both Sides* for *Lucre*, at the *Bar* ; and speaks well without a *Bribe*, if he has not an *Ox* (or a *Piece of Mony*) in his *Mouth* big enough to make him hold his *Tongue*. He is exactly *Ho-*
mer's *Ἀλλοτρεσάλλῳ*, or an EITHER-OR-NEITHER, in the *Pulpit* ; favouring sometimes *this*, and sometimes *that Faction*, with the greatest *Unsteadiness* of *Mind*, next to the *Fortune of War*, and the *Incon-*
stancy of the *Skittle-cock's* being up or down. He soothes *one Party*, and cajoles *another*, with the most plausible *Pretences* or *Lip-complaisance*, tho' his *Heart* and his *Tongue* never go together ; hoping thereby to gain the *Affections* and good *Will* of *both* the credulous *Fools* : But while he expects to kill *two Birds* with one *Stone*, he often misses his *Aim* at *both*, like a *blind Gunner*. However, he is as moderate a *Man* indeed, as *occasional Conformity* can make him ; and he likes no *Disputes* or *Differences* among *Lords* and *Com-*
mons in the *State*, nor *Controversies* or *Cavils* among *Ministers*, *Divines*, and *Do-*
ctors in the *Convocation* : But loves both the *Whig* and the *Tory* very well ; would rather chuse to stand *neuter* in the *Quar-*
rel ; and should be glad to serve *them both*,
 either

either HIGH or LOW, as far as his *Dissimulation* will let him. Infomuch, that, in short, he feigns himself a JACK on *both Sides*, and is *really* of *neither*, while he holds with the CHURCH, and runs in with the CONVENTICLE; makes a *Hare* of the one, and a *Hound* of the other, and only takes *Puss's Part*, to set the Dog after her, in Expectation of the Prey at long Run; which exactly answers the full Scope of this *Proverb*, as to the very *Thought*, *Word*, and *Deed* of a TRIMMER.

But, O SOLON! SOLON! where is now thy *Law*? That excellent *Law* that was made against COLLUSION; [I mean now the Baseness of such an *Indifferency* and *Neutrality*, either in *secular* or *ecclesiastical* Affairs of Moment, only to curry Favour on *both sides* with the two contending *Parties*] whereby it was order'd and enacted, that THEY, who took *neither Part* in any Tumult of the City, should be brought to condign Punishment: So that it was not so much for being idle *Lookers-on* only, or careless *Standers-by*, as for *siding* with *both Offenders*, to the great Prejudice of the Government. 'Tis noted, that LABERIUS MIMUS formerly twitted CICERO in the Teeth with this *Scomm*, that he us'd to sit upon two Stools: That is, what we call *playing Booty*, or

acting on *both sides*; so that his celebrated *Eloquence*, it seems, was no *Protection* against his *Hypocrisy* and *Dissimulation* towards CÆSAR; for he was one of the greatest *TRIMMERS* or *Republicans* in the *Roman Commonwealth*.

Furthermore, there ought to be no *Partiality* in the *Administration* of publick Affairs; no *Respect* of *Persons* on either *Side*, whether for the *King* or the *Subject*, in order to oblige *BOTH*; and no *holding* with the *Prince*, and *running* with the *Peasant*, in *Capital Crimes*, or in *Cases* of *MEUM* and *TUUM*, to make their own *Market* either of the *Crown* or the *Country*. Shall a *Justice of Peace* take *Money* of one *Malefactor*, and trounce *another* for *Want* on't, out of a *Pretence* of serving the *GOVERNMENT* impartially? Shall a *Constable* keep in with one *Whore*, and take up *another* by *Virtue* of his *Office*; or pick her up himself, for his own *Use* by *Authority*? Shall a *Beadle* wink at the most wicked and palpable *Enormities*, by having his *Fist* *greas'd*, and yet lay *Claim* to the *Favour* or *Affection* of the *PARISH* for his *Fidelity*? *Fie* upon't! Such *sly Doings* make them all guilty of the *Proverb*, without any farther *Reflexion*. But the main Import yet of the *ADAGE*, is vastly large and extensive. It alludes to all *People* that

that carry *two Faces*; all *Hypocrites* that pretend to serve *two Masters*, contrary to the *holy Scriptures*; all *Turn-coats*, and *Time-servers*, that can veer with every Wind of *Doctrine* and *Revolution* that blows; all luke-warm *Christians*, whether of the *Clergy* or the *Laity*, that are neither *hot* nor *cold* in the Business of *Religion*; and all perfidious *Impostors*, at last, that are *Friends* in *Expression* only, and *Enemies* in very *Deed*: Besides all *those* too, that play *fast* and *loose* with the most sacred *Obligations*, or *dissemble* with the whole *World*. How many *fair-spoken Flatterers* to one's *Face*, have prov'd *Cut-Throats* behind one's *Back*, though they seem'd, at the same *Time*, to do't with a *Feather*? How many treacherous *Changlings* are there that carry *Fire* in one *Hand*, and *Water* in the other; or can breathe *Heat* and *Cold*, *Love* and *Hatred*, out of the same *Mouth*, where the *Heart* never comes perhaps, unless to do *Mischief*, or to *deceive*, like the *DEVIL*? How many *False-hearted Church-men* do we find run in with a powerful growing *Faction* against the *present Establishment*, only to ingratiate themselves with the *Dissenters*, as well as our *Divines*, or to serve both *GOD* and *MAMMON*? But, oh! how *false* is that *Notion*, *Make much of your Enemies*,

mies, and oblige them; your Friends will be your Friends still! However, this Proverb satyrizes all politick Prevarications either in CHURCH or STATE: And likewise it does not only argue, but also reprove both the Inconstancy of Men halting between two Opinions, or wavering in their Faith, as well as the Hypocrisy of their pretending to this or that Perswasion, which they do not sincerely profess but only Teeth-outwards, to gain their own Point of some Self-interest or other in the By-ends of their Dissimulation. The Short and the Long of it, is this; the Hearts of Dissemblers are too far distant from their Mouths, for their Protestations ever to be cordially true, either by speaking what they think, by thinking what they speak, or by doing their Duty as they either think or speak. For their Thoughts, Words, and Actions, must all run counter to one another; and they must turn and wind 'em into a thousand different Shapes, deluding Fallacies, or flat cunning Contradictions. Indeed Two-faced Christians have their Lesson very perfect by daily Practice, and can say the Proverb well by Heart; but they do not seem to understand the true Meaning on't; while it reviles them to their Teeth, in the frequent Repetition of it, for the basest and most abominable Counterfeits, as often as they

they hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound, to impose upon all Mankind, as if they were PLAIN-DEALERS at the Bottom.

PROV. LV.

Many Things fall out between the Cup and the Lip.

Reflexion.

I Shall not be so great a *Heathen* here, as to interpret *this* upon an inevitable Fate, as the Poets fancy, or ascribe it to a *blind Chance* in human Affairs: For God only knows how many thousands of Things may fall out in a *Moment*, to disturb our most solid *Enjoyments*, and to stop our Mouths, either for *denying*, or *murmuring* at the sudden Turns of his unaccountable *Providence*. All *Accidents* are in his Power alone, to permit, order, and over-rule them as he pleases, beyond any Controversy, or Controul. There is nothing so sure in our actual Possession, but may be taken from us without any farther Warning; or a certain, sudden, unforeseen *Accident* may intervene and prevent

vent the *Fruition* of it. There can be *nothing* so certain in this World ; no, not even between the *Cup* and the *Lip*, but it may miscarry before it reaches the *Mouth*. Daily *Experience*, almost as *universal* as Mankind, hath establish'd *this* as an *Oracle of Truth*. And therefore it will never be *safe* for us to trust to *Futurities*, since we do not know what may happen in the *Interim* of our *present Joys*, or *expected Bliss*es ; and those very *Things* that we have in our *own Hands*, are but highly *uncertain* and *precarious* at the best. *Nothing*, in short, though we think it never so *secure* in our *own keeping*, can be *insur'd* to us against the wise *Disposal*, or the *Will* and *Pleasure* of *Heaven*. How can we depend upon the airy, fleeting, and transitory *Bubbles* of *Life* ? How should we tell what may *come to pass* in the Turn of a *Hand*, or the *Twinkling* of an *Eye*, without the Gift of divine *Inspiration*, or *Prophecy* ?

Alas ! poor *Mortals* ! What we have between our *Teeth*, our *Meat* and *Drink*, is not to be call'd our *own* for *Certain*, till it is *safe down* in our *Bellies* : And not then neither, unless it turns to the *Nourishment*, *Welfare*, and *Health* of our *Bodies*. *Anacreon* was choak'd with a *Grape-stone* : And no Doubt, but some o-
ther

ther People also have dy'd with their *Victuals* in their *Mouths*, if the *Truth* was known. 'Tis dangerous to *preach* over our *Liquor*, for fear of what may fall out between the *Cup* and the *Lip*, without *Jesting*. The Story of ANCEUS is as notorious and well known among the *Learned*, as the *Proverb* among the *Vulgar*: He was bragging once with a *Glass of Wine* in his *Hand*, that a *Servant* of his had told him formerly in a *Pet*, upon some Difference they had about planting a *Vine*, He should never drink of the *Fruit* of that *Tree*; but that now he should make him a *Liar* to his *Face*. The Word was no sooner out of his *Mouth*, but in comes the *Man* to acquaint his *Master*, that a huge wild *Boar* was ravaging the *Vineyard*. Upon which, he set down the *Wine* in all haste, to save his *Vintage*, and lost his *Life* upon the *Spot*, in the *Encounter* with the bloody *Beast*. So that notwithstanding all his *Labour*, or his *Care* to prevent the worst and the great *Probability* of his making the *Servant* a lying *Fellow*, by his having the very *Cup* in his *Hand*; yet he never *tasted* of the *Juice* of that *Grape* with his *Lips*. ERASMUS, my *Author*, indeed varies the *History*; but without doing any *Wrong* yet to the *Truth*, or the *Memory* of the fatal *ADAGE*. The *MORAL* will

will be the same still, whether we prefer the Opinion of *Aristotle*, or *Festus Pompeius*, or *Lycophron*, concerning the *Person*; who, and how, and by whom or what *Accident* he was *kill'd*: But whoever was the *Prophet*, they all agree unanimously, that it was *foretold*, one *Ancaeus* should be *slain* before ever he drank of the Fruit of such a *Vine* that he was then a planting; and it fell out accordingly between the *Cup* and the *Lip*, even while he was laughing, and going to make merrry about the *Falseness of the Pradiction*. But *Dionysius* in *Zenodotus*, as well as *Homer*, relate the Matter of *Antinous*, one of *Penelope's* humble Servants; who, holding a Glasse of Wine in his *Hand*, and being ready to *drink*, (after passing some previous Compliment, I suppose) was suddenly stabb'd by *Ulysses*, and *dy'd* in that Instant, before ever he could carry the *Liquor* to his *Head*. Thus did this unhappy *Gallant* wooe his own *Destruction* by a lingering Courtship, upon the confident Presumption of obtaining an *uncertain*, disappointed Pleasure. But be it as it will, the *Proverb* is as *certain* in all its Circumstances as *Death*; or that we *live* only under the gracious *Protection* of an over-ruling *Providence*.

I need not mention here, how many *Men* have had the like lamentable *Fate* among *us* too; who have been mortally wounded, or murder'd some other Way, in their *Cups*, upon sudden *Quarrels* arising in the Heat of Blood, as well as by other unlucky *Accidents*, either in Taverns, Ale-houses, or elsewhere, and in worse Places too. But this is too *tragical* to rehearse; and the Matter of *Fact* is so very obvious to every *Eye*, that it needs no other *Proof*, nor *Reproof*, besides the *Proverb*. However, it is well known, we were not *safe* once in *drinking* one another's *Healts* in ENGLAND; and, *I'll pledge you*, was all the *Security* we had in *Quenching* our *Thirst* then, for Fear of the DANES cutting our Throats in the very *Action*. And since so it *is*, and *was*, and *will be* again, that there is no *barring* such or the like sad *Accidents*, but by a peculiar *Blessing* from *above*, we ought to have a wise *Distrust* of our selves in DRINKING, and to take a particular Care not to over-do't, lest some fatal Thing or other should *fall out* all on a sudden in the *Excess*, and *endanger* either Life or Reputation upon the *Surprize*.

But by the *By*, this *Proverb* is also a *Divine*, as well as a *Moral Lecture* to *us* Mortals, not to depend too much upon

our *Strength, Wealth, and Vigour* in all worldly *Satisfactions*. We ought not to solace our selves with fond *Expectations* beyond this *Caveat*. *Tipling, and Topping, and Bouzing* above Measure, is as bad as *Bouncing* in our *Liquor*, as if we would *bully the Heathen Gods* in their *lewdest Revels*; and *desy* them in the *Debauch*. But the *Preservation of Health*, is wholly owing to another sort of *Heaven*, than *Voluptuaries* or *Liber-tines* frame to themselves in their positive *Affurances* of *perpetual Happiness* here upon *Earth*; and they must pay the *Debt* without Doubt, either sooner, or later, with the dearest *Tribute of Nature*; that is, of a *certain* and unavoidable *DEATH*. For we do not, we cannot know whether the next *Bit of Bread* we eat, the next *Draught of Drink* we take, or the next *Breath of Air* we draw, may not be our *last*, through the present *Uncertainties* of human *Life*, and a Million of unforeseen *Accidents* that may happen even between the *Hand* and the *Mouth*, the *Cup* and the *Lip*, or the *Possession* and the *Enjoyment*, to cut off our *Hopes* all at once, either of *Fortune*, or *Felicity* in this *World*: For *future Contingencies* are neither within the *Compass* of our *Power*, nor in the *View* of our short-sighted *Understanding*.
How-

However yet, the *French* make a jocular *Saying* on't, to this Effect ; that *between the Hand and the Mouth, the Broth is many times lost* : Whether they mean, that a Man may spill his belov'd *Soup* by *Chance*, lose it through his own *Carelessness*, or be depriv'd of it by some extraordinary Event of an irresistible *Force*, or an unavoidable *Necessity*, it is *all one* to the *double Entendre* of the *Proverb*. It will also bear an equal *Construction* in all other Affairs of human *Inconstancy*, with this Remark upon our *Disappointments*, as well as a Reprimand of our greatest *Confidence* ; that we can be SURE of *nothing* in this World.

PROV. LVI.

The King's Cheese 'goes away Half
in Parings.

Reflexion.

THIS is *Profuseness* to the highest Degree of *Impudence*, as well as *Immorality* among the sworn Servants in a ROYAL FAMILY. The *Bread*, and the *Butter*, and the *Beer*, (I presume) may all

go the same Way too, and need not be excepted out of the *Bill of Imbezilments*; where such bold *prodigal Pranks* are play'd, and such *notorious Crimes* are committed, as when the *KING's Cheese* goes *Half away in Parings*. And it is well if the *MONEY* be *safe* too from *Sharppers*, where we find such *extravagant Doings*, such *Cheats* as palpable as they are presumptuous; either permitted or unpunish'd.

The *COURTS* of *Princes* have been always *profuse* in this Respect, and are seldom free from *Pilferers*, *Pickpockets*, and *Thieves*, of one Quality or another, in *Places of Trust*. It is a shrewd Encouragement to *them* to *steal* from an *Abundance*. The *Heap* proves *tempting*, and they hope it will never be *miss'd*, if they take but a *little* from a *great deal*. — And besides, they promise themselves this *Security*, more than any other *Felons*, upon the Fact; that if ever they chance to be *discover'd*, it will be no greater *Disgrace* to 'em perhaps than the *Loss* of their *Preferment*; which is a Thing of Course, that happens every Day at *Court*, to one Person or another, who is *turn'd out of Favour* for *less Faults* than *theirs*: So that if they escape *Prosecution*, or *Punishment*, scot-free, for *paring away* the
King's

King's Cheese, they think they shall never be distinguish'd afterwards in the *Crowd* of their *Fellow-sufferers*, but continue upon a fair *Level* yet with the rest of Mankind, either as to their popular *Character* of being good *Subjects* still, or their Reputation of having got great *Estates*, though by cheating the *CROWN*. It does not require a *publick Notary*, to tell how the *King's Taxes* were gather'd to the last *Extremity* of a Farthing, and not one *Half* yet, or a *Third* sometimes, of the *Money* ever came into his *Coffers*, or was ever brought into the *Exchequer*. To say no more, the *O—rs* run away with *HALF* of the *Profit*.

In short, this *Proverb* manifestly complains of a *great Grievance* in some *Nation* or another, where *ill Practices* were carry'd on by *Stealth*, even in the *King's Household*. It fairly hints, as if his *menial Servants* imbezill'd his *Goods*, or his *Ministers* were not *honest*. It seems also to insinuate, as if *felonious Persons* were crept into his *Offices of Trust*, or got into his *Chambers, Closets, and Coffers*, for *Money*, as well as into his *Pantry* for *Bread and Cheese*. But, however, it positively declares, that he was wrong'd of *Half* his *Provision of Victuals, Meat, or Drink*, under this particular comical *Cover*

ver of the CHEESE-PARINGS. And hence we may take it for granted, there will always be some *lavish People* in every *Prince's Court*, where a *Royal Table* is kept, to *waste* and *confound*; to *prog* for themselves, and *regale* their *Friends*; and to *destroy* more in one *Day*, by their *clandestine Tricks*, than would dine *half* the CROWN'D HEADS in *Europe*. But *imbeziling* of *Belly-Timber*, they think is no such extraordinary *Offence* in a *Palace*, without any *Regard* all the *While* to *Conscience* and *Honour*, or the *KING* they *cheat*. And it is now become a *fashionable Knavery*, to be *PROFUSE* in all *COURTS* out of *UTOPIA*, except this of *GREAT BRITAIN*.

But the *Proverb*, however, aims at *higher Things* yet, and *nobler Persons*, than *Beef-eaters*, or *Wine-bibbers*, in the *Prince's Cellar*. The *Tax-Gatherer*, and the *Collector* of *Customs*, will find themselves highly *concern'd* here, as well as the *Excise-man*, or a *Person* in the *Post-Office*, to consider how far, and how fairly they discharge their *Duty* in their respective *Offices*, or do *Justice* to their *SUPREAM HEAD* and *GOVERNOR*. Great *Courtiers* also have sometimes prov'd as *treacherous* and *false* as other *Folk*. For if the *KING's Cheese* goes *half* away in *Parings*, at this Rate,

Rate, he may be *robb'd* of his *Right* by his *Subjects*, or wrong'd of his *Revenue*, and the *Government* may be *cheated* into the Bargain. His *Stores* may be *imbezil'd*, as well as the *publick Money*, when it is told over a *Gridiron*, or converted to *private*, I had like to have said *Pious Uses*; but *Popery* is out of *Doors*. We know well enough *who* *STOLE* the *Crown* formerly; but *who* dares so much as *steal* the *Deer*, the *Ducks*, and the *Geese* out of the *Park*, or the *Fish* out of the *Ponds* now? The *Times* are chang'd, and the *Nation* settl'd upon a surer *Foot*, or a better *Foundation*. *Who* dare now impose their *Cheats* upon our gracious, wise, and frugal *QUEEN*, either in *Point of Peace*, or of *War*? *Who* dare now lay their *false Accounts* before her *MAJESTY*? *Who* dare now transgress their *Duty*, either at *Home* or *Abroad*? *Who* dare now sink the *Parliamentary Money* into their *own Pockets*, or run away with it to *HOLLAND*? *Who* dare now enrich themselves, by impoverishing the *State*? What *Officers* dare now wrong the common *Soldiers* of *half their Pay*? And in fine, *who* dare now nibble at the *CROWN*? *Who* dare curtail the *QUEEN's Revenue*? *Who* dare defraud her of her *TAXES*? *Who* dare pretend to *pare* her *Prerogative*? *Who* dare endeavour

endeavour to *usurp* upon her *Authority*? I know not the *Persons*; but the *Prophet* would fain make us believe, that there either are, or have been, or may be such audacious *Courtiers*, such mercenary *Subjects*, and such cheating *Politicians* in all *GOVERNMENTS*.

P R O V. LVII.

There's a great Cry, but little Wooll.

Reflexion.

THE *Mountain* in *Labour*, and brought to Bed of a *Mouse*, without the Help of a *Midwife*, according to the *FABLE*, is an exact Emblem of this comical *ADAGE*. The *foolish Spectators* indeed were both amuz'd and amaz'd with *mighty Expectations*; they conceiv'd huge *Monsters* in their Minds, and long'd to be deliver'd of the *Wonder*; 'till the *MORAL* at last sent 'em all home again, wiser than they came, with a *Witness*, though not worth their *Sight*, or a *serious Reflexion*. However, they were well pleas'd, perhaps, with the *ridiculous Trifle*; for certainly they could not be *frighten'd* out of their *great Wins* with the *Surprize* of a *little Mouse*; and

and they had good *Laughing* enough for their Labour, over and above, upon the *Disappointment* of their vast *Hopes*: But what a *great Cry* was there, and how *little Wooll*, when not one *Sheep* appear'd all the While upon the *Mountain*; and out comes the diminutive, despicable, poor *Creature* of a *Mouse*, at long Run, instead of a *Mutton*; which could afford the idle People no extraordinary rich *Fleece* off its *Back*, towards cloathing their *own*, or setting up a *Woollen Manufacture*? The LORD-MAYOR's *Show* comes off sometimes after this *rueful* and *romantick* Manner, and yields no better Satisfaction to the *gazing Multitude*, who lose both their *Time* and *Business*, to run *gaping* about the Streets as if they would swallow the gawdy PAGEANTS, (if there be any;) which signify no more than to shew the *Pomp* of the *Town*, and to expose the *Vanity* of the People for *Fools*, upon the Upshot of such a noisy, transient, and delusive *Spectacle*.

To make a *Noise* about *Nothing*, is *London* all over in an *Uproar* upon false Rumours, and drawn to the *Life* in a LITTLE. The several CRYES of this Place are not greater *Marks* of the Peoples different *Wants*, than so many good *Proofs* of the *Proverb*. Persons in Misery, in Distress,

stress, in Poverty, in Danger, or in Distraction, are always the loudest, and most tumultuous. Clamouring and Noise must needs argue some Necessity or other among People, either in Point of Brains, or of Money, or of making a Mob, to cry up their own Party and Faction. But to make too much ado, with an industrious Clack, in Matters of little Moment, shews either the Want of Sense, or of Honesty; and in Course only gives us to understand, either the Policy or the Ostentation of the bouncing Pretender at the Bottom. It is like D— B———gess, that famous spiritual Merry-Andrew's perfidious preaching, bawling, and thumping the Pulpit with his Noise and Nonsense, to no Manner of Purpose, save only his own mercenary Ends of making a Gain of his pretended Godliness: And in this Respect, peradventure, the WOOLL may be as great as the CRY; though, at the same Time, without any Prejudice to the Truth of this Proverb still, on the other Hand, against his loud Exclamations, and little Performances, by his frothy Harangues, except some religious Intrigues only of Delusion and Match-making, carry'd on under-hand, by his bantering Divinity; which are all holy Cheats, and base Practices, discarded out of the Pale of the
Christian

Christian Church, as well as the Sphere of my *Undertaking*. In short, the sole End of the great Noise he makes in the *Conventicle*, is to turn all RELIGION into *Farce*, *Time-serving*, and getting of *Money* from some credulous undiscerning *Bigots*.

But from one End of the *City* and *Suburbs*, to the other, you shall always find some *bragging People*, or *clamourous Jack-puddings*, liable to the Lash of this *Reflexion*, more or less: *They* have abundance of *Business*, and little to do in the Bustle or the Crowd; *they* are in a great Hurry and Concern for a *small Matter* of Advantage, either in View, or in *Reversion*; *they* are often *big* with abortive Expectations; promise themselves *Golden Mountains* with the boldest Assurance; and do not only make a great CRY, but positively *crack* too of some MIGHTY NOTHING or other, either of *Fact*, *Fortune*, or *Felicity*. How many of our dainty, delicate, luxurious *Ladies*, have often prov'd with Child of a *Tympany* only, after the most confident *Rumours* of the Reality of the Thing? *Swoll'n up* with a mistaken *Conceit*, they have strongly believ'd, reported, and even *cry'd out* also of their great *Bellies*; but in the Event, have only been deliver'd of a little *Wind* or *Water*, the Effect of their comfortable prolifick *Drams*,

or Morning's Draughts of *hot* and *cold Tea*, or of some other more pernicious *Potions*. In fine, there has been a *great Cry* made more than once about this Matter in some good *Families*, but *little Wooll*, or no Occasion at all for *Blankets*, to fulfil the *Proverb* in the most literal Acceptation of it; which, for that very Reason, will naturally admit of this *Reflexion*, and *they* must bear the *Blame* on't.

What a *Noise* and *Pother* do our *Hawkers* make in a Hurry about the Streets with their *News-Books* *here*, of some great and good *Intelligence* from *Abroad*, with *little* or *nothing* in 'em frequently, but *Sham* and *Invention* at *Home*? And besides, we cannot always expect to have *good News* from *HOLLAND*; for *Fortune* will play her Cards still as she pleases in *FLANDERS*, and *deal* as she thinks fit in the *Field of Battel*, notwithstanding the Bravery of the *DUTCH*. However, it is *their Business* to get *Money* by imposing upon People; and to put off for a *Penny*, if possible, the most lying *Postscript* that ever was *printed*, or the falsest *Paper* that ever was *pirated*, with the loudest *Cries*, and most vehement *Acclamations*, let *PAQUELET's Horse* have brought the *Express* from what Part soever of the known World. What *Shouts*! what *Triumphs*

in

in Town sometimes, about *little* Affairs, not half so important as *Peace* and *Quietness* in the World! 'Tis like the Rabble's *buzzaing* a *Monkey*, instead of a *Monarch*; like raising a *Tumult* about a *dead Cat*, a *live Mouse*, or two *Bull-Dogs* a fighting; and making an *Insurrection* for less Matters than *Liberty* and *Property*, or concerning *Popery* and arbitrary Power. Popular *Clamours* generally happen about *insignificant Trifles*. In a Word, the *mountainous CRY* proves always to be *greater* than the *WOOLL* that is got by't.

But, when all is said and done, the main *Instruction* and *Morality* of this *good old Saying*, lies in giving us a *Caution* against *boasting* too much of our own *Strength* or *Qualifications* to do Wonders, for fear of a *Foil*, a *Fall*, or some little ridiculous *Production* in the Event; which may either blast our *Credit* for the future, or throw this severe *Reproach* in our Dish, to chew the *Cud* upon hereafter; by pretending confidently to *do* what we were not able to *perform*, with more *Applause*, and better *Success*, upon the vanishing of our great *Bluster*, and noisy *Presumption*, into NOTHING. 'Tis the common Way of all *Braggadocio's*, to *magnify* Things beyond *Reality*; to make an *Elephant* of a *Fly*; or to talk as high as
Moun-

Mountains, and come off at length with humble *Mole-hills* or *Mouse-holes*. Their *Speech* may be *loud* and *lofty*, but their *Actions* mean and *low*, or surprizingly frivolous in the Execution of their mighty Pretensions. When LOUIS LE GRAND makes himself *little* by any dishonourable Practices, either in Peace or War, it is the *Height* of this *Proverb*; and it will abide transplanting into FRANCE or SPAIN, upon Occasion. But some Persons have also interpreted it otherwise, upon MAHOMET's *Hill*: That *Impostor* pretended to remove *Mountains*; but upon his failing to do the *Miracle*, he had no other Way to bring himself off, than by a remarkable *Buffoonry*, and this very Jest of great *Promises*, but small *Performances* among his deluded Admirers. However, all *Boasters* think to raise a huge *Dust* in the World, like the bragging *Fly* upon the *Cart-wheel*, from the Faith or good Manners of other Men, by their *vain Glory*; while they only put out their *own Eyes*, by endeavouring to *blind* the *Understanding* of those that have the Patience to give 'em the Hearing.

This *Saying* therefore is a severe *Satyr* against those GLORIOSO's of the Age, that *promise* great Matters, even PRODIGES, in Front or Appearance; what with
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the Haughtiness of their *Looks*, the Fineness of their *Dress*, and the Authority of their *Gate*; affable, courteous, and seemingly humble only out of *Craft*, to raise the *Admiration* of the *Vulgar*, and to be thought wonderfully *wise*, or as *politick* as *Parliament-men*, by the Gravity and Stateliness of their Carriage: But when they come to the *Test*, either of *Learning*, or of *common Business*, they prove the meekest *Novices* in Nature; nothing but Outside, Pageantry, and Ostentation. They know no more of *State-Affairs*, or of *Philosophy*, than their ignorant *Fellow-Subjects*; illiterate to the worst Degree of a lessen'd Character; and in the last *Trial*, are so far from answering Peoples vast *mountainous Expectations*, from the *Magnificence* of their external Figure, that they cannot perform any Thing comparable to what they *promis'd* at first Sight by their *Big Words*, and their *Golden Fleeces*.

It is likewise a just *Lampoon* upon extolling and crying up worthless Creatures, whether rational or irrational, *dead* or *living*, with the fulsomest *Flatteries*, and most monstrous *Commendations*, in Memory of their *feeble Vertues*. It also touches our vain-glorious *Scribblers* to the Quick, who vaunt themselves either upon their

their own *Parts* and *Performances*, or the pompous *Panegyrics* of other *Parasites*; to the great *Diminution* of both their *Deserts*, as well as the *Disgrace* of their *Accomplishments*: For, in short, *this* only makes them *Proverbial GENTLEMEN*. But after all, the honest Country Fellow had good Reason to have this pleasant bantering *Expression* in his Mouth, when he *shear'd his Hogs*; whether it happen'd either out of the *Simplicity* of his own Mind, upon the *Folly* of the *Action*, or from other Peoples making a *mighty Noise* about a *Thing of nought*; a *Thing* of no Profit, nor Advantage, nor Wisdom in the World: For we can neither expect any *Beaver* off a *Hog's Back*, nor *Wooll* off a *Mouse's Skin*, without a *JEST*, and the justest *Reflexion* of the *Proverb*.

F I N I S



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THE
Union-Proverb :

VIZ.

If SKIDDAW has a *Cap*,
SCRUFFELL wots full well of *That*.

Setting forth,

- I. The *Necessity* of Uniting.
- II. The good *Consequences* of Uniting.
- III. The happy UNION of *England* and *Scotland*,

In Case of a *Foreign Invasion*.

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.

L O N D O N :

Printed for GEORGE SAWBRIDGE, at
the *Three Golden Flower-de-Luces* in *Little Britain*.

Union-Flower

11

It is a very fine specimen of the
plant, and is well preserved.

46

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1279



Printed by George & John
at the British Museum

To the TRUE

British Reader.

WITH Submission,
*I think I need say
little more here, by Way of
Preface; but that this is
only a Proverb at large, or
rather a Provincial Saying
in the strictest Acceptation:
And so I might immediate-
ly conclude with Mr. RAY's
excellent Remark upon't;*
A 2 *which*

To the Reader,

which sets the dark Expression in a proper Light, both as to the Situation of Places, and the Signification of Words; with a short Hint also of its MORALITY, over and above, to this Effect.

“SKIDDAW and SCRUFFELL,
“are two Neighbour-Hills,
“or high Mountains; the
“one in Cumberland in
“ENGLAND, the other in
“Anandale in SCOTLAND:
“And if the former happens
“at any Time to be
“capp'd with Clouds, or
“foggy Mists, it will not
“be long ere Rain, or the
“like,

To the Reader.

“ like, falls on the latter.
“ It is also spoken of such,
“ who must expect to sym-
“ pathize in their Suffer-
“ ings, by Reason of the
“ Vicinity of their Habi-
“ tations.

But after all, finding,
upon second Thoughts, that
this Proverbial Canto had
more than a vulgar, or a
natural Sense in it; more
than either bare Jingle,
or meer History and Geo-
graphy; as it seems plainly
to touch upon the common
Advantages of two neigh-
bouring Kingdoms uniting,
where

To the Reader.

*where the Safety of the One
wholly depends upon the
Welfare of the Other ;
and as it may also for cer-
tain be as well and hand-
somly apply'd to Civil Af-
fairs, in a right Understand-
ing between the good People
of different Nations, for
Fear of any Foreign, or
French Invasions, and other
external Calamities, as well
as intestine Troubles, or
inevitable Sufferings, either
in Point of Commerce, or
of War : Finding, I say,
that the Proverb, as it
couches an incomparable En-
tendre of SYMPATHIZING, or
having*

To the Reader.

having a true Fellow-Feeling of one another's Misfortunes, either at Home or Abroad, might amount to all THIS, at least, and answer, in some Measure, likewise for the Joint-Happiness of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, lately united under the Name of GREAT BRITAIN; I have made bold to communicate it to the Publick, in some impartial, uprejudic'd, and innocent REFLEXIONS, after a more copious Manner, to divert the true Lovers of BRITISH UNION.

The

THE Union-Proverb.

When SKIDDAW has a Cap,
SCRUFFELL wots full well of That.

Reflexions.

THIS does not argue, that, when it is foul or fair *Weather* in ENGLAND, it must needs always be so too in SCOTLAND of Course; and yet they are not so far *distant*, in Point of Sun and Climate, but that (generally speaking) the *Inhabitants* of the One are very sensible of the good or bad *Seasons*, which happen yearly in the Other: Infomuch, that both Kingdoms seem to *sympathize* in some Measure, either as to the *Blessings*, or the *Frowns* of HEAVEN in its *natural Influences* upon Earth. However, in particular, upon
B the

the *Borders of Either*, this PROVERB holds true, by common Observation, even from a *Fog* or a *Mist* upon SKIDDAW, to *rainy Weather* about SCRUFFEL; and so the *Clouds* on the *Scotch Side* also, are as good *Prognosticks* of sending *Wind* or *Wet* back again on the *English Coast*: Which first gave Occasion to the *ludicrous* Expression of a *CAP* on the *One Hill*, or a *BONNET* on the *Other*; threatening the like *Discharge* and *Disaster* of a *dull*, a *dirty*, or *dismal Day* in *either Country*, as it naturally *blows* without Exception upon *both*. But be it as it will, as to *that* Matter, though I believe it to be *truer*, than PARTRIDGE'S *Almanack* ever foretells of *Hail*, *Snow*, or *Rain*. It is not long since we had hardly any *dry Summers*, but what we dream'd of in *ENGLAND*; and then there was such a *Scarcity* of *Corn* in *SCOTLAND*, as indeed was next to a *DEARTH* in some late *bad Harvest-Years*. The *Sun* seem'd to be angry with us *both*, for some *Sins* we had committed, or some *Changes* of our own *creating*; as *JUPITER'S Farmer* could never thrive upon his own *Choice* of the *Weather*; for we cannot *command* the *Revolution* of *Seasons*: So that this verifies the *Proverb* to all *Intents* and *Purposes*, in the most *natural*

and

The Union- proverb.

3

and *genuine* Signification of the *Words*, to the very *Letter* on't.

But the main Stress and Purport of it lyes *higher* yet, than either of the *cloudy Mountains* in Distress of *Weather*, or in Labour of *Rain*: For, in a *political* Sense, it contains the kindest *Innuendo* for the *Wellfare*, and *Happiness* of both Kingdoms. It is an excellent Lecture of mutual *Friendship* on *either Side* of the *TWEED*. It ingenuously tell us what we are to *trust* to in *troublesome Times*, either of *Oppression* at Home, or of *Miscarriage*, *Affliction*, and *Misfortune* from Abroad. It is likewise a most *politick* and *prudent* Caution against *foreign Invasions*. It does not only, and *that pathetically* too, set forth the *Necessity* of the *two Kingdoms* UNITING heartily in all Cases of *Disaster*, or *Disturbance*; but also manifestly shews the *happy Consequences* of such an ENTIRE UNION, both in Point of *Government* and *Traffick*, as will be able to defeat the turbulent Designs of our *greatest Enemies*, either in Time of *Peace*, or of *War*. This is the main *Stock*, on which our *Common Hopes* ought to be *grafted*, of making GREAT BRITAIN *flourish* and *fructify*, in Spite of *French Blasts*, or *Cater-Pillars*.

'Tis natural for *neighbouring Countries* to be *apprehensive* of one another's *Fate*. There must needs be a *SYMPATHY* between People that are so *near ally'd*, that are under so many *Obligations of Royal Blood and Benevolence* to each other; besides the *Proximity* of Places, which are *near adjoining*, that a Man may almost as easily *piss* out of the *One* into the *Other*, as over a *Straw*. But however, I'm assur'd, that *two* may shake Hands in *each County*: Infomuch, that it cannot *thunder* in *This*, but it may be *heard* distinctly in *That*; and not without *Fear* and *Trembling* neither on the *other* Side of the *Water*, at such a *National Crack* of a surprizing *War*, as may disturb the *PEACE* of *both Kingdoms* at the same *Time*. I mean, the *Calamities* of the *One* must needs affect the *Other* in the most sensible *Part*, as well as in the most dismal *Effects*, if not timely prevented by an *unanimous* *Courage*, *Conduct*, *Kindness*, *mutual Love*, and *Assistance*. There cannot be a little *Uproar* or *Noise* in the *NORTH*, but we must presently hear on't, with both our *Ears*, in the *SOUTH*; and with great *Concern* too, for *Fear* of the worst; for *Fear* of involving *us* in the *same Misery*, or a farther *Mischief* of *mobbish Tumults* and *Insurrections*. In short, if the *FRENCH* should

should invade SCOTLAND at any Time; who can be so stupid, as not to imagine, that it would be our Turn next, or that ENGLAND might repent of it at Leisure, without speedy Relief to vanquish the Common Foe, the Grand Enemy of both Countries? For the One is always likely to follow the Fate of the Other, in all Fortunes, good or bad; and in Times of Adversity too, as well as Prosperity.

What should hinder us then to become as good Friends as we ought to be in this regard of a reciprocal Obligation? And especially since the Vicinity of our Habitation equally demands of us to SYMPATHIZE in our Sufferings, our Dangers, or our Disappointments from Abroad? 'Tis true, we are a different People at Home, ENGLISH and SCOTCH; but more in Name, than in any thing else of Moment. We are not so very disagreeable in our Manners, Habit, Diet, Discipline, or Learning; but we may cotton well enough in these Respects, or come in Competition with one another for the Knowledge of State-Affairs, and not think the Comparison odious or unequal. As to the GENTRY, or better Sort, we are both well bred, well fed, well glad, well taught, and as well appointed,

pointed, in all other Regards, as any civiliz'd People in EUROPE. Our SPEECH differs a little indeed; but more in *Pronunciation* and *Dialect*, than in any *solid Sense* or *Significancy*: And the same *Objection* might as well be made against *Yorkshire-Language*, or *West-Country-Fargon*. But however, all's *safe* and *right* enough, so long as we do not *speak FRENCH*, nor turn *English* and *Scotch*, that is, true *BRITISH*, into *Gascoignade*, or *Dutch*, by *Adoption*. Besides, this can be no *Reason* for not *UNITING* in a *righteous Cause*; for *TRUTH* is the same in all *Lingua's*. We ought not to *stand off* neither upon *vulgar Prejudices*, *Shams* and *Bugbears*. These only frighten either *Children* or *Fools* from a good *Design*.

And farther yet, we have no *Colour* of *Argument* to be at *Variance* about popular *Fests*, *Scoffs*, or *Characters*. The *Rabble* is not to be minded in *Matters* of *Importance*. What and if the *SCOTS* are troubled with the *Itch* sometimes, why should we be afraid on't at a *Distance*? Or if the *Infection* should spread among us, where's the mighty *Harm* on't, when we have *Brimstone* and *Milk* enough in *ENGLAND* to cure the *Distemper* effectually? And besides, we had a great deal better have
that

that too upon our Hands, than the FRENCH-Pox, and the *Te-ne-sayquoy* of a GALLICK-AGUE, or an *intermitting Fever* in the STATE. Moreover, on the contrary, we ENGLISH are as much afflicted with the *Scurvy*, as they are with the *Scrub*; and it is altogether as *catching* too, either in temper of *Mind* or of *Body*, by our own *luxurious* and *licentious* way of *Living*. And so we are *both* but *equal* still in the Main, as to our *Natural Constitutions*. I would fain persuade my self, that we are equally *sober*, *temperate*, and *healthful*; but I'm afraid, if there be any *Disproportion* or *Inequality* in the Case, it is on *our Side* for the *Worse*, by *indulging* our Selves too much in *luscious Diet*, as well as by *drinking* to prodigious *Excesses*. As for the *Differences* of HABIT, they ought not to *seperate* us in the least; for it would look *ridiculous* for us to quarrel about *Fashions*, so long as they are not *A-la-mode du Paris*. Besides that, *Cloaths* do not make the *Man*, but *Manners*, according to WILLIAM of Wickham. Their *Wool* may not be so good as *ours*; but their *Mutton*, perhaps, may be better, and sweeter to the Tooth. However, a SCOTCH-PLAD may be as *warm* as a *Gayer-Coat*. And any Man of common Sense would sooner choose a good *Gray*, or a *Blue*

Blue BONNET for his *Head*, than a pair of *Wooden-Shoes* for his *Feet*. But, by the Way, perhaps, we are *jealous* and *afraid* of one another's growing too *rich*; and that's no *Argument* neither, in my Opinion, why we should not seriously enter into a perfect *League* of mutual *Friendship*. The *richer*, the better; the more peaceable and potent: For there is nothing so *troublesome* upon Earth as to live near *poor distressed Neighbours*; always *petitioning* for Relief, and *dunning* at our Doors for a *DEBT* that we justly *owe*, as charitable Christians to our *afflicted Brethren*. And there is no *End* neither of discharging this *OBLIGATION*, till they are in so good a Condition, as not to stand any longer in *Need* of our *Assistance*. All People are *quiet*, when their *Bellies* are *full*; and if the *SCOTS* do not love *Pork*, (which is only a vulgar Error) they may have *other Victuals* for their *Money*: But why should we grudge 'em their *Riches*, if they were only to *bear* their *Charges* up to *LONDON*, or to *pay* the *Expences* of their tedious *Journeys* back and forward, to serve their *QUEEN* and *Country*? So that, in short, upon the whole Matter, I can perceive no inveterate *Antipathy*, and no irreconcilable *Difference* between the *two Nations*, but what is meerly *Chimerical*,

merical, and vanishes into a better *Air*, upon the Name of **UNION**.

An **UNION**, that would take away all invidious *Distinctions*; a *lasting Union*, that would make us *One People* for ever beyond *Revolt*, upon a *right Foundation*! 'Tis granted, we once unhappily *shook Hands* in a foul, false, and fatal *Iniquity*; and we made a barbarous *Bargain* on't indeed, upon buying and selling the *Blood* of a **ROYAL SOVEREIGN**. Alas! that abominable *Fact*! **HEROD** and **PONTIUS PILATE** agreed again! And why should we not as well *unite* now in a *good Cause*, and upon a far *better Account*? It must be own'd, however, that we were formerly, always, at *Daggers-drawing* between our Selves, and *fell out* often into *Civil Wars*; what with *Heart-burnings*, and *Jealousies*, and pretended *Injuries* on *both sides*, to blow the *Coal*. But it is high *Time now* to forget all *old done Deeds*, to lay aside our jarring *Animosities*, and to d'off our *publick Prejudices*, as well as *private Pisques*: Now, I say, when the **PHILISTINS** may be upon us, e're long, and *reconcile* us too late; only like the **BEAR** in the *Fable*, which soon *united* two *snarling Dogs*, that could never *agree before*, 'till at last they *saw themselves* openly *attack'd* by an *avow'd*

Enemy to them both, and were in danger also of being worsted. For, if the FRENCH should undertake a Descent, and land in either Country at this Juncture, and I cannot but repeat it upon the justest Apprehensions of publick Authority, it would be such an Alarm as would make us both look about us for Unanimity, and Concord: For tho' they could not conquer, they would endeavour to divide us; to disunite us; to distract us; to impose upon us, or to render us irreconcilable to our own Interest and Advantage, by holding a treacherous Correspondence with FRANCE.

But notwithstanding this, there's an absolute Necessity over and above, for ENGLAND and SCOTLAND's uniting in all human Policy; to make the Britains a rich and a flourishing People: Mangre the whole Posse of Dunkirk, Red-kirk, or any KIRK, but that of our own Country. It will easily be granted, that nothing can render a Kingdom more powerful and safe, than a perfect UNION in it self; for to be all of one Mind, and all of a Piece, fortifies us like a Bulwark, and strengthens us beyond breaking: But when two Kingdoms are so strickly united, they are still the stronger, and the less expos'd to the violent Insults of their Enemies, either by
Sea

Sea or Land. However, on the other Hand, take 'em *single* or *separate*, wrangling within their own *Bowels*, rising up in Judgment against their own *Peace* or *Tranquility*; and they are as *unsafe* again, and as *weak* as SAMPSON without his *Hair*. To part the *one* from the *other*, would be like cutting off the *Locks* of the brave *Israelitish* (I had like to have said *British*) *Champion*, and betraying him to his *Adversaries*. Nothing but our own *intestine Divisions*, can invite the *French King* to set Foot upon *ENGLISH* or *SCOTCH* Ground; tho' we may also then expect, and with very good Reason, to be *Fellow-sufferers* upon the Upshot of such an *Invasion*: According to the manifest *Truth*, as well as politick *Insinuation*, of the *Proverb*.

This UNION therefore must needs be attended with the *happiest Consequences*; in strengthening, preserving, and enriching *Great Britain*: Since nothing else in all Probability can *secure* the *Subjects* of it in their *Lives* and *Fortunes*, upon a just Cause of *War*, against the circumventing Attempts of an aspiring *MONARCH*, who is still using his utmost *Efforts* to *enslave* both Nations. Nothing again can make us so *warlike* and *formidable* to our *Enemies*, either in our own *Bosoms*, or at
St.

St. GERMAINS, as this glorious UNION upon a right and a sure Bottom. It will certainly encrease our *Trade*; enhance our *Wealth*; and in all Likelihood, as it is reasonably to be hop'd, will bring us PEACE home at the last: Which would be a more valuable Blessing, a more acceptable Present, after so long a WAR, than the best *Riches* of both the INDIES.

Such an UNION as this also, well begun, and as wisely accomplish'd between ENGLAND and SCOTLAND; if it could be carry'd on a little farther (with Submission) to an UNITY of Principles, Judgments, and Affections, (I do not say, Jurisdiction, or Religion) it would be such a Gordian Knot, I believe, as LOUIS LE GRAND could never be able to untie with all his Cunning, and modern Policy; nor to cut, like ALEXANDER the Great, with all his Force and military Power.

But since the Church and State are different still in both Countries, as to some singular Matters, methinks the UNION is not yet so absolute, as to put us out of all Danger of little Tumults, Insurrections, or Discontentments on one side or t'other; for some hot-headed Persons are restless, and never satisfy'd with any but their own

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independent or distinguishing Schemes of GOVERNMENT: Tho' they may, to their great Discredit and Conviction, depend upon't, that this Proverb is true to the last Degree, in a politick, as well as a natural Sense; and that, if SCRUFFELL has a Cap, SKIDDAW knows full well of that.

However, in fine, all *Animosity and Prejudice* a-part, we cannot now be *jealous* any longer of one another's *Privileges*, or *PARLIAMENTS*. We cannot with common Reason entertain the least *Suspicion* of *encroaching* upon one another's *Rights*. We cannot in Justice *suppose* there will be any *intrenching* upon one another's *Trade*, or *Commerce*; after so fair, so faithful, and so happy an *UNION*. And therefore, 'tis to be hop'd, that the unfortunate Business of *DARIEN* will be *forgotten*; that the cruel Affair of *GLENCOW* will be *forgiven*; and that all exasperating *Reflexions*, or ignominious *Provocations*, will be wholly *forborn* on both sides for the future. Sure, People will now leave of *jesting* with the *UNION*; and not miscale it an *Onion*, to make our *Eyes water*; unless we are to *weep* for *Joy* at the happy *Completion* of it; being fully satisfy'd, that *Mirth*, and not *Sorrow*, *Suffering*, or *Trouble*,

ble, will be the *overlasting Consequence* of our UNITED BRITISH ESTABLISHMENT. In a Word, there can be no Necessity now for any more idle timorous Talk of the PICTS-WALL, or irritating *Tattle* about BOTHWELL BRIDGE. Those things, as well as the bloody *Murder* of the Bishop of St. Andrews, must be quite obliterated; in order that GREAT BRITAIN may enjoy an *undisturb'd Union*, and continue in a *profound Peace*, for fear of the *Propverb*.



FINIS

